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Wilfrid H. Harrison

MEMOIRS OF A SOCIALIST IN SOUTH AFRICA

1903-1947

ERRATA

PAGE 103 (15th line)
should read **"South African Native Republic,"** instead of "South African Republic."

PAGE 155 (1st line)
should read **"initiate,"** instead of "imitate."

I dedicate this to my wife
for her steadfastness against
all obstacles.

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FOREWORD

by

THE HON. THOMAS BOYDELL

WHEN Wilfrid Harrison asked me to co-operate with him in the writing of a "History of the Socialist Movement in South Africa" I at first declined. I did so because I never belonged to any Socialist party. My main activities were always with the South African Labour Party. The South African Labour Party, however, has a Socialist objective. To this extent every member must subscribe to a Socialist policy. I did so most whole-heartedly. But to the "comrades" in the Social Democratic Party—or Social Democratic Federation, we in the Labour Party were more frequently referred to as either very pale pink Socialists, tools of the Capitalist, or traitors to the working class movement, etc. So we each went our own way, and no doubt each contributed something to the common cause.

I mention this in order to discount any criticism that I have any special claim to write about the inner history of the Socialist movement. I will leave the history to Harrison. I do not think—as far as South Africa is concerned—there is anyone more competent to write it. He has always been in its centre. In his possession are many of the official records. Very often—as far as Cape Town is concerned—he was the pivot on which it revolved. For myself, for most of those years I was generally near its outside edge, sometimes gravitating nearer its centre, sometimes swinging away—always, however, sympathetic, frequently only disagreeing with methods of achievement, seldom with fundamental principles. Although never a member of any Socialist party, I was generally in close touch with many of its leaders and their activities. Most of them (including Harrison) were personal friends of mine, and we had many friendly arguments on the issues in common. In times of emergency we sometimes found ourselves

presenting a united front, speaking on the same platform in support of a specific effort.

The first time I saw Wilfrid Harrison was nearly thirty-five years ago. He was spouting on a soap-box in Cape Town at the bottom of Adderley Street. Curiosity prompted me to stop and listen. At that moment he was up to the neck in a strong condemnation of the Capitalist system. He had an extensive vocabulary and a ready flow of language. With abundant material to work upon he used it very effectively. When I left he was "postulating" (a favourite word of his) about the social and economic revolution which was just about to break. "Capitalism was on its last legs. The seeds of destruction within the system had brought about its own downfall. The hour of its doom was at hand. The workers of the world were about to come into their own. The working class must now be prepared to take over. Fields, factories and workshops were to be owned and controlled by those who worked in them. There were to be no more capitalists or bourgeois. Only comrades—each working for all, and all working for each. Kropotkin had proved that the problem of production had been solved. It now only remained a question of ownership and distribution. As all wealth was due to the application of labour to the land, labour should rightfully own all the wealth it created. So that when the working classes took over the ownership and control of the means of production, distribution and exchange they were only taking over what rightfully belonged to them," and so on *ad infinitum*.

The forceful and appealing way in which Harrison presented his case might almost have convinced many that the Social and Economic Revolution was about to take place next day, or at the very latest by the end of that week.

Well, that was nearly thirty-five years ago. I remember leaving the meeting thinking that that fellow was well up in the clouds. And now after all these years I still think so. To me the reason is obvious. Socialism will not fall on mankind like an April shower. It will creep along, and at times sweep along. At other times it will either jerk along or slide along almost imperceptibly. It is a process of education and evolution—from the private wealth to the common wealth. I think its rate of progress is accelerated by war. I think the common effort for the common good is now more readily accepted.

What impressed me most about Harrison was not so much what he said but his obvious sincerity. Here, I thought, was the social and economic evangelist—the sinner that repenteth. After all, it is quite a long way from being a Queen's Guardsman at Buckingham

Palace to a revolutionary Socialist soap-box orator in Cape Town. And because a monarchy seemed to Harrison a very definite obstacle to his so-called "Emancipation of the Working Classes" he roundly condemned kings and queens—not as individuals but as the representatives or custodians of a privileged class and system which placed power and privilege in the hands of the rich to the detriment of the common people. For this condemnation he frequently got into trouble, as he tells you himself in this book.

I suppose his frequently declared doctrine of "Philosophical Anarchy" has something to do with this complex. He contends that Society has got to reach such a high state of perfection that laws—as we now know them—will be quite unnecessary. Each person will be a law unto himself and herself. Each to do as they please in the exercise of the fullest freedom, always providing, however, that in the exercise of such freedom nothing shall be said or done which will in any way prejudice the lives, liberty and freedom of others. In short the perfect human in the perfect world—what monotony!

But through it all Harrison—unlike many of his "comrades"—was never offensive. He was one of those who loved to reason and could differ with a smile. There were not many of the extreme Left like this. The more offensive and insulting most of them could be to those with whom they did not see eye to eye, the more they felt satisfied that they were acquitting themselves worthily as true blue disciples of Karl Marx and whole-hogger revolutionary Socialists. For the likes of me they had a whole mouthful of epithets—"Labour Fakirs, Tools of Capitalism, Labour Misleaders, Traitors to the Working-class Movement," etc. But as most of these fellows were well-meaning chaps, who in many ways sacrificed their time, their money, their health and their jobs to the cause they had so much at heart, it was quite easy to say before going to bed: "Oh Lord, forgive them, for they know not what they say."

I cannot allow Harrison's criticisms of my late Parliamentary leader, Colonel F. H. P. Creswell, to pass without comment. I sat in Parliament with Colonel Creswell as my leader for over twenty-five years, during five of which we were Cabinet colleagues, and I can honestly say that a more capable, harder and more sincere worker on behalf of the people has yet to be born. Creswell did not suffer fools gladly. He was not a slave to shibboleths. He did not have the orthodox stock of epithets at the tip of his tongue to hurl at the Capitalists and their system. He never played up to the gallery. He certainly was fearless in his denunciation of social and economic wrong

and injustice—even to the extent of his going to gaol and being sentenced to a month's imprisonment in defence of the right to strike. At the same time he was equally fearless in his denunciation of any Socialist or Labour doctrine or dogma which he thought ill-timed, inadvisable or vicious.

Creswell was more the social and economic reformer. Belonging to the middle-class intellectuals he sacrificed his lucrative position as a mine manager to throw himself into the fight to secure social and economic justice for the great mass of the people. His passing of the Minimum Wage Act, his sympathetic administration of the Industrial Conciliation Act, his strenuous fight for over thirty years against the big-moneyed interests in South Africa are all well known, and are sufficient evidence of the great work which he did on behalf of the people, work which will yet stamp him as one of the outstanding public men of his time.

Harrison, however, was always impatient with the reformer, "one step at a time" never appealed to him. He often contended that reforms by their palliative effect could and often did delay more drastic or revolutionary action. And yet Harrison on several occasions stood as a candidate for the Cape Town Council and advocated an immediate palliative programme. He was never elected to any public office. I think the public sensed that he was more of a visionary and a speaker than a doer—one who went ahead and kept the torch alight, so that those who followed could better see the way to work. Speaking was his urge. He was the typical man with a mission—the hot-gospeller of the bottom dog—always ready to mount the platform on behalf of those on strike, or in the cause of the working-class struggle. No sacrifice of time or money was too great for him to spend on Socialist propaganda. And here let me say never had a Socialist a more loyal comrade and helpmate than Mrs. Harrison. She was always at his side appreciating and applauding his principles, admiring his courage and tolerating his mistakes.

Just as Wilfrid Harrison was the main pivot of the Socialist organisation in Cape Town, so Harry Norrie was the pivot in Durban. At Maritzburg Lorrie Green was the pivot. Every town had its little band of stalwarts. Norrie was a tailor, a quiet, sincere, unassuming, almost humble type of fellow. He dedicated his life to the cause of Socialism. He had a little band of faithfuls gathered round him. They frequently met in his workshop. For very many years they held weekly open-air meetings in the Durban Town Gardens and at the railway gates. They took themselves and their

mission very seriously. Woe betide any worker who did not see eye to eye with their particular creed of Socialism. They were publicly denounced in no uncertain manner. On the whole the members of the Social Democratic Party in Durban were a decent bunch of fellows. I always got on well with them as individuals, but more often than not I was an object of scorn or pity when once they got going on the soap-box. How many are living to-day I cannot say.

How much of their propaganda seed fell on fertile ground it would be hard to say. Probably—as in other towns—much more than we think. The sturdy trees which to-day are taken for granted, and which bear the social and economic fruits of health for all, work for all, a living wage for all, education for all, adequate old-age pension for all, in fact a living chance for all from the cradle to the grave—all these fruits with their varying stages of ripeness to-day have sprung from the seeds sown by the stalwarts of bygone days, and watered by their sweat and by their sacrifices.

On one or two occasions Norrie stood against me as a candidate for Parliament. He never polled many votes. The public regarded him as they regarded Harrison in Cape Town—a propagandist or visionary. As a matter of fact Norrie's party frequently declared that they regarded an election contest more from a propaganda point of view than the winning of a seat.

On these occasions lots of my supporters used to get very indignant at the idea of Norrie standing. They said he would split the Labour vote and let the Capitalist candidate in. But this never happened. As a matter of fact I used to think that his standing helped me.

His policy provided a contrast to mine. Without his policy mine would have seemed too extreme. By contrast with his it wasn't. So voters said Norrie went too far, and I got many of their votes, because the Labour Party policy was more moderate.

At one of Norrie's election campaigns he had the active support of Miss Dora Montefiore. This rather masculine middle-aged lady came into Durban like a bolt from the blue. She was a member of the aristocratic and wealthy Montefiore family of bankers in England. She spared no money or effort to help Norrie win the seat. She had a most aggressive personality and was a very forceful platform speaker. But Norrie never got in. I well remember one of his maxims was: "Though the heavens fall never compromise with your principles. The whole loaf or nothing."

No one can play an effective part in public bodies unless he is prepared to give and take. It is not compromising with one's prin-

ciples to take as much of a desirable thing as one can get, and then proceed immediately to fight for the balance.

About this time two other picturesque personalities passed like fiery comets through the political firmament. They were Tom Mann and a fellow called Webber. Both were protagonists of the class war. Tom Mann's activities are well known throughout the world. Webber was the representative of the I.W.W.—The Industrial Workers of the World—a Syndicalist organisation formed, I believe, in America. Both were very forceful and fluent speakers, Tom Mann being the more intelligent. Webber was a specialist in phrase-making, blood-curdling class war propaganda. As Norrie's party was the most Left party he sought their association. As he roundly condemned political action I think they found him more of an embarrassment than a help. He challenged me to a public debate on Syndicalism versus Socialism. The debate was held one Saturday night in the Durban Town Gardens. Quite a large crowd was present. I don't know whether my opponent and myself enjoyed ourselves most or the crowd that listened. It was certainly a lively debate.

I saw quite a good deal of Tom Mann when he was in Durban. I found that off the platform he had a personal charm which was very alluring. On the platform he was the vehement and vigorous protagonist of the class war. Certainly one of the most forceful and fluent speakers I have heard—a regular spellbinder. He always seemed to put his tremendous physical and mental strength into his arguments. His gestures were always indicative of great muscular strength. The older he got the more enthusiastic and dynamic he became. A remarkable man.

With some of the others the hand of time bears its heavy impress —as the silver hairs now show. But age cannot mellow nor time efface the still youthful enthusiasm of Wilfrid Harrison. He seems to be the Peter Pan of the Socialist movement. Although over seventy years of age he still gathers round him at his home—"High Trees," at Lansdowne, a suburb of Cape Town—some of the stalwarts who have shared with him the heat and burden of the fight. Here on a Sunday beneath the trees in his garden could frequently be found Bill Andrews, William Freestone, David Dryburgh, William Green and others. Some of them are associated with the Communist Party, which seems to have become the natural successor to the Social Democratic Party. Here they sit and discuss the future, talk of the past, and fight many of their battles over again.

And who can deny that some of the work they did, and the seeds they sowed, have not helped to produce some of the security fruit of which the promised new and better world is now being so slowly made?

The time was, in my early days, when to be a Socialist was almost to be damned with the mark of the devil. Many times have I heard people say with the utmost disgust: "Him! Why, you can't argue with him—he's a Socialist," as if being a Socialist was the last word either in impossibility or scoundrelism. But this is not the case to-day. What was once abused, then ridiculed, then tolerated, is now becoming more and more accepted. Although a Socialist system is not yet universally accepted as the most equitable and righteous basis for society, the whole world is gradually turning its attention in that direction. The pace, I think, has been accelerated by the amazing example of Russia. And to-day we find amongst the declared Socialists and Communists in all countries some of the world's greatest thinkers, writers and scientists, not forgetting the Dean of Canterbury, whose portrayal of Communist Russia in his remarkable book, *The Socialist Sixth of the World,* is an amazing tribute to the success of the boldest experiment in social and economic progress that the world has yet seen.

Wilfrid Harrison in this book describes not only the activities of the Socialist organisation in South Africa, but also introduces many interesting personalities and distinguished people who at times have either crossed or trodden the path of Socialist endeavour. These include Olive and Cronwright Schreiner, Vere Stent, Maitland Park, Keir Hardie, Tom Mann, William Morris, Bernard Shaw, John X. Merriman, General Smuts and numerous others.

In 1926 a history of the Labour Organisation in South Africa was published. Its authors were Ernest Gitsham and Jimmy Trembath. At their request I wrote the foreword to their book—I was Minister for Labour at the time—and now some twenty years later at Harrison's request I write the foreword to his history of the Socialist movement in South Africa.

As far as I know this is the first history of the Socialist movement in South Africa which has been written.

Let it not be thought that I subscribe to all Harrison's views—I do not. I disagree entirely with his academic viewpoint on the war. His propaganda career would have been very short-lived under a Hitler regime. And just as he claims in his book the right to defend himself by physical force against personal attack, so I, with millions

of others, claim the right to defend our national life and also help smaller nations to defend their national existence against the murderous attack of any bullying nation that becomes intoxicated with military madness.

I commend Harrison's book, not merely to Socialists, but to all people who are interested in the very varied political activities of South Africa. It will be found that the subject matter is not nearly so dry as the title suggests. This is largely due to the many spicy tit-bits concerning interesting personalities and distinguished people who have at times crossed the path or entered the fold of the Socialist movement in South Africa. Harrison has dug them out and dished up their little escapades not only in a way that is interesting and informative, but in a manner which I am sure will give rise to many a chuckle.

That the book will be widely read and much appreciated is my sincere wish.

INTRODUCTION

THIS book is an attempt to give an historical record of the Socialist movement in South Africa from the beginning of the 20th century, covering about 40 years.

It will be the Socialist movement as I have seen it during that period, therefore first-hand information. People whom I describe as Socialists and Socialist propaganda will also be as I understand them, and I am not attempting to assume my interpretations to be the last word in what such a fundamental change in our social and economic life will mean.

Discriminations and criticism will be inevitable in my review of our activities, because, like all great movements, they have drifted into various sects in every country. In keeping with the disturbing political history this country has, of course, quite its share of those sects. We originally described ourselves as the Social Democratic Federation, being the name at that period of the orthodox revolutionary movement in England, to which we immediately became affiliated, but that does not mean that this record is in support of the activities of bodies so named in various parts of the world ever since.

Social Democracy is anathema to the modern Communist. It is to them a policy of reaction, and its votaries according to them have been traitors to the cause. There are few creeds, especially of such magnitude, that are void of such people, but the movement as a whole has done its work as a revolutionary force, and those of us who are the remaining advocates of its gospel stand unrepentant and unashamed of our deeds.

To the uninitiated I will give a brief review of the original Socialist movement; though the word was first used by Robert Owen in 1835, the Marxist Manifesto of 1848 gave it scientific expression. Following the First International (International Working Men's Association) of 1864 Socialism became a religious force in England and on the Continent. Its votaries, the Social Democrats, were revolutionary propagandists and pamphleteers for the cause, clashing with country forces in the various risings as a result of their propaganda work.

The International explains its own meaning, though first assembled in England in 1864. Corresponding secretaries were appointed to the

affiliated countries and the first congress was held in Geneva in 1866, the second at Lausanne, Switzerland, in 1867. The second one, in the words of the president closing the congress, was more deliberate in its purpose than at former sittings.

He declared: "We want no more governments, for governments oppress us by taxes, we want no armies, for armies massacre and murder us; we want no religion, for religion chokes the understanding." Such expressions would shock some of those who claim to be the revolutionary exponents of the cause to-day. Marx was then the accepted leader at these international gatherings, and the European governments began to take alarm at their progress.

The Social Democratic Party immediately took shape in Germany under the leadership of Wilhelm Liebknecht and Bebel, who suffered many imprisonments as a result of their activities. Dr. Viktor Adler became the leader of the Social Democratic Party in Austria, editing their organ, the *Arbeiter Zeitung;* in France Paul Lafarque, who married a daughter of Karl Marx, whom he met when he was compelled to flee to that country after the Communal rising of 1871.

He returned to France in 1880 and with Guesde organised Marxist Socialism in that country. The Social Democratic Federation took shape in England the following year, 1881, with Hyndman, Tom Mann and Harry Quelch as some of its early exponents. *Justice* was their organ, with Quelch as editor.

Marx resided in England, because at that time it was the only country that gave the right of asylum to all political exiles. Lenin and Trotsky, with other Social Democrats from Russia, were latterly compelled to accept England's hospitality, where in London they divided themselves into the Bolshevik and Menshevik parties, afterwards the controversial division in the 1917 Russian revolution.

Karl Marx's expulsion from Prussia in 1849 was when he was editing the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* and gave his editorial benedictions to a rising in the Rhine province. The last number appeared printed in red. Marx tried France, but they wouldn't have him, hence England became his home; he was often in poor circumstances until his death in 1883. History records that there were only three persons at his funeral; his old friend and collaborator in his great work, *Das Kapital,* Friedrich Engels, who edited and completed the later editions after his death; his daughter, Eleanor, and her husband, Dr. Edward Aveling, a university professor and a prominent writer and lecturer on Socialism and free thought, who translated into English Marx's first volume of *Das Kapital.* Paul Lafarque and his wife, the other

daughter, were not present when Marx was buried at Highgate Cemetery, London.

This is a brief review of the international character of the movement and a few of its votaries for those unassociated with its history, just to show that, far from being the moderate reactionary forces, they were the direct exponents of the Marxism creed, and that the First International had a more revolutionary outlook than any assembly of international delegations ever since.

A description of our activities in South Africa in the pages of this book will also show that as a movement we have no apologies to make for our propaganda work here. It may also be as well to discriminate to some extent as to whom I understand to be the Socialists. The word Socialism has been rather loosely applied and has peculiar associations.

We have, of course, Christian Socialism and Jewish Socialism, and even another peculiar brand called National Socialism. Whether these people tack Socialism on to their religions or nations to make them appear more respectable, or to make the Socialist movement appear more respectable, I don't know. Experience amongst them will show that their religion or nation came first in their consideration, and Socialism very much afterwards. Socialism, in its real scientific meaning, can make possible all the ethical standards of the various religious faiths and also avoid the possibility of hell, both here and hereafter.

There are, of course, Socialists in the trade union movement, but few amongst the rank and file of those very conservative people can see that there is really a better way of managing industry in their interest than the wage system. The Socialists in the trade unions, by their superior knowledge of economics, soon occupy the position of leaders and become full-time officials. Therefore, in most cases, there is a loss to the propaganda forces of the Socialist cause.

The same influences have permeated those Socialists who have become members of Parliament, they being absorbed in all matters of Parliamentary procedure and petty reforms, and thereby converted to the policy of the bourgeois democrats, and in South Africa, as other countries, some have been transferred to their ranks.

Therefore while the Capitalist machinery functions and the sweets of office offer such a high social standing and tempting monetary baits, it is rather a danger to elect a very able Socialist amongst them unless he is a very strong and determined character. Many have stood the test, but many more have fallen. There is, of course, a

continuity of necessary reforms by the law of social progress, which the increasing fallacies of the present system create, but the Socialist should show that such reforms deal only with the effects of the evils and not with the cause.

The early Socialist movement in South Africa, which was in Cape Town, did its propaganda work outside of all reformist institutions; we claimed to be the designers of a future order. It was a plan for a new system, which we would not disfigure or desert in order to attempt any repair of the old. There is to-day in many places a quagmire of poverty and filth in our own midst, and in other parts of the world a condition of war, brutality and ruin, for which the Capitalist system is solely responsible, with no possible remedy.

Most of the old revolutionary school have passed on, and as I write I note the death in England of Robert Blatchford at the advanced age of 92 years. His works for the old school of Socialists are well known. It was said he had recanted, both in his religious and his Socialist opinions. I wrote and asked him if that were true. His reply confirmed his convictions, but he agreed, like many more of us, that the modern way of postulating Socialism or Communism wasn't anything like the old. It is, of course, a matter of interpretation or tactics; our object may be the same, but the difference is the way of working for it. When we note the authorities adopting totalitarian tactics as they have done in Germany and in many countries during this war, it seems to indicate that Left-wing counter forces are now dead, and that we live in a world of dictatorship and disgraceful apathy or lack of a revolutionary movement.

General Smuts ought to be an authority on South Africa, and he is reported to have said that "Communism was once a menace to South Africa, but not now." The facts are that it is unnecessary for Communism to be a menace to South Africa; the Capitalists are now the greater menace. It was always predicted that the Capitalist system had within itself the germs of its own destruction, and the present world fracas seems, in most people's opinion, their final attempt at the job.

The propaganda work for Socialism is both of a positive and negative character—hence while we did not attempt very much of the reformist methods of alleviation, we were often very emphatic on the negative side of Capitalism in the form of many protest meetings and indictments we hurled at the authorities for any atrocities associated with their method of keeping "law and order," which, on the contrary, produced often very much disorder, and they would often turn their

Court proceedings generally followed, in which I often found myself the chief culprit.

This book will therefore relate many of the incidents, most of which were in Cape Town, the mother city of the Socialist movement in South Africa, of which I shall write most about, as my stay in other parts of South Africa has only been of brief duration—in Johannesburg only at the bi-annual conferences.

I lived in Pretoria from 1911 to 1913, and there helped to found the Pretoria Socialist Society, of which I shall write in later pages. The words Communism and Socialism are often confused. The tactics of the modern Communist and the old Socialist movement certainly differ—fundamentally they have the same meaning—there is no consummate idea of either—it is an evolutionary process rather than a finality to the higher order of social and intellectual life.

It has often been said that "Socialism would be all right if it wasn't for the Socialists"—nobody knows that better than the Socialists themselves. It isn't us we want you to judge, but our purpose. We are, like everybody else, the products of the present system, and my long association with the movement has shown me that we are just as bad and just as good as any other body. When we look round the world, and the present administration of it, one can only wonder how it is there are so many good and kind people to be met in every walk of life. Knowing this, we know what can be done, and what will be done when we get the people on the right track.

Paradoxical though it may seem, we live in a world that looks for joy and comfort, and the Socialist generally has a mournful tale to tell of the sordid social or economical conditions, which does not sound inviting while we relax after a hard day in business or toil. Our gospel, therefore, is not very musical or humorous. The Salvation Army knew what they were doing when they took into their propaganda work the tambourine and the big drum. It is only reasonable to expect that people in this sordid brutal world want something to laugh at. It is said the world loves a jester and stones the prophet, but then again posterity forgets the jester and immortalises the prophet.

Socialism is not, and never was, a working-class movement, especially in South Africa. where its leading spirits have been of the professional or middle classes, with a sprinkling of the bohemian type from the universities.

Karl Marx, of course, assumed it would be when he said: "Workers of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your

chains," and it was said he really thought they would do so. On the contrary they metaphysically bound them round Marx himself, and many of his most prominent adherents have suffered the same penalty ever since.

In the prosecutions noted in this book I am indebted in many ways to the assistance of the Hon. Thomas Boydell—the man with the phenomenal memory—who, as Minister of Posts and Telegraphs in the Houses of Parliament answered 63 questions from 21 questioners on Post Office matters without making a note; which shows how thoroughly he had watched his department. His life as an M.P., Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, Minister of Labour, and later a Senator, has been one of public service.

Many people, I suppose, have thought my life as a Socialist propagandist was a public nuisance. Every great movement goes through its stages of ridicule and abuse, and my activities appear to have been contemporaneous with those periods. My criticisms and opinions are my own responsibility, and I hope I have done it without offence to anybody. Our mental make-ups, like our faces, are all different. What we want is tolerance of our different interpretations, and to harmonise our varied opinions to work for Socialism, our common cause.

Chapter I.

EARLY BEGINNINGS

Socialism had its beginning as a propaganda force from the plinth of Van Riebeeck Statue, Adderley Street, Cape Town, when it stood at the bottom of Dock Road in the latter months of 1903. I had arrived from England in August of that year, after taking my discharge from the Coldstream Guards in London, following our return from the Anglo-Boer War.

Soon after my arrival I was listening to a Labour orator from London named J. L. Page, then employed as a sculptor on the new City Hall in Darling Street, now obsolete and waiting its successor on the new reclaimed land that was once Table Bay. At that time Roggie Bay came right up to the Dock Road, where the fishermen landed their boats. An old wooden jetty bottomed Adderley Street, which we suppose was once Cape Town's docks, but then there was a danger sign on it forbidding people to test its wooden legs. So frail had it become that it was neither use nor ornament to Cape Town's main entrance. The Labour orator was a good speaker, apparently of Hyde Park fame, and he held forth in true Cockney dialect, which to me, hailing from the precincts of that great town, was very familiar.

He apparently took an interest in local developments besides his political labour problems, and as these developments have materialised, proved him to be something of a prophet. About the first time I heard him speak he delivered himself thus: "What we want is the abolition of this old structure here (pointing to the jetty) and the construction of a proper pier, and the continuation of the foreshore right round to Woodstock; and what we want also is to dispense with a system

which allows people in this and every other country to obtain wealth beyond the greed of avarice, and that such wealth should be distributed in a more equitable manner amongst all the people."

These remarks were made 43 years ago, since when the old jetty has gone, and a new pier was constructed, and the foreshore extended, all of which have again become obsolete, but not the Capitalist system. The "greed of avarice" is still with us. As I write one of the Ford family, of motor car fame, has died and left a "personal estate" of over £16,000,000. "And so we sing," continued Page, "'Rule, Britannia, Britons never shall be slaves.' The British worker ought to know that he has never been anything else."

I spoke to Page after the meeting and found he was not connected with any organisation. I suggested it would be advisable to do so, which he subsequently did with a few others and myself, as secretary of a General Workers' Union. There was nothing revolutionary about Page's conception of the Labour question, as we found out soon afterwards. He wanted to give his support to the Progressive Party—then the name of the existing Government—the opposition being described as the South African Party.

About that time there was a general election and the candidates for the Peninsula were "ticketed" by each particular party, for which you were asked, and allowed, to vote for the whole "ticket," and not to "plump" for any particular individual.

There was a report in one of the daily papers soon afterwards saying: "J. L. Page in Parliament." It appears he was a french polisher as well as a sculptor and wood carver, and that he had been "elected" there by a government official to do some renovations, and the Press was sarcastic about it. Some said it was a little political compensation for services rendered.

Griffiths, our other most active member, who rode a horse about the town, supervising the distribution of the goods from the Harbour Board wagons, was told by the authorities that it was his duty to see that the harbour workers distributed the goods in proper order and not to teach them rebellion in his spare time. Therefore I was soon convinced that there were many obstacles to prevent us telling the workers the Marxism slogan—that "they had nothing to lose but their chains"—and also how indifferent and apathetic they were themselves. However, as Griffiths had to consider his family, and Page a Government job, my resignation was a consequence. That finished our General Workers' Union, but not my enthusiasm. I soon found other

J. L. Page, speaking at the Jan van Riebeeck statue in 1903 when it stood at the bottom of Riebeeck Street in the centre of Adderley Street, where Van Riebeeck landed at the Cape.

more direct methods for propaganda work, more directly associated with the Socialist cause.

The vicinity of the Van Riebeeck Statue at that time was the rostrum for all creeds and sects, who followed each other all through the day of Sunday, reminiscent of the Hyde Park gatherings. There was a meeting one evening of a few to voice some current grievance, and not being capable of giving it sufficient public expression invited those standing round to voice their sympathy.

A stranger mounted the platform who, after giving expression to the purpose of the meeting, continued to describe himself as a Socialist, which he said means "the socialisation of all the means of production, distribution and exchange to be owned by the people for the people." Loud cries of "Stop that rubbish," and other forms of dissent came from the promoters of that meeting. However, Blagburn (that was his name) stuck to the platform to finish his say, and I offered him fraternal greetings when he got down. I found he also hailed from London, in the district of West Ham, where Will Thorne was Mayor, who, unlike the William Thorne of Cape Town—who happened to be Mayor at the same time—was also an avowed Socialist. Though tamed down by Parliamentary influences he was elected to Parliament in 1906, as was also the William Thorne of Cape Town about the same time. Though he, as Sir William Thorne, has passed on many years ago, William Thorne in England is still a member. (Since this was written Will Thorne has died.) I met him on the House of Commons terrace in 1911 in company with Keir Hardie, and he admitted knowing Blagburn as a member of the West Ham Social Democratic Federation.

Blagburn and I agreed to hold Socialist meetings every Sunday morning from the Riebeeck Statue plinth. Jack Erasmus, then a reporter of the *South African News,* the organ of the Parliamentary opposition, used to report our speeches and publish them in that paper. In conversation one day I found him also to be an avowed Socialist—in fact he declared he came from New Zealand, his native home, for the purpose of introducing Socialism to South Africa. He agreed, if we could form a movement, to act as secretary.

We subsequently enrolled a few members and met in the dining-room of my boarding house at the corner of Bree and Wale Streets, known then as the Globe House. Blagburn, it was reported, had suddenly returned to England owing to some family matter—hence we were at once rather handicapped without our principal speaker. However, we continued our propaganda with the energetic influence

of our secretary and I was deputed to open a discussion at our first indoor meeting, which I did on Co-operation—my father being president of a co-operative society in England. He had sent me some of their literature and I tried to interpret its meaning in Socialist phraseology as far as possible, but even then I found a strong opponent in James Hunter, a Cape Town merchant tailor, a great temperance man, who also claimed to be a Socialist and described the co-operative movement as "dividend mongers." Erasmus not only reported our discussions in the *South African News,* but also obtained reprints of our discussion for distribution. At that time Socialism was rather a strange gospel in South Africa.

Many were curious and joined us for enquiring reasons perhaps, but we subsequently became a fairly strong party, which necessitated our taking more spacious quarters. We took a room on the top floor of Cosay Building, corner of Riebeeck and Adderley Streets, where the Colosseum Theatre now stands, and we emblazoned on our window: "Social Democratic Federation." Here we further increased our forces with such men as Needham, Howard, Levinson, McManus and Martin, the Riebeeck Statue preacher of Free Thought. Needham was an Australian and head of the firm of Needham & Bennett, still going under that name as signwriters of Cape Town. He returned to Australia about 1911. His daughter, Elsie, married the late Prime Minister of Australia, John Curtin. She was a girl of fifteen years when they returned there. I had quite a long letter from her some time ago, full of reminiscences of their days in Cape Town.

We shall have more about our comrade Needham later. With our increasing membership, and also our enthusiasm, we decided to again move to more spacious quarters.

Prior to this we had quite established ourselves as a Socialist propaganda force by our Sunday meetings at the Riebeeck Statue and our Wednesday business meetings, at which we also drew up a programme of our objects and methods, which I read before a big crowd at the Riebeeck Statue in the month of May, 1904. The object read thus:

> "The abolition of Capitalism and Landlordism, the socialisation of all the means of production, distribution and exchange, i.e., the ownership and control of all the means by the people for the people."

Our object and methods did not get world-wide publication, but a few critical comments I made at the meeting did, which appeared

to have been sent to Reuter's Agency. It was this: "We were told that this war we have just finished against the Boers of this country was a miners' war, brought about to liberate them from the tyranny and oppression of the late Transvaal Republic—yet to-day we find tyranny and oppression more than ever." "Just retribution," commented the correspondent, and they cabled it all over the world.

My father in England, one of the many Liberal Party pro-Boers, wrote to me his congratulations. There are few dissenters of the Government war policies these days. Patriotism and empire building seem to have become a habit with the big powers. However, I am digressing. We subsequently found suitable premises at the corner of Plein and Barrack Streets now known, I think, as Chames Building. We rented the two upstairs floors of that building and sub-let part of one floor to various trade unions, who then had no home of their own in Cape Town. We also ran a refreshment bar, owned our own printing press and printed our own paper, *The Cape Socialist,* with Comrade Percy McKillop as compositor. McKillop was also "Father of the Chapel" of the *South African News* printing works, but there was a strike there about that time and McKillop, being a Socialist, of course "fathered" that also, which resulted in him being able to give all his time and much more enthusiasm to our paper and the Socialist cause. McKillop had all the wit and brogue of those hailing from the Emerald Isle and he was quick at repartee. He was a big burly man, which induced an undersized interjector at one of our Riebeeck Statue meetings to yell out, "Big barrels make a lot of sound." "Yes," said McKillop, "and there's another one—small barrels have always got a big bunghole."

While I'm on this subject I am reminded of another of our frequent speakers, Dr. Haggar. Although a member of the Labour Party and a member of Parliament, as its representative he often spoke at our meetings. He wore a beard of Father Christmas proportions. Questions were asked for after his address one evening. There was the usual silence for a little while, when somebody shouted from the back of the crowd: "What about whiskers?" "A very good question," retorted Haggar. "My beard and your brains would make a good goat."

If I may go back a little further into South African political history I have still another one on very reliable authority, though there is nobody alive to-day to verify it. There was once a Prime Minister in the old Cape Parliament named Saul Solomon. Everybody who is anybody knows also that he was of very small stature—hardly

SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC FEDERATION AND TRADE UNION DELEGATION TO HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT,
followed by a mass demonstration marshalled by the author.

From l. to r.: Unknown, J. Harlow, G. Martin, H. B. Ash, Dr. Buchanan, J. Dibble, J. Davidson, A. Needham, (Unknown), J. H. Howard, P. McKillop, J. Tobin and H. McManus.

five feet high—but what he lacked in size he made up in intelligence, it may be supposed, or he wouldn't have reached that high office. A burly farmer member, who found himself in difficulties in discussion, thought he would raise a laugh against him by telling him that he would put him in his pocket. "If that were possible," retorted Saul Solomon, "you would have more brains in your pocket than you have in your head."

There was a rush to South Africa immediately following the Anglo-Boer war from Europe, with the promise of a boom in trade and the supply of houses and general building lacking during the conflict. The supply, however, in a couple of years exceeded the demand and at once a depression set in, which meant the exodus, chiefly of the artisan class, to other lands, especially to Australia, and later they flocked to San Francisco, which had been laid flat by an earthquake. This emptied the houses and shops, which reduced the rents and the cost of living to a very low scale, showing more clearly the ebb and flow of the Capitalist system, with so-called prosperity and depression according to the law of supply and demand.

As a result of the depression we were able to rent the two floors of the larger building cheaply and to get a very attentive hearing from the increasing unemployed, whose cause we championed by holding mass meetings, renting on one occasion a big circus tent that was pitched on the Parade. A strong deputation representing the S.D.F. and trade union leaders interviewed the Minister of the Government. The writer, being an ex-guardsman, was deputed to assemble and march them up Parliament Street to show the House their numbers, and I addressed them during the interview of the deputation, as much to give them something to think about other than the thoughts which usually occupy such motley crowds with perhaps many irresponsible people in their ranks.

I know some of the comrades will smile when I claim to be a diplomat on such occasions. Suffice it to say that the whole demonstration on that occasion was quite orderly, and the deputation brought out the news that relief works were to be started on the railways at Klapmuts and Kalabas Kraal. The remuneration offered by our "benevolent" Government for such productive services of the pick and shovel order was 3s. 6d. per day and the use of a tent to sleep in, after having wielded those implements of excavation all day in the broiling sun. Many, however, were in such dire circumstances that they accepted—others, more used to lighter forms of occupation, refused to be so burdened for such a pittance.

The unemployed demonstrations at that time were not without incident of a riotous character, though not the fault of the S.D.F. participation in them. Others, irresponsible, also addressed them, and a crowd of hooligans in Hanover Street seemed to think that window-smashing of the struggling shopkeepers in that area was a means either of providing employment or getting their own back with the Capitalist system. Such are the vagaries of mass psychology. Of course the authorities saw in that an opportunity to show the public the result of the Socialist way of doing things—hence they immediately arrested two of our most prominent members in the persons of A. Needham and H. B. Levinson, and to impress the public with the enormity of their "crime" they refused bail to allow them liberty till the day of the trial.

The absurdity of their arrest was of course subsequently manifested, as those two of all our members were the most diplomatic and philosophical in all their utterances in our propaganda work.

SOUP KITCHENS

Some of the comrades then started soup kitchens to feed the hungry in District Six. This, however, was considered by most of us to be outside the curriculum of our propaganda work. Charity in its many forms was the backbone of the Capitalist system, and while we could appreciate well-meaning people who sacrificed much to alleviate the miseries of the down-trodden, it was not the purpose of Socialism, which dealt with the cause of the evils and not the effects of it. However, the more moderate and perhaps more humanitarian section insisted. There was no split though often hot discussions. Each wing went their own way, meaning that while some of our members were ladling out the soup others were on the soap-box or distributing our literature round it.

There was also some controversy about the first issue of *The Cape Socialist*. Jack Erasmus, our secretary, a journalist by profession, was to be its editor.

THE CAPE SOCIALIST

During the discussion about the title of the paper the resolution was that it be *The Cape Socialist*. Erasmus moved an amendment that the title be *The Cape Vanguard*. This, however, was defeated and *The Cape Socialist* remained the resolution. As this was before we purchased our own press Erasmus had the first issue printed at the *South African News*, where he was employed.

At our next meeting the bundle of copies were on the table with *The Cape Vanguard* printed boldly on the front page. This, however, was the first and last issue of *The Cape Vanguard* and of its editor. When he was asked why the paper was not *The Cape Socialist* according to our resolution he replied, "That's what it is going to be if I have anything to do with it." By reason of this reverse Erasmus found other avenues for his always strenuous activities. A. Needham was appointed editor of *The Cape Socialist* which ran for a considerable period.

THE "LOCK OUT" AND "KNOCK OUT" CIGARETTES

Over some dispute on the wages a cigarette factory in Plein Street had locked out its employees, to which Erasmus converted his immediate attention and they subsequently started a workers' co-operative cigarette factory of their own, producing packets of what they called the "Knock Out" and "Lock Out" cigarettes, and I remember Levinson went to Johannesburg, either to gather funds or extend the business there. We allowed them to open their works on our extended premises and supplied them with some furniture, but, like most sectional efforts which have taken over the control of industry, it subsequently faded out.

Erasmus, however, disappeared with them and subsequently went to Johannesburg as a sub-editor on the *Rand Daily Mail,* and later to Durban where he indulged, I was told, in property speculation and made a lot of money. We are all entitled to do that while the present system lasts. Yet I have often been told myself that even my moderate condition of affluence is inconsistent with being a Socialist, but that is from people who haven't got any farther than assuming Socialism to be a system of organised charity. One must be either a master or a slave in the industrial world of the Capitalist system in which I found myself, and when the opportunity came after a long struggle I chose the position of master—not that that ended my struggle. I found out also that if anyone wanted to know anything about the intricacies of the law of supply and demand the Socialist movement is one of the best schools to teach them, and perhaps explains the reason why so many of our adherents became of the middle rather than the working class.

However, we multiplied in numbers and enthusiasm, and became quite a religious institution, working for a grand ideal. As I have indicated, we were opposed to dealing with the petty grievances of the Capitalist system, therefore we didn't welcome some of the people

PICNIC AT CAMPS BAY, JANUARY 1, 1908.

The eve of the Dedication Service in the Socialist Hall, Buitenkant Street. Wilfrid, jnr., is seen in his mother's arms on left centre of picture. The author is on the right of the flag.

who came with a grievance and expected us to find a speedy remedy for it. Whole families joined us on many occasions and our hall was their meeting place on Sunday evenings, at which we invited public men to lecture, not so much because we wanted to hear what they had to say, but to show that the only hope of saving the world was the Social Revolution, and the multiplying brutalities of the Capitalist system have since shown the justification for our assertion.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

We established in addition to our general propaganda work an "International Debating Society," of which I was the secretary and to which we invited every institution we could to join us in debate. Many of our members joined the Cape Parliamentary Debating Society for the same reason. One, I remember, created roars of laughter when he said: "We come here to educate this House." As most of their members were university students and budding politicians of the professional classes this induced ironical laughter. Yet what our comrade said was true—they were, on matters of our social and economic life, quite ignorant people.

Chapter II

WILSON WILSON

A man named Wilson Wilson (why two names alike I don't know) arrived from Australia. He was said to have been a parson and now a noted orator for the Socialist cause. This was in July, 1906. He certainly was an impressive orator and we made good use of him to propagate the cause by holding meetings at various places, including the City Hall. The minutes of that meeting I have before me, recording the collection as £22 5s. 5d.

The Cape Parliamentary Debating Society wrote and asked us to reserve a few seats for them, for which they agreed to pay. This was possibly for educational reasons as well as for their amusement, because it had been arranged that members of their society and Wilson Wilson should meet in public debate, and we agreed to find a prominent neutral man to put in the chair. John X. Merriman, one of the leading members of Parliament and subsequently Prime Minister, was invited, but he apologetically declined. Cronwright Schreiner was then asked and he accepted. He was also a member of Parliament and husband of Olive Schreiner, the famous novelist, from whom he took his name. She was also present at the meeting.

The Cape Parliamentary Debating Society, with all their education, would not meet Wilson Wilson single-handed, so they were allowed to nominate three—the pick of their flock—for the occasion in the persons of Mr. Pearsall of many university honours, Advocate Swift and B. K. Long. The latter was afterwards editor of the *Cape Times* and M.P. for the Gardens Division of Cape Town. At the outset the chairman ruled that Christianity be no part of the discussion and Wilson Wilson opened by saying he did not want to waste his allotted time by arguing against the assumption that poverty was caused through drink.

Each of the three were allowed to put their case before Wilson Wilson, whose reply appeared to shatter them and induced Mr. Pearsall to say, in his next speech, that to compare with Mr. Wilson's

loud oratory they ought to all three talk at once. I introduced Wilson to Olive Schreiner after the meeting, whom he seemed anxious to meet. She had been much in touch with the Socialist movement in England during her long stay there in the nineties of the last century. In Cronwright Schreiner's book, *Letters of Olive Schreiner,* she often wrote of her association with Eleanor, Karl Marx's daughter, with whom she sometimes stayed, and said what a lovable character she was. When she visited France she was also the guest of the other daughter, who was the wife of the French Socialist, Paul Lafarque.

OLIVE AND CRONWRIGHT SCHREINER

Olive Schreiner kept in touch with us slightly by correspondence, but she rarely attended our meetings, as she had no inclination to become a public speaker and only about twice in all her life did she make the attempt and one of those was induced by provocation. Someone hinted at a meeting that her novel, *The Story of a South African Farm,* was by the help of George Meredith, whom Olive said she had only met once, and then didn't know it was he till afterwards.

Cronwright Schreiner was also an avowed Socialist, and he told me when I questioned him about it that he had preached Socialism to the people at De Aar, a small town, where they lived in Cape Colony. The daily Press about this time began to fear our movement. They wrote one day: "What with Cronwright Schreiner in the House and other prominent Socialists outside, it seemed to indicate that we were fast paving the way for a Social Revolution." I have the minute book of our business meetings before me from 1906 to about 1916, and I note that at one of those meetings in 1907 there were over twenty people nominated as members of the party.

I am not prepared to say they were all philosophical Socialists. We, like every Socialist group, had our moderate wing, with whom we sometimes had difficulty to keep in line with our purpose. In fact experience has taught me that when the full movement is assembled the moderates outvote the more revolutionary wing, the reason being that the more moderate do not continually attend—they lack the knowledge and enthusiasm of the more revolutionary wing, who do all the "donkey" work.

Stalin of Russia would never have outvoted Trotsky to succeed Lenin after his death were it not for that reason. The same thing happened after the Rathenau protest and demonstration in Berlin, at which I was present and to which I shall refer later. Our increasing

"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"

Social Democratic Federation
Socialist Hall
Buitenkant Street
Cape Town

This is to certify that Wilfrid Henry Harrison was dedicated under the Red Flag by his Parents to the cause of Socialism

Sponsors Comrade A Needham
P. McKillop

January 1st 1908

Hon Secty Jas. H. Howard

Our Children for Socialism

numbers, which sometimes meant whole families, also meant that we had, like most of the orthodox religious faiths to make our premises a social as well as a propaganda institution. Hence we organised social gatherings, hired special cars to take us to Camps Bay and other such recreation resorts, not forgetting, of course, a few propaganda speeches on the beach.

We also had our choir and introduced some music and theatrical talent, gathered generally from our own members and their friends. In fact our spacious quarters in Buitenkant Street was the "church" of all comrades, especially on Sunday evenings, and it had something of the appearance of it, as the photographs will show. We did not exactly christen our offspring there, but we did have a dedication service on my one and only son on January 1st, 1908, at which I acted as "parson," with Comrades A. Needham and Comrade P. McKillop as sponsors. We did not use the customary bowl of water, but our more appropriate Red Flag, which at the conclusion of my "sermon" I laid on the boy in his mother's lap, with the words, "In the name of liberty, equality and fraternity I now dedicate my son to the cause of international Socialism."

Needham and McKillop followed with rousing and appropriate speeches suitable to the occasion. Comrade Needham, I remember, made special emphasis of the boy's possibilities as a future Socialist propagandist "through the teaching of his father." Well, that is thirty-eight years ago and I have not succeeded yet in making that possible. Socialists are born and *not* made. We are a world of varied opinions and temperaments and no Socialist would wish it to be otherwise. The administration of every country of the world is run by a very small minority of the whole population, including Russia, which even claims the "dictatorship of the proletariat," but rather it is a bureaucracy that dictates Russian administration.

We did not perform marriage ceremonies; in fact the Anarchist section always repudiate such conventions, but our group was the cause of several marriages. Many were Jew and Gentile combinations, which was evidence of our world brotherhood. Our unconventional tactics caused us to be described as irreligious people, but Socialism is a religion in itself and our ethical standards cover all the ground of the various religious faiths.

Regarding the immortality of the soul we do not pretend to know anything about that; neither does anybody else, although some of the heads of the churches get so many thousands a year for telling people they do know. The biblical interpretation of God and the Genesis

version of world creation are repudiated to-day by all modern scientists on circumstantial evidence and chronological grounds.

The law of evolution has worked in all things from the creation of this planet to the present conditions of chaotic muddle in it, from which we shall again evolve in due course.

THE TRADE UNIONS

With the boom in building and construction immediately following the Anglo-Boer War the trade union movement began to grow. The Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners had two branches in Cape Town. I joined No. 2 branch immediately after my arrival from England in 1903. There was much stone work in the new cathedral, the law courts in Keerom Street and the City Hall, which meant that the stone masons were also strongly organised.

The combination of all the trade unions was represented by a Trades and Labour Council, on which I was delegated to represent the carpenters, McKillop the Typographical Union, and Tom Bolton the stone masons, all of whom were also members of the Social Democratic Federation. I was also delegated to represent the S.D.F. on the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Council. Our influence on that body resulted in McKillop being made president and myself vice-president, not because we were Socialists; in fact, I was reminded that my association with the Socialist meetings was not in any way to be confused with my delegation to the Trades Council. One Jack Harlow, a burly member of the Stone Masons' Union, used every opportunity of keeping me in my place as a trade unionist on that Council. Therefore Press reports of our proceedings were often full of our verbal warfare, on which those in quest of copy love to enlarge.

Subsequent happenings there, however, especially in relation to the trade unions' attitude towards Coloured people, brought me into disfavour. I even had the audacity to ask if the Trades Council favoured a clause in the rules of the Stone Masons' Union: "That no Coloured man be permitted to become an apprentice to the trade of stone mason."

"Why did you bring that up?" whispered Jack King, the secretary. The fat was in the fire of course, and Jack Harlow, as usual, rushed in to the rescue, and the Press gave it a glowing report the next day.

The Trades Council began to think that they, being the political wing of the trade union movement, ought to put up their own representatives for Parliament hence one evening it was decided that a few of those who thought themselves capable, or were sufficiently ambitious, could try a political speech before the Council for them to make their

choice and Tom Maginess, of the Engineers' Union, was subsequently chosen. Tom was a decent fellow, and he would often support some of my revolutionary suggestions; he was very superficial on economic questions, but he had a fluent delivery and that goes a long way. They put him up for Liesbeek, Cape Flats. A. W. Elford, a prominent typographical trade unionist, presided at his first meeting. I remember his first remark was: "I make no apology for presiding at this meeting." I suppose that meant that in those days an apology was really necessary to offer the "Ticket of Seven" Capitalists who always thought themselves the representatives for the Cape Peninsula. However, Tom topped the poll. That was over thirty years ago. After Tom's death Charley Pearce represented that constituency for a little while, Walter Snow Salt River and Dr. Forsyth the Gardens; but the Labour Party in the Cape has degenerated since. They haven't gained a seat in the Cape Peninsula for over twenty years.

Chapter III

KEIR HARDIE'S VISIT

At the time I was a delegate to the Trades and Labour Council Keir Hardie called at South Africa on his way from India. He had there been fraternising with the Indians and proclaimed equality with them in their social and political life. This, of course, disturbed the imperialist forces in control there and such news was soon spread over the world. He landed at Durban and, I believe, made straight for the mining area in Johannesburg, assuming to find himself quite at home amongst them, and with also a possibility of meeting some of his old Lanarkshire mining friends. He did not, however reckon with what they thought the position of social and economic equality would mean to them if applied to the Native and Coloured people of South Africa. They had already had some trouble over the mining magnates trying to introduce them at a cheaper rate than European labour; therefore whatever his sympathies were in the interest of labour they didn't want any of his talk about labour and social equality with the Native and Coloured people here.

There was, however, an organisation known as the Independent Labour Party, having taken the name of the body so named in England which Keir Hardie founded and did so much to build up, and which is still existent with about four members in the House of Commons of which the late James Maxton was the most outstanding, with a more revolutionary outlook than the orthodox Labour Party.

However, the meeting organised by the I.L.P., Johannesburg, greeted Keir Hardie's appearance with the rowdyism typical of the miners in that city when they choose to be hostile. The only remark I saw reported of his speech on that occasion was "Obviously you do not wish to hear me." And he soon found it to be very obvious as the meeting was soon broken up. I know that some of the more

responsible labour men there entertained him and admitted a few by ticket to meet him afterwards, but he dare not face the mob unprotected.

Having this information before the Trades and Labour Council of Cape Town, Jack King, the secretary, introduced a motion which was duly seconded and agreed, "That no reception be given to Keir Hardie by the Trades and Labour Council, representing the trade unions on his arrival in Cape Town." The protests of us who dissented only magnified the report of the proceeding the next day.

This of course gave the S.D.F. the golden opportunity of entertaining Keir Hardie ourselves, and we made good use of him during his stay for propaganda purposes. Comrade Ridout, who met him on his arrival, brought him out to Groote Schuur, where I was then employed, and I gave him the whole detail of the Trades Council deliberations. The S.D.F. hired the Good Hope Hall, at the top of Plein Street, for his first meeting, at which some prominent M.P.'s and the Mayor of Cape Town, Sir William Thorne, attended, not, however, to ornament the platform but as members of the public. Keir Hardie commenced by saying it had come to his notice that the trade unions of Cape Town had no intention of receiving him, but he was not looking for receptions, especially of the sort he had hitherto received in South Africa (laughter). He would like, however, to show that because of the reported hostility to him in Johannesburg how the Cape Town Trades and Labour Council had changed its mind.

He then produced a letter which he had received during his stay in India, hoping he would call at Cape Town on his return and meet the Labour representatives of the Trades and Labour Council, signed John Charles King, secretary. John, though personally unknown to Keir Hardie, sitting in a front seat immediately before him, dropped his head and blushed like a schoolboy.

Under other circumstances Keir Hardie might have used more moderate language, and possibly have reviewed the Labour movement in England and invited opinions on the movement in South Africa. On the contrary he very tactfully and appropriately elaborated the principles of International Socialism. "Socialism," he said, "has no national or geographical boundaries. We are a world brotherhood. Comrades in the great fight for the unity of the world's workers." He used gestures in a dramatic way to point the moral—questions being asked. Some of the Labour Party members in the hall asked if he had noticed in the daily Press vindictive letters about the local Labour movement, written by people sitting round him on the platform.

Kier Hardie (in white), who called at Cape Town on his way to India in 1909.

The writer was one of them. "That," said Keir Hardie, "is the result of the irritation." That meeting, at which Comrade Needham presided, like the other meetings we had during his stay, was a great success—no hostility was shown anywhere. At that time we sang the "Red Flag" to the tune of the "White Cockade." Keir Hardie gave us a few lessons on the more harmonious new English tune, which has been in use ever since.

We subsequently got a final picture of him outside our new large hall in Buitenkant Street, which had "The Socialist Hall" in large letters inscribed on it. Behind him a group of us unfurled our "Red Flag of Silk," with the words "Social Democratic Federation" and "Socialism the Hope of the Age" blazoned in silver letters on it. All the writing was the work of Comrade Needham, who was the head of a signwriting firm as I have already stated.

I met Keir Hardie a couple of years later on the terrace of the House of Commons. Keir was happy to relate his experiences in South Africa. On that occasion I saw Ramsay MacDonald before he became England's Prime Minister; later he associated himself with a Tory Government and was considered a renegade of the Socialist cause.

THE STONE MEETINGS

District Six, or Ward Six, the Whitechapel of Cape Town, gained its name by political agitation in that area and continuous rowdy meetings.

There was a large stone just above the residential properties on the mountain side, at which meetings were held every Sunday morning, chiefly for ventilating the many grievances of the Coloured community. They were known as the "Stone Meetings" and the chairman opened the proceedings by shouting "Kom na die Klip." The orthodox politicians had their agents there, who posed as leaders of the Coloured people, which meant that the Labour Party in general and the trade unions in particular were very much the subjects of their criticism. Socialism, too, according to the Coloured people was a white man's creed of foreign extraction. Comrade Dibble and I, both of the Carpenters' Union, and also members of the Social Democratic Federation, visited there one Sunday and agreed to debate with their chosen men the following week to defend both Trade Unionism and Socialism.

John Tobin, the leading Coloured speaker at those meetings, and Isaac Purcell, a local merchant in that district, who subsequently became their M.P., were chosen to affirm their point of view. Mr. Tobin was a farmer at Klipheuvel, and it was discovered that he was unable to appear so they substituted a Mr. Dreyer; Mr. Purcell claimed

he could reply to us both—Dibble on Trade Unionism and myself on Socialism. After the meeting started there was soon what the *Argus* reporter described as "lively proceedings." Dibble showed that it was not the fault of the trade unions if the Coloured people could not demand the same pay as the European, and that the "Coloured Clause" often then existing in building contracts was the work of the architect in his desire for efficient labour.

It was up to them to make themselves efficient both in trade union organisation and technique. I was reported to have given an "exhaustive explanation of the Socialist doctrines," the details of which are too long to print here. Mr. Purcell was a very charitable man; he was born in this district, had always lived there and supposed he would die there. Which induced me to remark that environment makes the man and that his limited surroundings had given him a limited view of everything, even a better form of social life. There was no vote taken but we gained their confidence, not because they agreed with us, but because of the animation. I attended those meetings for a long time afterwards and I found there, as amongst most of the Coloured races of the world, that the antipathy to the white man and his administration is very deep.

In 1916 the S.D.F. nominated me as a candidate for the Town Council against Dr. A. Abdurahman, the only sitting member of the Coloured community, whose three years' allotted period expired at that time in Ward Seven, the same area as the "Stone Meetings," where I was well known. This was deeply resented by even a lot of those with Socialist leanings on the ground that the Doctor was their only representative on that body, and they thought that our opposition should be against the white men representatives in that area.

Comrade Stuart, later the general secretary of the Federation of Trade Unions, suggested that the Gardens would be more suitable as an intelligent constituency, as Ward Seven had too many illiterate people to understand Socialism and I agreed with him, but the S.D.F. as a body were adamant. Dr Abdurahman, they contended with some truth, was really no representative of his people, but a voice of the Governmental authorities, and that we could do more for the Coloured people than he could.

H. B. Ash, a one-time active member of the S.D.F., met me in the street and attacked me bitterly for opposing colour. Mr. Ash may have thought that very good advice for me, but not for himself, as he subsequently became a Town Councillor by defeating another Coloured man in the same area. When I reminded him of his bad memory he

said, "Circumstances have changed," but the colour of his opponent's skin hadn't and that was the only objection he offered against my opposing Dr. Abdurahman.

It was discovered also that Dr. Abdurahman's colour was only skin deep, as it was known that the Doctor favoured, if he did not give direct support to, the white man, Ash, which may have been the reason why Ash resented our opposition to Dr. Abdurahman.

However, my views of a future Socialist paradise seemed too much of a heavenly jump from their present state of depravity, hence they concluded it was merely a white man's bogey, like so many unfaithful promises from politicians in the past. Our visionary Utopia, which we claimed to be only the propaganda agents of, inspired some of Dr. Abdurahman's more educated supporters to suggest another way of evading the contest. As I was much then in the public eye over anti-war persecutions they rather feared I might get in, so one of them took me up to the office of another close acquaintance and suggested that if propaganda was our only purpose perhaps a cheque for a considerable amount would do as the alternative to my candidature. Noting there was no response to the suggestion, the other one excused himself by saying, "Oh, that's going too far!"

I afterwards told Dr. Abdurahman that there was an alternative—if he would join the S.D.F. and stand as a Socialist candidate himself I would withdraw from the contest. The historical record of that contest, however, shows that the suggestion was not accepted. We went to the poll and the Mayor of Cape Town read out the following result:

Dr. Abdulla Abdurahman	543
Wilfrid Henry Harrison	212

Addressing the waiting crowds from the plinth of the City Hall steps Dr. Abdurahman said he appreciated the "gentlemanly way the contest had been run," while I made use of all the minutes allowed for propaganda purposes. At that time the plural vote was allowed for property owners. I quote the *Cape Times'* brief report: "Mr. Harrison declared that the property vote had gone to Dr. Abdurahman, not because property owners had any love for Dr. Abdurahman, but because they regarded the sacredness of property more than they regarded the sacredness of human life ('Oh! Oh!' and laughter.) He would like the Press to understand that 212 votes had been given to an out-and-out Social Revolutionary. (Applause and laughter.)"

I contested the same ward against the same opponent on two other occasions, but his popularity and strength increased amongst his people—proof of this was shown at his funeral. He died a few years ago, and such was the following of all the Malay male fraternity that they blocked all the traffic in the streets of Cape Town. He had a pleasant manner and we were always on quite friendly terms, and I avoided personalities in our several contests.

LABOUR PARTY OPPOSITION TO OUR CANDIDATES FOR PROVINCIAL COUNCIL

Dr. Abdurahman was also a member of the Provincial Council. This body is elected on the Parliamentary voters' roll, on which Coloured representation was allowed although barred in the Union Parliament--and one cannot be a member of both bodies. Again I was put up by the party as his opponent. On nomination day there were found to be four candidates nominated for the one seat. Dr. Abdurahman, P. Hendry, both described as "Independent," C. Petersen, Labour, W. H. Harrison, Socialist.

Only a short time before nomination day there had been a redistribution of seats. Petersen had been the chosen candidate for the Woodstock Division, which became defunct, so the Labour Party then transferred Petersen to the Castle Division with the Doctor, Hendry and myself.

A deputation had previously interviewed Mr. John Lomax from the S.D.F., who was then considered the most influential Labour man in the Cape and a Provincial Council member himself. The deputation pleaded with Mr. Lomax to use his influence to keep a Labour man out of the Castle constituency and so prevent a split in the Left wing vote. Mr. Lomax, a very diplomatic attorney, did not tell us in so many words that he would do so, but he gave us the impression that he would by encouraging nods at our suggestions. However, we found that either our impression or his diplomatic manner was false.

Petersen was nominated with the rest of us and Lomax was found on his platform to give him support, he said, "even to his last penny." This was a clear indication of how the Labour Party, with a Socialist objective as the main plank of their platform, will deliberately oppose an orthodox Socialist candidate. The man they put up was not to my knowledge ever in the Labour Party before, nor have I ever heard of his association with it since. There may be an explanation as to why Mr. Lomax insisted on putting up a Labour man against me.

Some time previously Mr. Lomax had acceped an invitation to debate with me before the crowd of our Adderley Street meeting. The

subject was "Reform versus Revolution."

On being put to the vote, "for the Revolution" was carried with only one dissentient. It was, of course, our own meeting and my old crowd to whom I had hammered the question for years, therefore hardly fair to Mr. Lomax. I remember Charley Pearce, another Labour M.P., came down there to debate with me on another occasion with similar results in our favour.

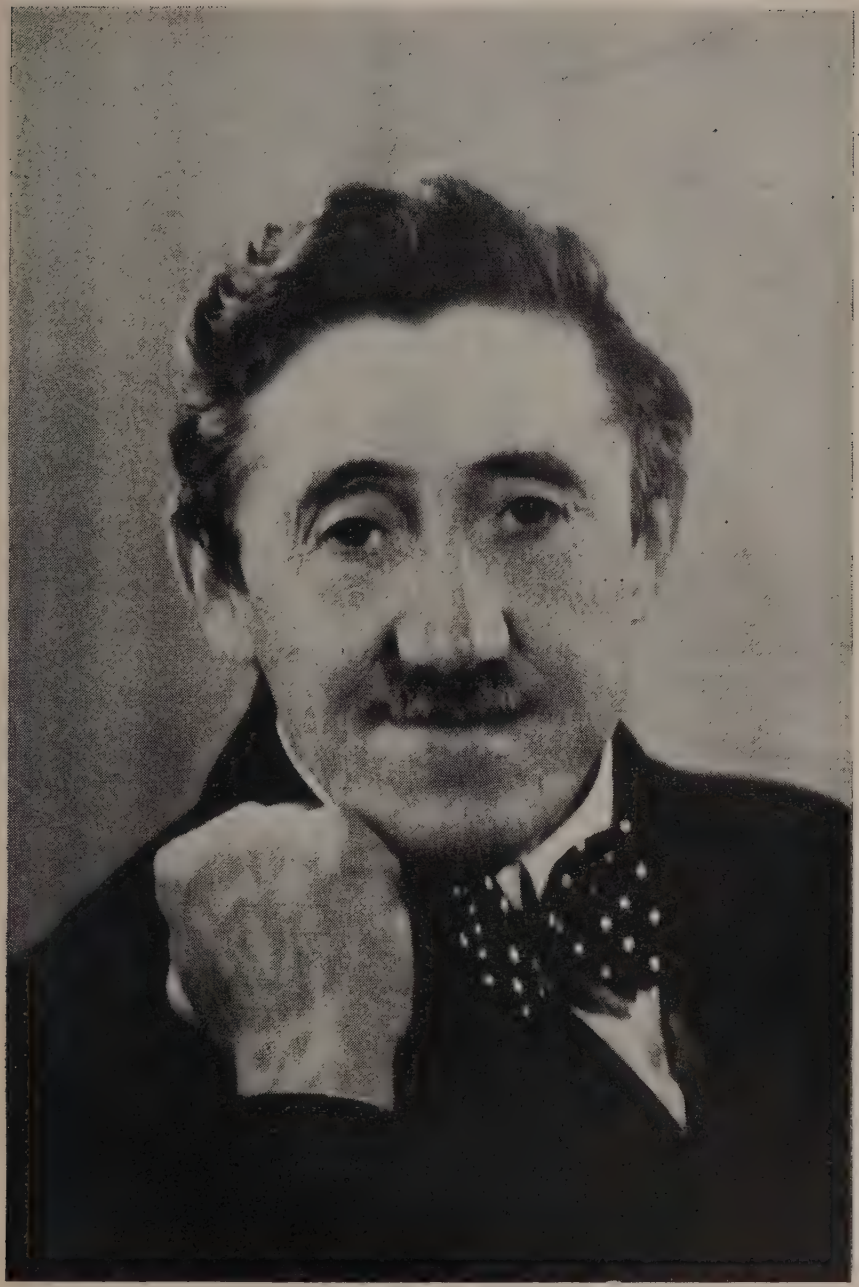
When "chipped" about it by the editor of a weekly paper called *The Cape* Charley's reply was: "Oh! Harrison's got the gift of the gab"—which I had always thought was an M.P.'s prerogative.

It has always seemed to me very peculiar and regrettable that the different sects of the Labour and Socialist movements show so much antipathy to each other. We may at times say unkind things about one another—the best of regulated families do that—but to ventilate our differences before the public, most of whom are not well grounded in what our policies may mean, is something we ought always try to avoid, rather than deliberately put such candidates in opposition, as is often done.

I have always tried to be very diplomatic concerning our relations with the Labour Party without sacrificing any Socialist principles, which fact induced even Colonel Creswell, their one time very conservative leader, to describe me as "my friendly enemy." With that character in my favour and my years of experience in the Socialist and trade union movements—in both of which I held the highest offices—did not justify the Labour Party opposing me on that occasion. The only pleasure they got out of it was in finding, as I quite expected, us both at the bottom of the poll and the Doctor the successful candidate.

While I am on the question of Labour opposition I will relate another incident with similar absurd results. There was some difference in the Labour Party many years ago about, I believe, the question of party control. Colonel Creswell, then their recognised party leader, and a few other Labour members of Parliament—amongst whom I knew were Thomas Boydell and H. W. Sampson—considered that the Parliamentary caucus was the machinery to initiate matters, while the National Council, the executive authority—on which sat W. B. Madeley, M.P.—considered themselves the proper authority. It was a matter that could have been thrashed out in conference, yet they immediately started counter conferences and caused a definite split in the party.

They eventually thought that the electorate was to decide, who of course knew nothing about it, or anything discussed in the inner



THE HON. THOMAS BOYDELL,
ex-Cabinet Minister in the Pact Government of South Africa, 1924-29; held portfolios of Posts and Telegraphs, Public Works, and Labour; was for 27½ years member of Union Parliament.

circle of the party. Tommy Boydell was the member for Greyville, Durban, so when the election came round the National Council decided to send one of their strong men in the person of Jimmy Trembath to oppose him, both men of integrity and long standing in the Labour movement. Jimmy, with his usual eloquence and knowledge of the whole dispute, quite convinced some of the Greyville constituency that the National Council's point of view was right.

Tommy, with equal eloquence and as much knowledge about the affair as his opponent, convinced considerably more people of the Greyville constituency that the Parliamentary caucus was right; so the polling day resulted in Jimmy's converts giving him just enough votes—355—to prevent Tommy beating his Capitalist opponent, who smilingly thanked the Greyville constituency for having at last seen the absurdity of the Labour Party claiming the seat. The voting was:

Richards, N.P.	1,408
Boydell, L.P.	1,053
Trembath, L.P.	355

(Note the two Labour votes just total Richards' 1,408. But for the confused Labour position Boydell would have won.)

I am not ventilating all this to show the many differences in the Socialist and Labour movements, but rather to show that in most cases there is no fundamental reason for them and how harmful these divisions are; in fact the Labour Party as a body has never regained its former position since. That and the former split of 1914 on the war issue were both caused by the Labour Party claiming as their leader a man who did not pretend to subscribe to the Socialist objective of the party. Although I have the greatest respect for his personal character and admit that he did everything according to his lights in the interest of the party, he would have fitted in much better in the ranks of the English Tory Party to which he rightly belonged. Nothing, however, was his fault, it was again the fault of the executive authority of the party for electing him as leader merely because he was a man of influence and intelligence, and happened to differ with the orthodox politicians as an advocate of the white labour policy on the mines. It is, of course, Colonel Creswell I mean.

If a party elect a leader there is, of course, a certain amount of loyalty to that leader. One of the Labour members at that time told me that was his only reason for supporting the contrary views of the National Council. Mr. Boydell, when asked, informed me that it was not because he was deprived of his seat that he refused to have further

Class _____

Section _____ Cell _____

Religion Nil Age 42

Trade Carpenter

Scale of Gratuity _____

THUMB IMPRESSION.

No. 129

Name in full Wilfrid Henry Harrison

NO LABOUR.

Alias _____

Crime Inciting Public Violence

Sentence £50 or 6 months

Date of sentence 17. 3. 14

Date of Discharge 16. 9. 14

With Remission (if any) _____

Number of Previous Convictions Nil.

For addressing the Salt River Railway workers on the day of the General Strike of 1914

association with them; it was the underhand and intriguing methods adopted by many of them to secure their own ends, by fair means or foul, which undermined his confidence in their integrity. He could not co-operate and work with people in whose good faith and honesty he had lost confidence. Boydell's reputation as a Labour man was without reproach; he was the first rank and file chosen Minister, and did the job with conspicuous ability. He published a minority report on the cost of living when he sat on a Government Commission during the last World War, and in my opinion the report is a credit to Socialist propaganda in South Africa. Boydell also often lectured at the Sunday evening meetings of the S.D.F. and he gave us as good as we sent. In those days the division was wider between the old revolutionary school and the Labour Party than it is between them and the Communist Party to-day.

During our many persecutions, of which I shall refer later, Labour member Boydell tried to extricate us, as far as lay in his power in interviewing the authorities concerned. I have known him wait for me outside the Roeland Street prison doors, which meant he must have gone into the detail or he wouldn't have known the time of my release, as I didn't know myself until a few minutes before.

I remember it was just after one of these occasions that he was made Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, which induced me to say at our Adderley Street meeting: "You will note I am again released, this time I believe largely through the influence of my old friend the Hon. Thomas Boydell, now Minister of Posts and Telegraphs. While I was in Roeland Street I was working for the same department, only there was a little difference in our form of occupation—he was Minister of Posts and Telegraphs and I was mending the mail bags." This was a job we prisoners were given to do during my internment, which was only two days.

Some of my comrades and myself appeared several times before a Cape Town magistrate, a Mr. Broers, who showed deliberate antipathy to us. Many remarks quite unbecoming a magistrate were made by him during our evidence. Our Comrade Pick in the witness box said he wished to affirm and not take the biblical oath, which is quite in keeping with court procedure. Mr. Broers retorted, "Oh! Another crank!" This and many other unseemly remarks induced Boydell, then an ordinary M.P., to bring the matter up in Parliament and relate all the circumstances of his conduct. There was, of course, plenty of the legal fraternity to defend Broers during the discussion. Boydell in his reply to them said: "I expect that even the infamous Judge Jeffries had his lickspittles." There was uproar at this supposed nasty but

telling thrust at those who knew nothing of the position or of the man himself, only that they agreed with his hostile manner towards us. This is all just to show that fundamentally on Labour and Socialist principles the Hon. Thomas Boydell is sound and well grounded, although at the time I agreed with the National Council point of view.

KING EDWARD'S DEATH

On the death of King Edward VII in 1911, at our Adderley Street meeting the following Sunday evening I made what I found to be some unpleasant comparisons. I took the *Cape Times* there and showed the crowd the full front page devoted to his death. There were many miners entombed in England about the same time, and it appears I was foolish enough to think that they and the serious position of their dependents—their wives and families—ought to have been given front page space rather than a little corner on the back page where it was. The King, I asserted, had reached the allotted span of seventy years and nobody was destitute as a consequence. However, the crowd soon gave evidence of their loyalty to the King above all such catastrophes amongst the people, and they made many threats and efforts to dislodge me from the platform. The numerous members of the police force, with my fellow comrades, then made a cordon round me and escorted me to our hall in Buitenkant Street, at which, after we were inside, the crowd threw bricks and stones through the hall windows. Arthur Noon and I went outside again to chastise them and they all slunk away. The following Sunday we appeared as usual, following the meeting of Stevens, a Christian speaker, who on seeing me arrive said, "Oh! Here is Mr. Harrison—let him now apologise for what he said about the King last Sunday." My wife, who was with us, immediately intervened thus: "You are a Christian. Why don't you preach the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, in Whom you believe, not incite a crowd to animosity?" "Oh! Oh!" he cried. "A lady! Give her the platform—let her speak." My wife had done much useful work for the cause, and occasionally contributed a few articles to our Press, but she did not like the platform. I therefore accepted Mr. Stevens' invitation on his platform and opened by saying that apologies were not in my line. I had said what I meant to say, therefore I had nothing to retract. This meant that the police and our supporters had to escort my wife and myself this time to the Wale Street police station, which then stood where the big Provincial Council building now stands. There they entertained us until the crowd dispersed, as such crowds quickly do. Such incidents are enlarged on generally by young people, who regard such scenes as "sport," and have no intention to show their loyalty to the King or their political opinions about anything. While on our journey to the police station many were shouting

"Speech!" which shows that, instead of resenting what I had to say, they wanted some more to provide them with opportunities for retaliation and further sport. Only on one other occasion had my wife been taken to that dismal old building described as the police station in Wale Street, and that was on one of those glittering military displays which always accompanied the opening of Parliament, when the King's representative here was described as one of the "Royal Family." Such occasions are always the means of enticing a large crowd, so we thought it a suitable occasion to distribute a leaflet, in which I believe was some sarcasm about South Africans being sycophantic grovellers to such proceedings. I believe I wrote the leaflet, and I remember quoting Disraeli, once England's Prime Minister, who said: "If you want to flatter royalty lay it on with a trowel," and our leaflet added: "In South Africa they appear to pile it on with a shovel."

Whether the detective saw the contents or considered a lady distributing leaflets was a counter attraction to such stately arranged proceedings, she was escorted to the Wale Street police station and detained there till the proceedings were over. And that was really all we heard about that, other than the gossip of the sightseers, who wondered what it all meant. I suppose according to current conceptions of our monarchial forms of administration I have a muddled psychology. It has always, however, appeared very strange to me—even in my childhood—to see a man elected or appointed as the Monarch of the Realm whose only qualification is that he is the son of his father.

MY VISIT TO ENGLAND

In 1911 I visited my home town in England and looked up the general secretary of the Social Democratic Federation in London, H. W. Lee, to convey the fraternal greetings of the Cape Town movement. I also visited the printing press and editorial offices of their paper, *Justice,* then the organ of the English S.D.F. with Harry Quelch as editor, who gave me a lot of detail about their work. Quelch attended the International Socialist Congress at Stuttgart in 1907. There was, or had been, a so-called Peace Conference sitting at The Hague, which Quelch described as "a supper of thieves organising the destruction of the world workers." This resulted in his being seen over the German border.

The destruction of the workers in that area since that date seems to justify his assertion, and that peace conferences have been futile to prevent it.

Chapter IV

PRETORIA SOCIALIST SOCIETY

I returned to South Africa the same year and went up to Pretoria, and there, with the brothers Robert and William Blake and a Miss Hyatt (niece of the English poet, the late Edward Carpenter, whom I visited at her suggestion when I was again in Europe in 1922), formed the Pretoria Socialist Society. We did much propaganda work by outside meetings, sometimes in conjunction with the Pretoria Labour Party, and also debated with them at their inside meetings. It is the only time I have known the two bodies work together without any differences regarding our tactics, yet there was no pact or authorised association. Mr. M. G. Nicholson, a member of the Labour Party—afterwards for many years the Town Clerk of Pretoria—and I used to do most of the outdoor propaganda off one platform, with sometimes the assistance of J. Riley, a Town Councillor and Labour man, who became one of our "Ministers" when we became the Socialist "Government" of the Pretoria Parliamentary Debating Society, with Miss Hyatt as "Prime Minister." We were allowed the Town Council Chamber for our "House," and our "Speaker" occupied the mayoral chair. Some of us refused to rise when the "Speaker" entered because we contended that was only a formality of Capitalist governments. In fact, in that year, 1912—when we were constructing the Union Building, where J. Riley and I both worked, and Duncan Livingstone, another well-known comrade who to-day with myself writes articles for the Cape Town *Trade Union Bulletin,* was clerk of works on the same building and there were numerous other comrades in different capacities—we made Pretoria at that time a centre of revolutionary activity. Many responsible people used to fraternise with us, even the mayor of the town, at that time Mr. A. Johnson. But there was one antagonist whom we often clashed with—Vere Stent, editor of the *Pretoria News.* He belonged to the old school and was somewhat of a notorious character. He travelled in the haunts of Lobengula in the days of Cecil Rhodes.

Noting the increasing activity of the Labour and Socialist Parties he, of course, thought it his duty to show the Pretoria people what a ridiculous doctrine Socialism was. Mrs. Dora Montefiore, a relation through marriage of Sir Moses Montefiore, who was a very active Socialist in England, had been to Australia and called at South Africa on her return journey. We made good use of her visit and organised a few meetings. She often chose as her subject "A Labour Party in Power," meaning the Australian Labour Party, which was in power during her visit to Australia. She was very sarcastic about their moderation, which she contended was similar to the Capitalist governments in power in other parts of the world.

The *Pretoria News* was equally sarcastic about Mrs. Montefiore's alternative. If that was Socialism, Mr. Vere Stent, the editor, said, he could easily show that a Socialist administration would be worse still. The Pretoria Socialist Society therefore threw out a challenge to Mr. Stent to meet Mrs. Montefiore in debate and prove it. Stent lacked nothing in courage and confidence of his own point of view and he accepted the challenge. We therefore prepared the Town Hall for the proceedings and the jovial Mayor, Mr. A. Johnson, agreed to take the chair. I will summarise a Press report of the proceedings, so that my own partiality may not magnify the situation from the Socialist point of view.

The *Transvaal Chronicle* reported thus:

> "The Town Hall was crammed to suffocation last evening, many standing, when Mrs. Dora B. Montefiore, International Socialist, met Mr. Vere Stent in a friendly bout and affirmed that the establishment of Socialism would be beneficial to Society.
>
> "On the platform were the leading members of the Labour Party and Pretoria Socialists, Mr. H. Miller (L.P.) taking a seat by Miss Hyatt, many sporting the red tie, also Mr. Reilly (L.P.), Mr. Harrison and others well known and keenly interested in the cause.
>
> "The Mayor, Mr. A. Johnson, occupied the chair and gave the speakers each twenty-five minutes to open and fifteen minutes each to reply. A census of the meeting would be taken after, to discover who would win the fight.
>
> "Mrs. Montefiore was received with loud applause. She said the most good and needy things were in the hands of the Capitalists, ten per cent. of the people of the world owned the land and the remaining ninety per cent. were living on the sweat of wage slaves; under the present system the latter appeared to have no legal right to live. Ten million people were on the verge of

starvation, on the authority of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, England's Prime Minister. What remedy had their opponents to suggest? Socialists said they should take over all industry for the benefit of the whole community.

"Mr. Vere Stent, in reply, said that he had been pleased by the very lucid exposition of Socialism by the last speaker; unfortunately they have never been able to put their theory into practice. One instinctively felt for the plight of the workers, but Socialism was the worst possible remedy. He quoted the French Revolution and the National Workshops as being a complete failure. Socialism not only meant the communal tying up of the means of production, but the total destruction of home life (uproar). Socialism would relieve the worker of his responsibility, of his children and likewise of the home.

"They would have to include the Bantus, who would not work and were truly Socialistic, which was one reason why they never progressed. The native never irrigated or fertilised, he owned no private property under the tribal government, showed no incentive to work and eventually the 'Socialist King' came and smelt him out (loud laughter). Mrs. Montefiore retorted that we need not bother about the native, his wives did all the work (loud laughter). The Mayor, having called upon those present to vote, gave the verdict to Mrs. Montefiore. Amidst applause the proceedings terminated."

I have given a brief report, but I cannot describe in words half the animation that characterised the proceedings. Stent, unlike most opponents running the Capitalist Press, welcomed opposition. I have known him give me a few columns on the front page of his paper to elaborate Socialism. I have given his version a little more space here than that of Mrs. Montefiore to suit my own convenience, and to show that what he said about the Socialist trying to establish a system that would break up home life has been so completely and brutally done by the Capitalist system since that debate over thirty years ago. Also that Russia, which has established a Socialist system of administration for nearly that period of years since, has built up a more progressive home life and social system in that backward country than was ever thought to be possible before.

Gandhi, of Indian fame, with the late Mr. Gokhale, also an Indian, were in Mr. Stent's office one day. J. T. Bain, whom I have referred to in other pages, was also there.

The question of Socialism in such a party of Radicals, of course, cropped up. Stent's opinion I need not relate. Gokhale was a Socialist "to some extent," but Gandhi declared himself to be an "out and out Socialist."

About this time, 1912, Archie Crawford was attempting to form the United Socialist Party in Johannesburg and running a paper called *The Voice of Labour* for which the press of the *Pretoria News* supplied us with type; my wife and I edited the proofs and we also contributed articles to it. My wife, Crawford said, "had a very able pen," but she does not very often use it. Not that she is lazy. On the contrary, she is the most industrious and capable woman I know—and I suppose I ought to know—but pen and ink is not her hobby, the garden and keeping the house in order is. Another bit of evidence to show Socialists' axioms are right: "Each to their task according to their temperament and ability."

THE UNITED SOCIALIST PARTY CONFERENCE

A Conference was held in 1912 in Johannesburg for the purpose of assembling delegates for the United Socialist Party of South Africa. Harry Norrie, Knowler and another represented the Socialist Party from Durban; Archie Crawford, Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald and others from Johannesburg; Mrs. Montefiore from Pretoria and myself a representative by proxy of the Social Democratic Federation of Cape Town.

Discussion at the Conference and the crowded meeting in the evening, at which Mrs. Montefiore presided and which was addressed by most of us delegates, was quite a success, but the United Socialist Party was never a success. Each local group in the coastal towns and Pretoria continued to function as before. Crawford was an able man and worked hard in those days to establish a movement in Johannesburg, and also established a press which, besides private work, did some pamphleteering for the cause, but the mining community are a conservative lot and the then budding Labour Party would entertain nothing of a revolutionary character though avowed Socialists themselves.

ANARCHISM IN PRETORIA

The Pretoria Socialist Society continued to function as an independent body, in which were the mixed elements associated with revolutionary propaganda at that period. The Anarchist movement was of some strength in Europe and America. The latter had the two groups, the Philosophical Anarchists, who ran a paper called *Liberty*, edited by that scholar Ben Tucker, and the Communist Anarchists,

SOCIALIST CONFERENCE AT JOHANNESBURG IN 1912

The above group was photographed by "Zadik" for the "International Socialist Review." The names, reading from left to right, are:—Back row: W. McNeill, C. H. Knowler, W. H. Harrison, W. Skevington and T. R. M. White. Front row: M. Manson, Dora B. Montefiore, H. Norrie, Mary Fitzgerald and A. Crawford.

with their periodical, *Mother Earth,* edited by Emma Goldman, whom I met in Berlin after her return from Russia, disappointed with their form of administration. The "Freedom" Group existed in London, with whom I linked up while in England in 1911. Prince Kropotkin was then a member. Many groups were also existing in Russia and on the Continent. The Philosophical Anarchists believe in propaganda by educational process and deprecate any form of force or dictatorial administration. The Communist Anarchists are not opposed to force, as the existing system is maintained by force. One Davidoff, of Russian origin, of the violent "by deed" type, was found amongst the Pretoria Society of Socialists—the only one I have ever seen who would condone the assassination of ruling despots, as has been done in Russia and elsewhere.

As I, a convinced pacifist and a strong believer in propaganda by thought instead of by deed, gave quite a different version of Anarchism as understood by Davidoff, we were soon on dissenting grounds of one another's opinion, and, as we both had rather loud voices in the movement, it was decided we would ventilate these differences before the public to get their opinion of it also. Therefore a debate was decided. J. T. Bain, who had then joined us in the Pretoria Socialist Society, took the chair at one of the public halls. I forget the exact terms of the resolution, but it implied: "Propaganda by Thought and Verbal Discussion or Propaganda by Deed." A vote was taken at the conclusion of the debate, which totally disagreed with the propaganda by deed. As Bain and I concluded discussing the question afterwards, we agreed that I had everything in my favour, because however people may condone, as they do, mass murder in international warfare, they shriek with horror at any thought of individual assassination. To complete the story of Davidoff's life, it may be supposed that a man holding such opinions was not at all conventional in his everyday life. Some time afterwards, when I returned to Cape Town and became secretary of the S.D.F. there, I found Davidoff was applying for a passport to return to Russia with another man's wife. He also wanted credentials from the party. As secretary I wrote them out in language good enough for myself, but they didn't suit Davidoff. He tore them up before my face. The Government gave them both passports conditional that they did not return. Such a condition was unnecessary. I have heard since they both died there, by what means I do not know. The movement has had its share of romances in every country, on which I will give a chapter later.

J. T. BAIN

J. T. Bain's activities with us were rather short-lived. He had finished with the Premier Mine about that time, where he was working, and he called in my shop daily. He was a daring and fearless fighter for the cause. Even back in the nineties he used to import literature from the Blatchford Clarion Group in England, and distributed such to the miners in Johannesburg and preached to them in the Market Square—the rostrum of the demagogues in that city.

Bain shortly afterwards became associated with the 1913 miners' general strike in Johannesburg and signed the "peace treaty" in company with Andrew Watson and James Hindman, with Louis Botha and Jan Christian Smuts.

Bain was also associated with the more stirring sequel of 1914, when the Amalgamated Society of Railway and Harbour Workers came out on strike in every industrial centre of the Union, and he, as the leader, and eight others were kidnapped from the cells in which they were imprisoned, taken secretly by train to Durban and put on board the *Umgeni* and deported to England. There is a lovely history about this supposed illegal action which Smuts, as Prime Minister, got his party to indemnify, though long and bitter speeches by the six Labour members against his action does credit to them, and the public thought so, too, as they increased Labour seats to twenty at the General Election soon afterwards. As their deportation was considered illegal, an effort was made, in which Colonel Creswell took a prominent part, who, with others, went on a voyage in a tug from Cape Town to intercept the passage of the ship and demand that the captain of the *Umgeni* release the passengers being taken out of the country against their will. A Press reporter, I believe, went with them.

Presently, after some distance out, they sighted a ship. "That," said the captain of the tug, "is the *Umgeni.*" "After her!" shouted Creswell jubilantly. But, alas, the *Umgeni* was in front of them doubling the knots the tug could make in speed. Not content here—and that job was some expense—they made a further effort to put their case before the Bar of the House, but again to no avail. He, it was Advocate Percival Smith, was given "sympathetic attention," and it was reported that he "clearly articulated every word" he wanted to say. Big business, big finance and conservative farmers are not prone to discuss any grievances of the workmen in South Africa. So that faded out, too.

CHAPTER V

RAILWAY GENERAL STRIKE

However, to continue on the strike, I came back again to Cape Town just before that happened—had I been in Johannesburg the number of deportations might have been increased from nine to ten. The strike being general, of course reached Cape Town, and I happened to be outside the Salt River Works when they were coming out, and a meeting, organised by the Labour Party, was addressing them outside the works' gates. Dr. Hagger, Labour M.P., was chairman. Noting me in the crowd he asked me if I would address them. The strike was then hardly complete in that area. Trains were still running, and some workers were reluctant to risk the chance of dismissal; hence, either by instinct or conviction, I was induced to make the following remarks:

"If you cannot maintain your position without blowing up the line, then blow it up, but give special regard to the sacredness of human life. If there are lives at stake—or even one life—then don't blow it up. Material can be replaced, but not human life." I remember very well how I put it. I had good reason to because it was repeated in the court proceedings that followed many times over. These remarks were resented by the members of the Labour Party present, and afterwards I thought it unwise myself, deliberately inciting public violence, and I think that was the only time of my many persecutions that proof could be given of me doing so, although every indictment was so named, "Inciting to public violence." Either the Press or some very interested persons who would suppress our propaganda often brought evidence to court to prove the indictment was true, as they did in the case of my address to the Salt River workers.

Following this meeting the Salt River workers marched in procession to Cape Town, and many other speakers, including myself, were again addressing them on the Parade from different platforms. Walter Snow, lunch bag in hand, was one of the strikers on one platform, with W. B. Madeley and others. That finished Snow at Salt River; he afterwards became an active Labour man, and later a member of Parliament for the Salt River constituency. I heard Snow say, when

addressing a meeting afterwards, "They told me at the Salt River Works I was to get another job. I have got one, but not quite the sort they meant perhaps—to voice the workers' grievances in Parliament more effectively than at the bench of the workers."

I had not gone very far in my speech on the Parade when two detectives (one afterwards Major Trigger) drove up in a hansom cab for my accommodation. Trigger shouted above the din of the crowd: "We have a warrant for your arrest." After I was comfortably seated there was some question between them as to which way they should go, as they feared the crowd might be sufficiently enthused to demand my release. However, their fears were groundless. I was safely put in one of the Wale Street cells until the "Black Maria" arrived with a few more of my fellow criminals—or victims of Capitalist temptations—to take me into a place of safer custody in Roeland Street, at which place I was detained without trial for a considerable period until they had established what they generally describe as "law and order" amongst the strikers. Then preparatory examination at the Magistrate's Court put me back for Sessions. Here the Crown evidence sought to hang me, for the indictment not only alleged that I advocated the destruction of material, but some interested genius had construed my sacred regard for human life—to say it didn't matter if lives were at stake, they should blow it up. Would I plead guilty? I would not. Then an altercation ensued between Advocate Percival Smith, who defended me, and the judge, and the proceedings were postponed till the following day, when the indictment was altered and the alleged destruction of human life deleted.

Would I plead guilty to advocating the destruction of property? I did. We brought up our witnesses, of course, to show how good I was and how bad all the machinations of Capitalism were to give cause for my presence before the court of justice. And, of course, the crown witnesses reversed the same programme.

It was my first experience at court proceedings and I soon saw what I was up against. The indictment absorbed almost all the words imputing vice in the English vocabulary. It was worded thus:

> "That upon January the 12th, 1914, at Salt River, he addressed a meeting of persons employed in the South African Railways, to the number of about 400, and did then and there in the course of his address wrongfully, unlawfully, wickedly and maliciously incite, stir up and advise these persons wrongfully and unlawfully; and by force and violence, by the use of explosives to destroy or damage the lines of the railways, and also to do such destruction or damage *whether or not the lives of persons* (the italics are

mine) might be lost or imperilled thereby, and so wrongfully and unlawfully, and by public violence, to disturb the public peace and openly violate and set at naught the laws of good order and government."

After the crowded court had recovered from the shock, which we may also suppose induced some of the sympathetic old ladies attending to take a sniff at their smelling salts to keep them from fainting, the court was adjourned for a day to allow us to recover, and also while they cut those three words "lives of persons" out.

Doctor Robert Forsyth, a Labour Member of Parliament, as one of my witnesses, said I was "a most inoffensive man."

The judge: "If he let off poison gas?"

Doctor Forsyth: "If the gas escaped it would not do much damage."

Mr. A. Ridout, M.P.C., another witness, was asked by the Attorney General, "Do you know him as a public orator?" "I do," said Ridout. "I have listened to him lots of times and been on the same platform."

The judge: "In your opinion is he a violent man?"

"Violent man!" exclaimed Ridout, "Absolutely the contrary. I never heard him advocate violence in any shape or form, more especially against a person. Life to him is absolutely as sacred as to myself. He looks on life as something that cannot be recalled, and that every person should have the opportunity of living his real life." In reply to other questions, Ridout said that violence was, applied in many ways, considered justifiable. "The men would be justified in blowing up the railway lines—they constructed them."

I take these few items from a Press report of the proceedings. The judge asking if any precedent could be found to guide him, etc. On his own judgment he then stated that I would be fined £50 or six months' imprisonment, and the Press reports me as saying: "I have no intention of paying the fine, my lord!"

"Do what you like, I give you the option," said the judge.

Hence I descended from the dock to the subterranean passages below until the "Black Maria" came to take me back to Roeland Street, a convict. However, my comrades, who have never failed me in such difficulties, though to my embarrassment, soon found the necessary amount to set me at liberty.

The Government was panic stricken. Botha and Smuts had signed a "peace" document only a few months before which appeared to be only an armistice. Nazi Germany could not have excelled their

tactics. They imprisoned everybody who they thought were implicated —even Colonel Creswell, the Labour leader, and Boydell, the member for Greyville, Durban, were among them.

I quote from *Labour Organisation in South Africa*:

"The story of the rounding up, by bands of armed and mounted burghers, of the peaceful citizens of Benoni, their march to gaol and their confinement in a 'black hole' reads like a chapter in a story of Czardom. Never was there such a scandalous disregard of human liberty, or such contempt displayed for the rights of citizenship, as in that evil period of martial law."

Chapter VI

THE DEPORTATIONS

It also adds: "Nine out of the hundreds of prisoners were taken from their cells in the dead of the night, conveyed by special train to Durban under armed escort and placed on board the *Umgeni* for England." Most of them were English-born men. The names of the nine deportees were J. T. Bain, A. Crawford, R. B. Waterson, G. Mason, D. McKerrall, W. Livingstone, A. Watson, W. H. Morgan and H. J. Poutsma—the latter general secretary of the Railway and Harbour Union, and who organised the general strike. The first five were all avowed Socialists. It is always a qualification to hold a military title to be a capable administrator, as the emblem of all constitutional governments is the sword. Hence the military experience of General Botha and Smuts always aided them in matters of industrial disputes, but this time General Smuts rather overstepped human tolerance, and he afterwards had reason to regret it; much as those people have been forgiven, he was not and many to-day have reason to remember.

The voyage of the *Umgeni* was of course cabled to England and the Left-wing elements there made arrangements for the reception, not perhaps as the Botha-Smuts Government thought or meant it to be.

Hyde Park, England's rostrum for demagogues, was prepared for the occasion with as many platforms as there was deportees, and what they didn't tell the English people themselves the comrades of England enlarged upon. Hence England was agog in its damnation of the Botha-Smuts Government and its treatment of the deportees. That cute old politician John X. Merriman saw through the whole blunder. He rose from his seat in the House and trounced the Government. (Smuts has plenty of brains but none of J. X. Merriman's intelligence, or he wouldn't have made those deportations possible.)

MERRIMAN'S SPEECH ON THE DEPORTATIONS

This is something like what John X. said:

"To punish these men for their activities in the recent industrial unrest you have taken them from the cells and sent them on a free holiday trip to England—nine well-trained eloquent agitators full

of all the grievances of the industrial unrest, and also with bitterness against the South African Government—there to be banqueted, entertained and induced to travel all over England to preach their own martyrdom and our damnation."

Evidently some occult force had inspired John X. for that is just what did happen. And when they had finished their mission and been declared "jolly good fellows" by all England, they were quietly brought back to South Africa on the *Umvoti,* another boat with a Bantu name, less Livingstone, whom they treated so well that he chose to stay. The Government gave the deportees some additional clothing and an overcoat each when they were shipped to England and £3 cash for pocket money, which would hardly pan out during the whole period of several months. Circumstances alter cases about the liberality of Capitalist governments. In the previous strike of 1913 of the miners when, as I have already stated, Botha and Smuts were compelled to sign the "peace treaty" to finish the strike, they had also to compensate the "blacklegs" whom they had allowed to take the place of the miners on strike. Not with £3 for their pocket money until they could pick up another job, but £300 each, which totalled in all £47,000, and not from the mining magnates' banking account, but from the taxpayers of South Africa.

The 1914 strike, unlike the one of 1913, fizzled out. Poutsma was a man with some ability, but not quite in the confidence of the organised Labour movement. He, I believe, initiated the strike without approaching the executive trade union authorities at that time. Proof of his instability as a Labour man was shown on his return, when he became paid organiser of the Botha-Smuts party which deported him.

Crawford, also, could never fit in with the orthodox Labour Party or trade union movement, and started, or became secretary of, the South African Industrial Federation, which the Government seemed to favour and chose Crawford as their favoured delegate to the Geneva and Washington Labour Conferences. These conferences, which are a sort of Left-wing offshoot of the League of Nations, have, like that body, wasted a lot of time and expense, and helped to paint a good many of the supposed "reds" who attended a little more "pink" than anything in the way of the solidarity of the world workers; hence they need not have quarrelled as to who was sent there. It didn't matter very much, only to the privileged persons who attended such well-paid excursions. When Capitalist government takes an interest in any venture one can always be sure it is more of a pose of their abundant sympathy than anything that is likely to interfere with the existing

control of industry. I have gone at some length into the 1914 strike, and into the deportation because several of my old comrades were involved.

Crawford's life was cut short in 1924. He was quite a boy when he came out with troops to the Anglo-Boer War in 1902. Yet he became a foreman in the Pretoria Railway's Works soon after, till they dismissed him in 1906 for agitating against retrenchment. He has been the subject of very much criticism by the orthodox Labour Party and trade union groups in Johannesburg. I have found that many of those people from that area are very prone to point at anything not just in accordance with their own point of view. Crawford worked for years and sacrificed all his financial resources to try to get a Socialist movement going there, for no other interest than the cause. While I was in Pretoria in 1912-13 I used to go to Johannesburg to assist at the meetings in the Market Square, and went with him on deputations to the various other bodies with a view to establishing a more revolutionary outlook amongst the masses of organised labour in the mining and other industries of Johannesburg. One would imagine, according to the historical records of the industrial turmoil in that area behind the barricades, that Johannesburg would be just the place for the seat of revolutionary activity. Nothing of the sort. All the risings that have happened there have been over some local grievance, either that the magnates attempted the employment of Coloured labour, increased the hours of labour or reduced the staff of the underground shift. Very desirable protests which, in 1913, resulted in the firing of Park railway station and the offices of the Johannesburg *Star* and other such acts.

This induced a panicky Government to bring out their troops and clear the streets, firing down them and charging the crowds, resulting in quite a number being killed, including women and children, but these sacrifices were not for the cause. All this originated with a minor dispute on the Kleinfontein gold mine at Benoni, Johannesburg. Most of those killed knew nothing about the dispute. The Government, after signing the "peace treaty," would give the dispute "serious attention," which a Left paper afterwards said "was more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

The 1914 General Railway Strike did not publish any specific detail of their grievances, only that the Government, who owns the railways in South Africa, were threatening to retrench; this ended after numerous imprisonments and the deportations with no beneficial results.

In 1919 Johannesburg Municipal Councillor Reed declared there was too much loafing amongst the municipal employees. This resulted in the employees demanding his resignation; and they downed tools till that was done. J. T. Bain, as chairman of the Transvaal Federation of Trades, with the permission of the union concerned, attempted something of a revolutionary character in establishing a "Board of Control" of the Johannesburg Municipal Council, with himself as "Mayor," directing proceedings, which lasted several days after the stoppage of all traffic caused by the strike. However, with the apology of the offending councillor, as usual the minor grievance was remedied and the Board of Control faded out.

In 1920 a similar attempt was made over the dismissal of a municipal employee in Durban. The Council was usurped for one day only by a Board of Control, on which sat Harry W. Haynes as Mayor, I believe, for that short period. Harry is a well-grounded Socialist and has a facile pen. He was once editor of *Forward,* which still runs as a Labour organ in Johannesburg, but with less revolutionary matter in its columns. However, that, like most spasmodic attempts to take over, as quickly faded out. Harry's wanderings and activities have been of a varied character. He, with two others, once chained themselves to the seats in the visitors' gallery of the House of Parliament in Cape Town. They did it to address the Assembly on the unemployed and chained themselves to prevent being ejected. They addressed the House while the attendant filed them loose, as they had thrown the keys away. Strange that no action was taken against them. Harry is now editor of "Reef," said to be run by the Chamber of Mines. Only the other day I read of him making a most revolutionary speech; hence if the C.O.M. have control of his pen obviously they haven't of his tongue.

"RED REVOLT," 1922

Reviewing the various conflicts, I cannot miss the bloodiest of them all, 1922. In Johannesburg, of course, that is how they settle labour questions. Following the Russian revolution in 1917 it was thought by many, and dreaded by many more, that South Africa would follow suit. Hence the Russian character was soon given the conflict by the Capitalist Press as "Red Revolt," "Bolshevik Upheaval," with, of course, a strong contingent of "Red Guards" lining up for action. Many 1918 war heroes knew something about war strategy and proceedings quickly took shape. General Smuts, true to his dual office, took over supreme command. At the battle of Fordsburg aeroplanes,

artillery and machine guns were used. The killed and wounded included many women and children.

The Government forces then proceeded to round up those suspected of complicity, lined some of them up without trial and shot them down in cold blood. About fifty others were tried for wilful murder (not those who killed the innocent women and children), eighteen of whom were sentenced to death. Four of them were hanged, the others' sentences being commuted to life imprisonment. This conflict was the result of an effort by the Chamber of Mines to dispense with the colour bar, which forbade Natives to be employed as mechanics. Not because they wanted to bring the Native up to the white man's level, but because a mechanic was cheaper at £2 per month than the white man at £1 per day. The names of the last three men that were hung on that occasion were H. K. Hull, D. Lewis and S. A. Long. It is said they went to the gallows singing the "Red Flag." Also it is recorded that 50,000 white men attended their funeral. One wonders how many of that vast number of Johannesburg citizens have given any study to those famous verses. Or how many of them ever think, if they have ever heard of, the equally famous Marxian slogan:

"Workers of the world unite,
You have nothing to lose but your chains."

That is many years ago and we may wonder what has become of those 50,000 people who followed those singers of the "Red Flag" to their graves. Obviously they have buried the axe, so to speak, and their indignation against Capitalist machinations. That all happened as I have just said, in Johannesburg—the city of great storms in the Labour movement, which generally end in the proverbial teacup. Most of the big organisations there have very conservative leaders. Remarkable, it seems it is generally so in all countries, and again is proof that the mass vote is always a moderate one. It is conspicuous that the smaller organisations have the most revolutionary leaders. Crawford was a man of outstanding abilities, who may have concluded that he was wasting his time in attempting to establish a Socialist movement in Johannesburg amongst so many conservative and self-interested workers, hence he resolved to get in touch with those who could put him in more responsible positions. I am not prepared to be the judge on what he did afterwards, but whatever he did it would never be right for his former opponents. I afterwards did in public speeches and writings criticise Crawford myself, but only because of his new reformist tactics. Yet, after all, if there is anything to be had by way

of concessions from the Capitalist system, the diplomatic way is the best way to get it. The so-called "militants" often blunder in and spoil the whole show, and know little or nothing about their supposed revolutionary purpose; nor do they preach it even on opportune occasions. One may credit their abounding enthusiasm, which often means they put in a lot of time and do much useful work, but they are often an irritation to the more moderate wing and, as such, retard their purpose rather than solicit the sympathy of the greater following.

They get many reverses, and perhaps not all the sympathy they deserve from the moderate party. I have found it ever thus during my long experience, hence it is rather a mistake for either party to suppose they have come into immediate contact with any special gang. Good-natured criticism and toleration is the best possible way to promote harmony.

Controversy in the ranks of the trade unions is more rife since the "back to the masses" slogan of the Communist Party, which has driven them into the trade union movement and taught them to tamper with the wages of the Capitalist system, rather than their proper purpose, which is to show that with social ownership and control there will be no wage system, but will be worked on the basis of "from each according to their ability, to each according to their needs."

If the Communist went into the trade union movement with a purpose of educating and gaining the confidence of the very moderate and conservative trade union leaders—and such are, as a rule, the most numerous—one could appreciate their efforts.

The same intolerant attitude is taken up by people who now claim, for patriotic reasons, that it ought to be the purpose of every individual to defend his own country. Well, there is nobody more patriotic in its true meaning to England, my homeland, than myself, having lived there thirty years. But, as a Socialist, I now claim that the world is my country and every man is my brother, but I find they are forced into war and brutally exploited by their various national governments, ruled on a Capitalistic basis.

Chapter VII

S.D.F. SPLIT—1914 WORLD WAR

During the war of 1914 the old Cape Town S.D.F., which had been in existence for over ten years without any serious divisions, now found itself facing a serious split. Amongst the prominent patriots, as we called them, were J. H. Howard, H. Hiscox, H. McManus, H. A. Evans, Tom Bolton and others. After the split, Howard became a full-time secretary of the Commercial Travellers' Association and edited their paper, *On the Road*. Hiscox formed the Constitutional Socialist League and drew up a Parliamentary Bill, very much of a national character, to show us the way to the New Order through that machinery. Harry Evans turned his attention to the trade union machinery, in which he is still a shining light. (Since this was written Harry Evans has died.) Howard and McManus were very active members and otherwise good Socialists, having been with us since the early days of the movement. Both were good speakers and continual propagandists at our Adderley Street outdoor meetings, and both were at different times secretary of the party. Sad to relate, though, they both died, as also did Tom Bolton, soon after they left us. McManus was with us in spirit until the end, but never an active member after the divisions in the party following the 1914 conflict.

McManus's moderation might be explained by the fact that he was a Christian Socialist with whom I, an avowed agnostic, often had some controversy in debate—strangely enough, he was the inseparable pal of an avowed atheist, George Martin, who used to preach "Free Thought" from our rostrum in Adderley Street prior to our own meeting. There was also a strange combination at McManus's funeral. The Rev. Ramsden Balmforth conducted the service and he was a Unitarian—one God, no Christ. McKillop and I, both avowed agnostics, were delegated by the S.D.F. to deliver the funeral oration over his grave. Either the emotion of the moment or some occult force disturbed my mentality, and in my speech therefore I did not give him the credit he deserved. Balmforth delivered his oration in tears and he himself, good comrade that he was, has now passed on.

Everybody was agog on August 4th, 1914, when war was declared. Socialists are, of course, the most noisy people about any crisis, so there was soon a difference of opinion in our S.D.F. representative of cosmopolitan Cape Town. There appeared to be trouble brewing on the pros and cons of the situation. Therefore, to keep our ranks intact and allow individual opinions, it was decided by resolution that the branch declare itself neutral on the war issue. It was not our business—we would carry on our own propaganda and leave it alone. This was carried out with some difficulty for a few months, or perhaps a year. In the meantime the Labour Party found itself in the same predicament on August 2nd, 1914. At its Administrative Council meeting it passed the following resolution:

> "The S.A.L.P. at a general meeting of delegates expresses its protest against the Capitalist governments of Europe in fermenting a war which can only benefit the international armament manufacturers' ring and other enemies of the working class, and appeals to the workers of the world to organise and refrain from participating in this unjust war."

This is a resolution that neither the Labour Party nor even the Communist Party would sign to-day, proving how the psychology of those bodies have changed. However, that is by the way. Here again Colonel Creswell, as his title implied, agreed to differ with this fundamental resolution, as he did with the Socialist objective; and many, owing to their loyalty to their leader, and also—some said—to King and country, agreed to support Colonel Creswell in his "See the war through" policy. However, twenty of the party—active members—which included one M.P., W. H. Andrews, and seven M.P.C.'s of the Transvaal, stood by the resolution of August 2nd and seceded from the party, publishing a pamphlet on a "Declaration of Principles" which would be a credit to, and a considerable improvement upon, the Communist Party platform to-day.

The dissenting elements, rather than call themselves the Labour Party, which they really were, founded an International Socialist League, to which there was an adjunct known as the "War on War League," which issued pamphlets giving expression in revolutionary language against the war. One particular gem, of which Sidney P. Bunting was the author, was sarcastically entitled "Let Saints on Earth in Consort Sing," the contents of which led the Government to pay some attention to it. Hence publicity spread and the Cape Town S.D.F. had to discuss its merits, which led to strong protests from the

neutrality wing. A resolution was then deliberately moved by myself that a certain number of the leaflets be imported to Cape Town for distribution. This resolution being passed, it became necessary to call a summons meeting of all members to decide for or against the war on the following resolution. I have the minute before me dated September 6th, 1916:

> "On Com. Harrison being called he moved in accordance with his notice given, 'That the Federation is opposed to all wars organised on Capitalist lines, and that we consider the present war the outcome of Capitalist machinations in which all belligerent nations are equally responsible.' Comrade Pick seconded. A warm discussion took place, the secretary, H. McManus, and others opposing the resolution strongly. A good deal of feeling was manifested in the discussion and two amendments were put forward, one by the secretary and one by Comrade Vermont. After a conflict of opinions how the vote should be taken, Vermont withdrew his amendment and a vote was then taken, with the result that the Federation declared for an anti-war policy."

As one of them put it. "The Government is now defeated," and I, as the named leader of the opposition, took over the reins of office. The minute of the following week records:

> "Propaganda Report: Comrade Pick reported that a good meeting had been held with Comrade Harrison as speaker, who announced that the Federation was now a 'War on War' organisation and that all moneys given would be with that understanding. Comrade Evans sent in his resignation and challenged the Federation to debate in the open air the last clause of Comrade Harrison's resolution at the special meeting of September 6th. After deliberation it was decided that it would be inadvisable to debate on the subject at the present."

I have quoted the minutes of the proceedings and, as that was over thirty years ago, I do not remember much of the discussion nor the reason why they decided against debating with Comrade Evans. I do remember, though, and have every reason to, the temper of the crowds we addressed at the Adderley Street meetings during the war period, and I think our Comrade Evans knew which point of view the general crowd favoured.

It took us all our time to keep the crowd from throwing us into the sea, which was then quite close to our rostrum, and many other

damages they promised us. All credit to the courage of Bob Stuart, since the well-known secretary of the Federated Trade Unions of the Peninsula, and H. Leemans—two burly men in those days—the latter some time our treasurer. They used to stand as bodyguard on each side of our platform, while I howled on the fallacies of Capitalist wars to our crowded meetings. I often think it remarkable that, during those war years of hostility and all the threats I had hurled against me during the many meetings we held—including several typewritten unsigned letters I received threatening my life if I ever spoke at our outdoor meetings again—I came out of the affair without a scratch. Not even once did I lose my hat, or my head, although many would literally have liked me to. Mass psychology, however, is funny stuff. They will be as calm and chuckle like cooing doves one minute, and are as ferocious as wild beasts the next, if one knows how to get them like that. Therefore I used my years of experience as a mob orator to put the amusing side of the subject as much as possible, then a little serious talk, till they began to snarl, then think of something funny again. The effect is wonderful.

Mass psychology, I repeat, must be funny stuff or they wouldn't countenance war at all, neither would they the Capitalist system. It is really so simple to show up the fallacies of both. The masses contain clever people who work miracles and wonders my limited intelligence cannot understand, yet they cannot see what is the matter with the present system, which brings war, poverty and ruin. Another advantage I had in my favour was that I am an Englishman and a King's ex-Guardsman. Therefore, as another Englishman told me, "You are allowed to criticise your own nation's tactics, but those of other nations in your ranks are not!" Like the father who gives corporal punishment to his son, but, whatever his sins, he does not allow that form of reprimand by anybody else. So, for the above reasons and my long experience, I was allowed to be the chief speaker. In fact, as Connolly, a one-time Member of the Natal Parliament, who was then in our ranks, said at our business meeting, "Nobody else dare."

The Australian soldiers gave us a call here on their way to Europe, and of course included our meetings in their jovial way of painting Cape Town red. I have never been to Australia, therefore I don't know how the youth of that otherwise progressive country occupy their time, but I do know how they occupied it in Cape Town. "Our boys from Australia are here again!" people would say, which induced me to ask when they were going to send their men along. I have known them empty the contents of a bottle on the outskirts of our

meeting, then brandish the receptacle in a manner that was meant to reach my head, although I have never known them actually to do it. It made me give more attention to them than to the subject I was discussing. In fact, to change the subject in their direction I would tell them that I thought the British way of dealing with an opponent was to punch him on the nose. However, they didn't ever molest me even that way, so perhaps there was not much harm in them after all, unless they eyed my bodyguard, or my six feet of athletic appearance was thought by them an obstacle.

We did not at any time attempt anything in the way of physical retaliation, nor did we ever have reason to from our platform. I have always contended that passive resistance was the strongest force when properly applied, and which Gandhi has used with remarkable effect in India. All we wanted, I used to tell them, was a fighting intelligence and the Socialists' way of using it. That would soon end all wars, and their poverty and squalor with it. Our Adderley Street meetings grew in such numbers that we packed the Dock Road from the Flat Iron Building to the Carlton Hotel, which solicited a protest from the proprietor, and we were told to move our platform to the side of the building facing the pier. This did not diminish our crowds, but rather added to our audience by including those sitting in silence watching the sea waves ripple from the pier.

Quite half a dozen uniformed police and private detectives were always in attendance to make notes of our remarks and deal with any disorder. The meetings were sometimes closed by them when they thought things were getting too rowdy for them to control, or when our remarks were considered seditious. On the whole they rarely exceeded their duty. In fact, I think we made more converts amongst the police than elsewhere. When I was a candidate for the public bodies in Cape Town afterwards they openly confessed that they voted for me. They are all pensioners now, so if the authorities read this they cannot now smell them out.

There was, of course, numerous complaints to them by some of the public about our unpatriotic language, and the remuneration we were getting from Kaiser Germany for our services. In reply to one of the anonymous typewritten letters I received threatening my life, I told the crowd that I was on one occasion the crack shot of my company as a soldier and also had a little experience in the gymnasium at boxing (both being true), therefore, though an admitted pacifist in matters of organised physical force to settle national disputes, I was quite prepared to use all I knew in self-defence if I was at any time attacked.

As I am writing these notes of the events some thirty years afterwards, it is unnecessary for me to say I am still alive. The fact that all the nonsense we heard then about that war being a "war to end war," and that we were acquiring land for our "war heroes to live in"—which really meant for paupers to die in—and the loud boast about "destroying that world menace the German military machine" has resulted in the chaos existing to-day, and justified our using at that time the slang phrase "Capitalist moonshine." And further, instead of destroying that "military machine," the same allied authorities, who urged us to destroy it then have helped to put a much more formidable one in its place, and made possible a more arrogant dictator to control it, and which was lately again in full working order piling up the profits of Big Business and the interests of Big Finance, which are the cause and purpose of all Capitalist wars. Here are figures of succeeding wars published by me in 1922 in *The Cape*. Figures of this war would exceed all of them:

> "With Samuel Pepys' reappearance as a diarist after an absence of a few centuries, one cannot wonder (*vide* Jingo Press) at his describing the Bolsheviks as 'blood letters.' Obviously his long sleep has prevented him watching the similar tactics of their opponents. For comparison, the figures read thus:
>
> | | Loss of Life |
> |---|---|
> | War between England and France, 1793-1813 .. | 1,000,000 |
> | Crimean War, 1853-56 ... ... | 485,000 |
> | United States Civil War, 1863-65 ... ... | 650,000 |
> | Franco-German War, 1870-71 ... ... | 290,000 |
> | Russo-Turkish War, 1876-77 ... ... | 180,000 |
> | United States-Spanish War, 1898 ... ... | 2,919 |
> | Boer War, 1899-1902 ... ... | 90,898 |
> | Russo-Japanese War, 1904-5 ... ... | 555,900 |
> | Great European War (approximately) ... ... | 20,000,000 |
>
> I could fill a page, but I think there is enough there to justify an apology from Mr. Pepys to the Bolsheviks."

However, I am digressing. The dissenting members of the Labour Party continued publishing leaflets under the auspices of the "War on War League." I look with amazement on some of the "red" stuff they poured out in their pamphlets in those days. Now I dig them out of my archives for reference. It makes me exclaim: "Oh, where!

Oh, where are these people now?" I have one of the pamphlets before me headed, "Keeping the Red Flag Flying; An Address to the S.A. Labour Party," and it smacks the verses in their face, giving headlines to the various paragraphs thus: "The Banner Bright"—"Though Cowards Flinch"—"Within its Shades"—"The Hope of Peace at Last" —and also "Vive l'Internationale"—*"Quantum mutatus ab illo!"* (in English, what a come down!). I cannot publish the contents of the pamphlet owing to space, but they are emphatic that every Socialist should "oppose this and any other war at all times and at all costs." It was said, in fact I heard W. H. Andrews publicly say, "that he would not sign 'The War on War League' pledge, as he might support a war on behalf of the working class."

Andrews' biographer, R. K. Cope, said: "Ivan Jones, then secretary of the Labour Party, and one of the twenty signatories against the 'See the War Through' policy of Colonel Creswell, retorted, 'That is generations away—it is only an excuse.' "

However, it has suited Andrews' well-known efforts to be consistent, to refuse "to oppose this and any other war at all times and at all costs" as laid down by the "War on War League." Although he headed the list of the twenty members of the Labour Party who opposed the first world war, we found him in 1943 supporting the current war, which General Smuts said was a continuation of the previous war. If that was so, then Andrews is only consistent in paradox. His "War on behalf of the working class" is based on the out-of-date Marxian theory that the revolution can only be accomplished by war between employer and employee to the point of the bayonet. Industry then and its trend of development naturally induced Marx to say so; Marx, however, did not assume its contrary developments; he saw no growing middle, professional and agency classes such as we have to-day. Neither did he nor anyone else in his day assume that so many workers would be replaced by the machine. Further, the class barrier was much more distinct then, in a country only recently emerged from the feudal system, than now.

The Cape Town S.D.F., having declared its anti-war policy, linked up with the "War on War League" of Johannesburg, and, like them, began to publish leaflets of our own for distribution at our meetings. Comrade D. L. Dryburgh published one with rather a seditious title —"Have You Answered the Call?"—which I thought remarkable to escape the notice of the authorities. So far so good. I attempted the next, headed "War," and I also thought in language that would evade persecution, seeing that it was merely an analysis of modern and

primitive warfare, showing the more modern as the more gruesome. Of course one could not word it otherwise to tell the truth and the authorities allowed its distribution. Six months after that leaflet was published there was a tramway strike in Cape Town. I have a Press report before me which says they were striking to get their wages raised to £2 2s. per week. The tramway strike was under the management of the Cape Federation of Trade Unions, and they held outdoor meetings to gather funds and solicit public support. Bob Stuart, the general secretary of the Federation of Trade Unions, invited me to address one of these meetings at our usual meeting place at the foot of Adderley Street. Amongst other statements of a more revolutionary character than the trade unionists generally use, I advocated stopping the power station as the most effective way of bringing the whole tram service to a standstill, and finished up with the old Marxian dictum, "Workers of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains." These arguments, and my gifts as a mob orator, produced loud applause, and Bob Stuart told me I had said "quite the right thing."

Chapter VIII

WAR LEAFLET AND MY ARREST

The following day I was arrested, but the indictment said nothing about the tram strike and dealt with the leaflet published by the "War on War League," of which they discovered I was the author. The prosecutor at the court proceedings asked me if I had addressed a meeting of the tramway strikers the night before. My retort was, "Yes, or I would not be here!"

However, without going into the lengthy proceedings, the court decreed that I should pay £50 or suffer six months' imprisonment. As usual I did neither. This time even the Whig Tory John X. Merriman, who brought the question up in the House, said the punishment was too severe, and the House saw through the camouflage of the prosecution. The Hon. W. B. Madeley, M.P., speaking with other Labour men at a meeting of the strikers, put it thus (I quote from the *Cape Argus*):

> "Proceeding, the Member for Benoni said the sort of justice dished out to the workers was never better exemplified than last week, when Wilfrid Harrison was convicted and fined £50 or six months' hard labour for issuing a pamphlet on war. As they all were aware the highest authorities considered the sentence was out of all proportion to the offence. After two days the fine was reduced to 50s. and the 'criminal' set at liberty (laughter).
>
> " 'The pamphlet was issued as far back as December,' said Mr. Madeley, 'and no notice had been taken, nor would any notice have been taken had not Harrison addressed a meeting of tramway strikers. (Shame!) What I cannot for the life of me understand,' he went on, 'is this: If the issuing and publication of the matter contained in Harrison's pamphlet was a crime, why are not the editors of the *Cape Times* and *Cape Argus* now in Roeland Street gaol? The convicted man only had 1,000 pamphlets printed, only half of which got into circulation. The papers I mention circulated throughout the length and breadth of South Africa and contained Harrison's pamphlet word for word.' (Shame!)

"(The leaflet referred to was published in the newspapers only as a necessary part of the evidence given in court against Harrison.—Ed., *Cape Argus.*)"
Here it is:

WAR !

"A familiar word, a necessary phenomenon, we are told, to maintain our libertarian traditions and national civilisation.

"We admit it because it is customary to admit prevailing conditions without question or analysis. Head hunting or warfare in primitive times was customary, and also considered essential to man's religion and destiny; then between individuals, now between organised nations, the same instinct is there, the same purpose, the same atrocious acts. A distinct analogy between primitive and modern warfare; but the primitive method has been analysed and admitted to be barbarous, brutal and inhuman: modern organised warfare is still customary, lawful, just and heroic! The former was renounced because the perpetrators lived in a condition of savagery. The latter is accepted because the man, and not the deed, is considered a civilised product.

"It is to-day NOT murder, it is war! So let us give it the necessary analysis and for the moment cast aside sentiment. Picture the 'hero' glorified and awarded the Victoria or Iron Cross in the melee that brought him his fame.

"The reports of the pistol, the clash of the sword, the dying moans of those whom he has slain, and over whom he stands a maddened and excited victor bespattered in human blood. The heads of mothers' sons and children's fathers lie at his feet and their blood and brains besmear the ground, while in a dark garret to-day these mothers and children mourn with bitter tears their loss that has been his fame.

"These and other gruesome deeds are demanded of you who respond to the ironical call of 'your country needs you!' Truly it does! In your country there is always unemployment, high rents and dear goods, there is always bad housing and disease, there is squalor and filth in home and factory, there is poverty and starvation. So YOUR country needs you! And yet in your country there are factories filled with goods eaten with moth and decay, and there are palaces and mansions in which a superfluity of luxury abounds.

"Yes! YOUR country needs YOU. Are you prepared to fight for your country and help to bring wealth, happiness and peace with ALL people."

The court implied that such seditious matter was dangerous for the public to read and would frustrate the efforts of the Government to carry on the war. If that is so, surely I was assisted by the *Cape Argus* and *Cape Times*. The reason given by them for its publication does not nullify its effect on the community, nor prevent them from being my fellow "criminals," as Mr. Madeley argued. As a result of all this controversy on the war and strikes, our crowd extended in numbers and hostility, but we also gained an increasing number of supporters. It was known that many came from the country districts by train, and we made big collections to carry on our work.

Noting our increasing crowd and enthusiasm, the Government became more touchy. Detectives were always busy at the meetings with their note-books, which, it appears, had to go through a few days' examination before they made arrests. So if they did not appear at my residence on the Thursday morning following our Sunday evening meeting I knew we were safe for another week. I was so indicted on about five occasions, in addition to the other arrests concerning strikes.

Seeing that we were so much trouble to them one wonders they did not stop our meetings—as I have it from one who heard the Attorney General wail at our continual nuisance. On the contrary it wasn't us that were the nuisance, but the authorities that were a nuisance to us. If they didn't interfere we claimed to be capable of managing the crowds ourselves, in addition to teaching them the virtues of a humanitarian creed. Further, all the court procedure of our prosecution was of no avail. They could neither hold me in their prisons nor collect our public money in fines. Only on the one and the first occasion, the Salt River Works general strike, did the public pay the £50 fine imposed—that also was against my wish, as I told the judge. On three other occasions—the Bullhoek massacre (to which I shall refer later), the tramway strike (or war leaflet) and the seamen's strike over the Scapa Flow incident—I received £75 or six months, £50 or six months and £30 or four months respectively. The first was nullified by the Appellate Court, the second by the House of Parliament, and the third, as a result of an influential deputation, was reduced to a nominal fine.

I have been detained at Roeland Street prison on several occasions awaiting trial, but only once have I adorned myself in the garb of a

convict. That was following the conviction over the war leaflet, and then only for two days, when the sentence was nullified by the House. I wondered then, when given my "new" robes and my disc of identification, whether criminals so branded had also to dispense with their former habits of cleanliness, because the appearance of the suit I got seemed to suggest that I should give it very careful scrutiny, and also the very greasy hat. I made no complaint at the time because I thought it might involve one of the warders, who otherwise showed me every respect. I was also in the same detention ward with one indicted for murder, so they make no discrimination. When I entered he hailed me in a cordial manner, not because of my complicity in the crime, as some of the others may have thought, but because he had often attended our meetings.

Another indictment, which came under the title of "Inciting to Public Violence," was served on me. "That on the 14th day of November, 1916, he did wrongfully and unlawfully in a public place, to wit, of Adderley Street, Cape Town, use insulting words to, and in the presence of, divers persons, to the prosecutor unknown, there and then assembled, whereby a breach of the peace may have been occasioned." The "insulting" words were that I "wrongfully" told the audience that "General Botha was asking the workers of South Africa to go and fight, shoot down and kill the workers of Germany, whom they did not know and therefore could not have any animosity against." So it is "unlawful" in war time to tell the truth.

Following the secession of the twenty Labour men from the Labour Party, they formed the International Socialist League, and published a paper called *The International*. We imported a few dozen each week from Johannesburg to sell at our weekly meeting, and I often read the headlines from the platform; in fact, often sold them from there, as the crowd often swarmed up fearing we might sell out. This, however, we found was a violation of the Sunday Observance Act, therefore another indictment was worded against me thus:

"Wilfrid Henry Harrison, hereinafter referred to as the accused, is guilty of the crime of contravening Section 2 of Ordinance No. 1 of 1838 in that, on Sunday, 21st September, 1919, he did wrongfully and unlawfully sell or offer for sale certain goods and merchandise; or did trade and deal on the Lord's Day, and did then and there sell a publication called *The International* to James Alexander Clay and divers other persons, whose names to the prosecutor are not known, for the sum of threepence sterling per copy." I have no record of the verdict that I can put my hand on at the moment, but I think it was

£10 or one month. In conversation with one of the detectives afterwards I asked why we were so prosecuted. "Oh," he said, "we prosecute when there is public complaint." Therefore the following week I had quite a list of institutions who had and were then violating the Sunday Observance Act, and I made strenuous efforts by complaint against them in order to protect "Our Lord's Day." I went further to show that Socialists were very pious and religious people, and that we did not believe in selling anything at any time, never mind Sundays. It was the Capitalist system that sold things at a very big profit. The authorities must be very partial people, or have a bad memory, when they allowed both the *Cape Times* and *Cape Argus* to be sold on Sundays throughout the 1914-1918 World War.

I also made an emphatic protest against our pious Municipal Councillors, who sanctified their positions by attending church on Mayoral Sunday, yet violated the Sunday Observance Act by offering for sale tickets to permit people to enter their own pier. The detective at our next meeting came up to me and quietly said, "You can sell *The International* in future. There will be nothing more about it." I am not finding stories to fit in with the pages of events, but what I relate actually happened.

Those were strenuous days in the Socialist movement of Cape Town, and we had a group of comrades at that time who were worthy of the cause and put their energy into it regardless of consequences.

During the 1914-1918 War period were the most strenuous days of my life. As secretary of the party, doing all the meetings, encountering continual persecutions and running my own private business, which, owing to the war boom, and I suppose my continual self-advertisement, increased accordingly. Socialism, being my religion, is therefore my recreation. Hence I suffered nothing, but enjoyed every move. However, there is a limit to human powers of physical endurance and subsequently my vocal organs began to feel the strain, so much so that my doctor said it would kill me if I continued. Therefore I had to slow down or suffer the alternative and die a martyr to the cause. I have heard a lot about that sort of people, but it requires more courage than I have to emulate them. However, providence or some other psychological factor intervened and saved me, as later pages will reveal.

THE LABOUR ADVANCE PARTY

Socialism has many interpretations, and likewise has suffered many denominational sects. The old S.D.F. had, of course, its share

of dissenters, who took on some side issue which they perhaps thought was a more direct means to the end. In the first decade of the present century some of the S.D.F. thought the trade union movements would fit in all right with us to advance our political ambitions, and the then Trades and Labour Council or some of them who agreed to co-operate. The new movement was to be known as "The Labour Advance Party." J. H. Howard, then our secretary, was the chief spirit.

There was at that time in Cape Town a free-lance ecclesiastic known as Dr. Davidson Buchanan, who also claimed to be a Socialist, as far as the two doctrines could find compatibility, and he sometimes associated himself with us, especially on the question of unemployment. He also was found to be very sympathetic to the Labour Advance Party, hence for a time, with his noted eloquence and Howard's, they made some show. Buchanan, like most free-lance disciples of the faith, was a world missionary, and the time came for him to depart. Howard and his colleagues thought this an opportunity to give the Labour Advance Party some advertisement. Dr. Buchanan had his own church, the Opera House, where the Cape Town General Post Office now stands, which he, as a noted orator, packed every Sunday evening. On the evening of his departure, Howard, with an appropriate portmanteau, advanced to the platform, and in an equally appropriate speech presented it to the Doctor on behalf of the Labour Advance Party. It was all easily and eloquently put, until the Doctor's reply. Here all his eloquence could not show the compatibility of the two creeds of his association. He had not, he said, ever made that a political platform. And the murmur of assent from his audience seemed to indicate that they thought the same. Socialism then went hand in hand with the "Free Thought" movement—their literature was distributed with our own.

Howard was in debate with another free-lance missionary about that time. The subject was, "Is the Bible the Word of God?" with Howard on the negative, of course. However, with that damper, Buchanan's absence, and a letter from Parkhouse, president of the Trades and Labour Council at that time, saying he found it impossible to find any enthusiasm amongst his fellow councillors, and also that he found some prejudice against the Socialist movement, the Labour Advance Party soon faded out. Howard afterwards stood as a Socialist for the Cape House of Assembly, before the Union Parliament, and would have polled perhaps a fairly strong vote but for the "ticket" system. Howard and I went on a deputation to the Cape Indian

Association to see if they knew any difference between a Socialist and the orthodox political parties. They gave us no definite reply, but one of their officials told me afterwards they "had put Howard on their ticket." That meant that a vote to each of the others on their ticket was against Howard. The only way to give one man your whole support then was to "plump" for him. A good many people did so, but he was overwhelmed by the ticket of seven.

Following the conclusion of hostilities in 1918 there was another group in the S.D.F. who thought the movement too academic and not sufficiently in touch with the immediate ravages of industry, nor sufficiently in the vicinity of the proletariat. The group, headed by A. Z. Berman, Joe Pick and a few others, decided to call themselves the "Industrial Socialist League." They also decided to rent a hall in Ayre Street, District Six, in the central residential area of the Coloured community. The hall, formerly known as the Winter Gardens, was fairly spacious and in the district of cheap rents. Everything, therefore, looked hopeful. Tea parties were organised for a start, which of course in that area showed hope of large audiences. But propaganda on a strange unknown topic is another matter. The "Stone" meetings were of long standing and collected the political elements of that area, but the common people are not much concerned, and the more illiterate districts are the worst possible places to gain attention. Their many grievances teaches them to tolerate them rather than look for a remedy. In fact, they know it to be a biblical legend that the poor shall suffer. Use is second nature with everybody. Therefore, though the spacious hall was admirable for tea parties and was stormed with patrons, the propaganda meetings had a rather desolate appearance.

Chapter IX

EMISSARIES FROM RUSSIA

As it happened, during the short stay of the I.S.L. in that area, Cape Town was favoured by two supposed emissaries from Bolshevik Russia, following the revolution in that country the year before (1917).

The S.D.F. had been in touch with the revolutionary elements in Russia since the rising there in 1905 under Father Gapon, when the peasants made simple political demands to the Czarist authorities, and were shot down in cold blood before the Winter Palace.

Surgis Reiger came to South Africa then to collect funds on behalf of the Russians, and the S.D.F. aided his mission and organised his meetings with some success.

The revolution of 1917 had a different meaning on the ground of war strategy as well as the revolutionary change of the social and economic system. The revolution happened in Russia before the war was completed, and the world was told that Lenin, Trotsky and others were conveyed by secret train through Germany to create the revolution in Russia, and so withdrew the forces that were fighting against the German Army, which would allow them to give more attention to the Allies on the other fronts. Anything, therefore, that smelled of Bolshevism was anathema to every Allied supporter, in addition to those who abhor revolution.

However, the two gentlemen who arrived were definitely from Russia, but they were not sent here for propaganda purposes, as so many assumed--the *Cape Times* and, it appears, the authorities included. In fact they had met in transit here from, I think, India. Their names were Lapitsky and Sonsnovik. The former was a Minister in the Kerensky Government. The latter was more than anything on a health trip, as Dr. Forsyth told me he suffered with tuberculosis. They certainly both favoured the Russian Revolution. Both were well-educated men who could speak fairly fluent English, but they preferred their own language on the platform. A. Z. Berman, being Russian

born and also having had a good education there and in Germany, was able to act as interpreter, as also did Buirski.

Maitland Park was then editor of the *Cape Times,* and he, like Vere Stent of the *Pretoria News,* welcomed controversy and would allow us his columns to ventilate our opinions. Berman took the opportunity to glorify the headquarters of the I.S.L. as a meeting place for our distinguished visitors, which, of course, brought everybody there from all parts of the town.

Maitland Park made his first thrust by describing the I.S.L. as a gang of Russian Jews, which gave reason for them supporting the Russians, but that was only one of his ways of creating opposition. They were supported by the whole Left-wing movement of Cape Town. The *Cape Times* deplored the fact that such respectable people as Dr. Forsyth, M.L.A., and the Rev. Ramsden Balmforth were to be found on the same platform, and also made much of a speech I made at one of their meetings, saying that the means employed in Russia to check counter revolutionaries might be necessary if a revolution happened here.

The Government, we may suppose by such reports, decided to take action and made provision for their departure. In the meantime they were carefully chaperoned by detectives and also given free railway travel and hotel expenses until a suitable ship was found to give them a free passage back to Russia. All this inspired Mrs. Lapitsky (who accompanied her husband) to say to Labour Member Boydell that she had heard much about the liberties we enjoyed in South Africa, and that she would tell all her friends in Russia of our general benevolence. They had never visited such a free country before.

The departure of these supposed emissaries of the Russian Revolution was in April, 1919. They caused quite a stir in the editorial departments of the *Cape Argus* and *Cape Times.* These both published leading articles about them on several occasions. They were always headed as "Bolshevist Emissaries." The *Times* had one on April 15th, 18th and 22nd. The *Argus* on April 18th, 1919. The latter read thus:

"With scant regard for the feelings of Colonel Creswell, who championed his cause in Parliament, M. Lapitsky threw off the mask completely when he addressed the small mob of revolutionary Socialists, largely foreigners, who gathered at the docks yesterday on the occasion of his departure with his wife and a pet monkey." (The "foreigners" who gave the farewell speeches were Shaw, McKillop and myself, all born in the British Isles.) It continues, "Not only did this contemptible humbug fail to support Colonel Creswell's suggestion that he was not

really a Bolshevik, but he belauded the Russian Bolsheviks as the advance guard of the world." The *Cape Times* of the 18th and 22nd April contained articles on A. Z. Berman and myself respectively, showing the people of South Africa what terrible company we kept. They told Berman they "had no intention of reporting his speech at the Cape Town City Hall on the Russian situation."

The Russian Revolution was only going through its initial stages then, and was suffering the attacks of the counter revolutionaries, therefore Lapitsky and Sonsnovik could not give us much detail of their ways of administration, but were firm in their belief of the Socialist purpose behind their whole effort.

The *Cape Times* editor, of course, kept the Cape Town public well advised and described them in their columns as "propagandists of a dangerous and execrable political creed." Berman and I did most of the correspondence to that paper in their defence.

Subsequently a ship arrived in Cape Town Docks called the *Mozambique,* on which the Government politely asked them to go aboard with all their belongings, and they would give them a free trip back to Russia—another bit of evidence to show how benevolent governments are when it suits them. The *Cape Times* painted everything red; they said, when Lapitsky made his farewell speech at the docks, he assumed it might not be long before he was back to help paint Cape Town that colour. That is over a quarter of a century ago and he hasn't returned yet.

Berman, in a letter ridiculing the idea that they were supported only by Russian Jews, asked if the names of McKillop, Shaw and Harrison, the only speakers at the farewell gathering at the docks, "were not strange names for them." The *Cape Times* in a lengthy footnote to that letter said: "Of the twelve Ministers then in the Lenin Administration, eight of them were Jews." The news in the daily Press is, of course, called "public opinion," and most people are guided by it. Therefore those of us associated with the Lapitsky and Sonsnovik visit were afterwards described as "Bolsheviks" and the Russian Revolution as "Bolshevism," though few knew what the word meant, except by the caricatures of the Capitalist Press, who pictured them as long-bearded Russian barbarians with a gun.

I remember A. Z. Berman agreed to lecture on Russia to help clear the air. The Banqueting Hall was hired for the occasion, with D. L. Dryburgh as chairman. Both appeared in evening dress—I suppose to show our respectability if they couldn't show the Russians'. Berman could, of course, talk on Russia, as he can about almost any-

thing, but it was difficult even for him to tell the people what they wanted to know about it, so the controversy continued and everything we touched was contaminated by that creed.

Following the exodus of our two Russian comrades the Industrial Socialist League found, as we in the old S.D.F. predicted, that when the tea parties finished so would their crowds, and they returned to more central Cape Town, occupying a room above a cafe at the corner of Plein and Longmarket Streets. Here, in conjunction with the Jewish Socialist Society, they put some enthusiasm into the propaganda work and ran a paper called *The Bolshevik*, of which I still have a few copies. This was edited by A. Z. Berman, and once, if not more, they were indicted by the court concerning its contents. Their exodus from the S.D.F. was, of course, unnecessary, as I warned them before they went there was nothing they could do—nor did they—that could not be done by the party they left. However, they drifted back bit by bit. Finding little response to their propaganda efforts in District Six, they asked the S.D.F. if they could speak from our rostrum in Adderley Street if they held their meeting one hour previous to our own. This we granted them. They then split amongst themselves. A few of them wanted to appear more advanced by describing themselves as "The Communist League" to make themselves feel more like the new Russia.

J. Pick and C. F. Glass were the most prominent amongst them. Berman about this time was very active in the Cape Town Federation of Labour Unions, of which Bob Stuart was general secretary and Berman treasurer. At the congress of the Federation in April, 1921, they agreed to affiliate with the Third International. In those days they had well-known Socialists as members—Comrades Stuart, Murphy, Berman, Tinker, F. Lopes, Blunkell, etc. S. Murray, who presided, was rather a moderate type, but a very sincere man, who conceded any advance movement, if he was not very advanced himself. He was the father of N. Murray, now a Cape Town Councillor.

Berman subsequently became a Town Councillor and as such was often criticised by the others, who thought themselves more "red," and considered he was getting too respectable for the Communist movement. Personally, I have never lost faith in Berman as a Socialist. In fact, I believe he has published a book on "Municipal Socialism." I am not sure of the title, but he was talking to me about it one day and asked me to review it, but I have never seen it. He joined the Forces soon after the outbreak of the recent war and was a major in an engineering corps. He now finds himself in company with three

Top Row: C. Mussared (A.S.E.), W. Holmes (A.S.E.), W. S. Brebner (Carpenters), J. Dowd (Carpenters), A Pretoria Delegate, W. J. Carbis (T.M.A.), Tom Mathews (T.M.A.), J. Coward (T.M.A.), D. Walker (A.S.E.), I. Cook (Bootmakers), H. Locker (Typos.), Councillor J. J. Ware (Masons). **Middle Row:** J. Reid (M.L.A. A.S.E.), H. Thomas (A.S.E.), A Pretoria Delegate, T. Kirby (Pretoria L.R.C.), A Delegate, Another Delegate, J. Davidson (S.D.F., Cape Town), R. Stuart (S.D.F., Cape Town), W. Blake (Masons, Pretoria), Councillor A. Crawford (I.L.P.), D. Livingstone (Socialist Society), J. Clark (Boilermakers), J. W. Capstick (Carpenters), L. Austoker (Soc. Lit. Society), F. T. Proudie (W.P.A., Durban), Mr. Gold (A visitor), Another. **Front Row:** A Dutch Delegate (Typo.), W. R. Burns (I.L.P.), McQueen (A.S.E.), Mr. Hildebrand (L.R.C.), Councillor Jackson (L.R.C.), J. Dalgetty (Masons), J. Duff (Bloemfontein Labour Party), W. H. Finch (Drill Sharpeners). H. W. Sampson (M.L.A., Typos.), W. H. Andrews (J.P., A.S.E. Chairman), G. H. Parkhouse (Typos.), Dr. C. H. Haggar (M.L.A. Secretary), W. H. Pritchard (I.L.P.), J. Trembath (Typos., Kimberley), Mrs. M. Fitzgerald (Socialist Society), Robert Taylor (A.S.E.), Another Delegate.
Sitting in Front: J. Berman (I.L.P.), O. H. Evans (A.S.C. & J.).
This Conference made the Socialist objective the first plank of the Party platform.

others who were elected as Communists. But both their political programme and the tactics they have employed on the Council since have not said much, if anything, about Communism, but rather about the Council's treatment of the Native and Coloured communities.

It is very courageous of them to take up the cause of the most needy, but they seem to clash with some of the other Councillors in doing so, and, whatever concession they may gain for them, means only another reform to help purify, rather than destroy, the Capitalist system, and has embittered many against Communism because they are known as Communists, who ought rather to show people what Communism means. It was ever thus. Most people who call themselves Socialists or Communists are much more concerned about many other things that have nothing to do with Socialism or Communism, if there is any difference in what those two words fundamentally mean. There is certainly considerable difference between a Communist and a Socialist from a propaganda point of view. I shall refer to this question in later pages. To assume that improving the conditions of the poor is a means to the end Communists wish to accomplish they might as well belong to the Salvation Army, for they not only aid the social life of the poor here, but promise them a heaven hereafter.

Following the Russian Revolution in 1917 there has been a complete change in the outlook of the revolutionary movement. The early Marxians were purely a religious body before they became corrupted by the political machinery. It was the biggest mistake they made to associate with it. In the first place, when a position of privilege is offered it always attracts the ambitious, who would choose the ranks of Socialists if that would exalt them, therefore that would be more their purpose than their religious enthusiasm for the cause. Further, they, and even the most revolutionary enthusiasts for Socialism, would find themselves compelled to deal with the many diversions of the Parliamentary machinery, and so would become involved and lost to the cause. Every man is instinctively attached to his own nation, therefore international conflicts have ruined the international cause by the Socialists choosing in preference their own national purpose. In Germany (always notorious in political conflicts) the national spirit amongst the Socialists in the 1914 conflict was most conspicuously shown. That, with the Noske and Scheidman Administrations under the guise of Socialism, gave cause for getting back to the more Marxian Communism, therefore the Communist Party. The Third International and the Twenty-one points became the name, the purpose and the principles of the modern revolutionary movement, and South Africa,

having collected all its Left-wing element, became part of that world revolutionary movement accordingly. As a consequence the I.S.L. finally arrived as a deputation at one of the S.D.F. business meetings and agreed to again throw in their lot with us, with the Communist League included. We were always in communication with, though not exactly affiliated to, the I.S.L. in Johannesburg. We also contributed to and were the Cape Town agents of their paper *The International*—as I have previously shown—and we subsequently agreed with them to form the Communist Party of South Africa. Our first conference was held in Cape Town on July 30th, 1921, at which about thirty delegates attended, half a dozen of which came from Johannesburg, including W. H. Andrews and Sidney Bunting—the only two amongst them who could give proper expression to their purpose.

However, we did not expect them to excel us as Marxian propagandists, as the old S.D.F. had then been twenty years before the public of Cape Town doing nothing else. Andrews was elected secretary of the congress and in his precise way put things in proper order. D. L. Dryburgh was chairman, an office he has always held at every conference he and I attended, whether in Johannesburg or Cape Town. At the time I was the secretary of the S.D.F., to which office they transferred me when we became a branch of the Communist Party of S.A. It was decided that the headquarters of the party should be in Johannesburg, with Andrews as full-time general secretary, and for a few years things went on successfully, something often coming our way to keep us fairly active. In fact the few years that followed our first congress gave opportunity for us to show ourselves as a strong propaganda force.

Following our congress we had a packed meeting at the City Hall of about 2,000 people. D. L. Dryburgh was in the chair, while Bunting, myself, Andrews and C. F. Glass followed respectively as speakers. Bunting was an M.A. (Oxon.) with always plenty of matter, and sometimes, I thought, rather long-winded. He was also a very monotone speaker. The gallery crowd there did not seem to appreciate Bunting's heights of Communist ideology. Notes were in the meantime sent to me to introduce a few fireworks to liven the proceedings and get a little nearer their own thoughts, which is another incident to show what mass psychology means. Therefore I only had to touch on a few Capitalist stupidities in a humorous way, telling them how they made first-class things for their masters, wore third-class things themselves and rode in third-class carriages, while their masters, who did nothing of material value, rode first class and consumed all first-class things.

I remember that was loudly applauded, but Bunting's dialectics of Marxian Communism, as a ways and means of changing those conditions, sent them to sleep. Andrews, who I thought, with that crowd, should have been the first speaker, followed, and I thought he implied that when he said he could not go into sufficient detail at "the tail end of the meeting."

However, as a whole, it was a successful initiation of the Communist Party of South Africa. The first congress was held in the most appropriate place, Cape Town being the mother city of the Socialist movement in South Africa, and I can truthfully boast that I am the father and the only one of the original founders left. I have often despaired at our lack of progress, but I, with most people now, am assuming that the world cannot continue under the present system. The only alternative is the social ownership and control of industry, aided by a world of federal nations, giving us an equitable supply of the raw materials, which will therefore give no reason for territorial or industrial gain, and will eliminate the possibility of war.

Chapter X

THE BULLHOEK MASSACRE

To return to our narrative of events that came within the sphere of our activity, while we never attempted anything in the way of reforming the Capitalist system, we often made emphatic protests against many of their brutal deeds.

In 1921 there was an assembly of religious Natives who met at their church owned, with considerable land surrounding it, by their Prophet, a Native called Enock. It was at a place called Bullhoek in Grahamstown, in the Eastern Province of Cape Colony. There was about 400 of the congregation and they called themselves "Israelites." They were so inspired by their church services and common brotherhood that they were loath to leave and return to their former homes. Enock raised no objection, so they started to build huts and till the land to supply them with vegetation for their sustenance.

Municipal laws are very strict in every town and dorp in South Africa about where they establish Native locations; they of course want them as near as possible while they are at work, but as far away as possible when they have finished work. It is only a year or two ago that Cape Town pushed the Native population about five miles farther away to, they told them, give them better housing conditions, and, of course, higher rents and more in train fares, which has been the bone of contention with them ever since. Neither the Municipality at Bullhoek, nor the good Christian people in that area welcomed this new very religious assembly as an addition to their pious flock.

"Colour bars" are as definite in the Church as in the rest of our social life, forgetting, of course, that on those grounds they could not admit their own Christ of oriental origin. They therefore advised

Enock and his followers that a Native location could not be established in that area. The Israelites ignored the order to move and continued to plant and pray to their Lord Jehovah to save and protect them. The Government were then advised of the position, and they, true to their reputation of dealing with disputes, sent down 400 armed police under the command of Colonel Truter, who delivered an ultimatum to them, telling them to disperse. Enock declared he was guided by Jehovah and not by Colonel Truter, and they resolutely stood their ground, praying and thanking Jehovah who had delivered them from the land of bondage to their liberty and freedom.

However, pious and sentimental creeds are not of much concern to the administrative bodies of South Africa when dealing with the Native question, therefore there was no investigation as to their sacred purpose. Neither did there appear to be any consideration of adopting other ways and means of compelling them to surrender. They could have starved them to it, or arrested them in groups, as the Natives were unarmed. On the contrary they adopted all the tactics of war strategy, surrounding the camp, placing artillery and machine guns in position ready for necessity. When the Natives refused to disperse they opened fire and kept it up until they killed most of the 400 there assembled. As proof of the Natives being unarmed, not one of the attacking forces received so much as a serious wound. There was a rush by the Natives at the finish, but they had little with which to defend themselves.

In addition to our protests even the Johannesburg *Star*—the Government's own organ—severely reproached such tactics. Socialists, however, have always a more deliberate way of saying exactly what they mean. Hence the S.D.F. of Cape Town soon made emphatic forms of protest by holding several mass meetings in several parts of the town. At these meetings Comrades D. L. Dryburgh and William Green used what they thought to be a very apt phrase to suit the situation. They described Colonel Truter, who was in charge of the troops, as a "brutal assassin." Subsequently a committee was formed to draw up a leaflet of protest for distribution at the meetings. I, as secretary, was authorised to write up the leaflet, according to the dictation of the committee. The day of the shooting happened to be on Empire Day—a South African public holiday—and the committee were sarcastic enough to make the leaflet show that this was an appropriate celebration of all that the developments of empire mean. It was worded thus (I quote from a reprint of our preliminary examination published in the *Cape Times* of June 28th, 1921):

WAR STRATEGY OF THE BATTLE OF BULLHOEK
Drawn by an eye witness

"MURDER ! MURDER ! !
MURDER ! ! !
"THE BULLHOEK MASSACRE.

"Christians Slaughter Their Christian Brethren.
"Great Empire Day Celebration.

"How appropriate and how much in keeping with the Matabele Massacre and other of their brutal empire-building tactics. And the Bullhoek tragedy was either by fate or circumstances enacted on their very Empire Day.

"We accuse the responsible Government, whose forces are headed by a brutal assassin, of murdering unarmed strikers in Johannesburg, 1913, slaughtering unarmed Natives in Port Elizabeth, 1920, and their latest debauch is the gruesome mutilation of hundreds of Natives who were Christians and a passive com munity.

"Hence this brutal invasion is truly symbolical of Governmental tyranny in their hysterical efforts to exploit the workers, irrespective of their particular colour or religious beliefs, and to maintain their position functioned by an idle and parasitic class. Their armies are ever available to suppress any libertarian effort from the oppressing yoke of Capitalism. A condemnation meeting will be held on the Parade at 11 a.m. Sunday morning; Sunday evening, Adderley Street; St. Mark's Schoolroom, Tennant Street, Monday evening, 30th."

We were charged with contravening the Placaat of March 7th, 1754 —not quite as far back as the ten commandments, which they violated and we obeyed:

"It is hereby further and likewise earnestly forbidden that any one, of whatever rank, condition and quality he may be, shall make, print, issue, disseminate, propagate, spread or post up all such or other offensive, rebellious and libellous lampoons and prints, by whatever name or title they may be called on penalty of forfeiture of the aforesaid writings and of a fine of three thousand gulden for the first time and arbitrary correction (after being placed in the writ of exigent goods), and for the second time of a fine of six thousand gulden and further under penalty of at least of banishment for ever from the Province of Holland and West

Vriesland. And in case the aforesaid persons be not able to pay the above mentioned respective fines, they shall be publicly whipped and banished for ever from the Province of Holland and West Vriesland."

I made personal objections to the words "brutal assassin" because I said the Government would take exception to such words against their officials. This was soon proved to be true, as at one of our mass meetings soon afterwards Comrade William Dryburgh, father of D. L. Dryburgh, was asked for his name and address when distributing them. This, of course, meant that they would also find the author. The printers were therefore interviewed and the written manuscript found in my handwriting, and all the information they wanted about the person that gave the order for the printing, myself. The opportunity was then taken to round us all up and W. Dryburgh, D. L. Dryburgh, W. Green and myself were arrested and lodged in a cell commonly used for drunks, of which there appeared to be some evidence, in Wale Street, when the headquarters of the police was where the large Provincial Council Building now stands. The police van, known as the "Black Maria," subsequently came, in which we were tightly enclosed to hide our blushes from the general public on our way to Roeland Street gaol. There we stayed until all the routine was completed to bail us out. The usual cell accommodation was provided, even for Comrade Dryburgh, sen., in his eightieth year, for the crime of distributing a leaflet.

It was, of course, a case for the Supreme Court, and the Government took the opportunity to indemnify their action by bringing all those concerned from Bullhoek, also Colonel Truter of the S.A. Police. When I say "those concerned" I mean all the Government authorities there, including the magistrate. All the implements of "war" found on the settlement were also brought to show what might, or could, have been done by the Natives if they hadn't had their brains blown out to prevent them, which really happened. There was an apology for a rifle and a crude-looking sword, with a few other less lethal-looking implements said to have been used for ritual purposes in the church. I am not suggesting that those few obsolete weapons frightened the South African troops into action, but I do suggest that an order must have been given the officer in command to deal with them in the manner they did. We may take the almost parallel case of Amritsar in India. There the general concerned was severely censured. There was no attempt at such with Colonel Truter, in fact the whole court proceedings was to justify his action. They might otherwise have

arrested them in groups, given them tear gas or starved them into surrender, if such questions had been thought out.

However, the trial proceeded and our crime was for describing wholesale slaughter as "murder," and the officer concerned as the "brutal assassin" to do the job. D. L. Dryburgh and W. Green were tried first, under the old Dutch Common Law for "criminal slander." That means by words they slandered in describing Colonel Truter as a "brutal assassin." I have no evidence of their defence before me. One reason—the Press were not concerned with our point of view, only to screen the Government. They were each fined £40 or three months' hard labour. This sum was promptly paid by our treasurer, possibly with the best of intentions in the interest of the comrades concerned, but which many of us much regretted, as in such cases there are and have been many ways in which we have evaded such fines. We thought of how the authorities would smile at our cheque, which they knew, of course, reduced our propaganda fund accordingly.

William Dryburgh and I came next as we were associated with the leaflet, which was described in the indictment as "criminal libel." The Attorney General then announced that we would be tried, not only under the Common Law, but under an old Dutch Placaat of 1754. It was said that those convicted under this law could be "publicly whipped and banished." Well, I thought, I missed the 1914 deportations —I suppose this will mean the same thing and a hiding with it.

William Dryburgh, as I have stated, was in his eightieth year; he was a master tailor in Edinburgh, as two of his sons were, who are now in Cape Town. He knew Keir Hardie and many of the old revolutionaries, for which Scotland is particularly noted. We was a well-read man and of a most kindly disposition. Some questions were put to him in the witness box as to whether he had his glasses on when distributing the leaflet, and was he able to read its contents? Did he assume the pamphlet accused the Government official of murder? "Whatever it said," retorted Comrade Dryburgh, "the deed was a very murderous affair." He had no apologies to make. "The sentence in your case." said Judge Searle, "will be £10 or fourteen days' hard labour."

Advocate Morris Alexander defended us all and was useful in pointing out that the old Placaat was not law in this country, and also showed that before our case it had only been used once in a century. Then, in the Anglo-Boer War, when Albert Cartwright and F. S. Malan, editors of *Onse Land* and *The South African News* respectively, were indicted under it for publishing seditious statements in their

respective papers against England's war policy on the Boer Republic.

The judge over-ruled the former exception, that it was not law in this country, but gave us the right to appeal before the Appellate Court to test its validity in reference to our case. The trial lasted three days, during which the Government put all their witnesses in the witness box to give details justifying their action. Alexander then put me in the witness box to defend our position against the cross-examination of the Attorney General.

He started thus: "You are a Socialist concerned with Socialist propaganda, therefore what concern is it of yours to interfere with the Governmental administration of the Natives of this country?" I replied: "The Socialists have two forms of propaganda—the positive and the negative. The negation of all that is brutal and evil, therefore the massacre of the Bullhoek Natives comes under that heading. Our positive formula is on the thesis of Marxian International Socialism." "What, then," he continued, "do you mean by describing a Government official, who was doing his duty as such, as a "hired brutal assassin?"

Here I had to defend a statement I had objected to myself. I admitted that it did sound a terrible indictment, but many words in the English language meant the same thing. If we had said that Colonel Truter was employed by the Government to shoot the Natives at Bullhoek there would not appear to be much harm in the statement, but if we read "hired" for "employed" and assassinate" for "shoot" it sounds more terrible with the same meaning. "We did not indict Colonel Truter—personally I am sorry for him. (This produced roars of laughter, in which Colonel Truter joined.) It is the Government sitting on those green benches in Parliament we have indicted, who sent Colonel Truter to do their brutal work."

The court began to be amused and the Attorney General did not feel quite in their confidence, so he retorted rather abruptly, "We know all about your oratory—why don't you stick to the truth?" I wrote to the Press a letter which appeared the following day, saying that it hardly became the duty of an Attorney General to impute that I, in the witness box, was telling lies, which the words "why don't you stick to the truth" must mean; they published it. At the close of my cross-examination by the Attorney General I was congratulated by Advocate Alexander for "having justified your position."

Judge Searle, however, did not seem to view things so much in our favour. Alexander drew his attention to an article in the Johannesburg *Star,* which in more diplomatic language meant the same thing as our indictment; which also, even as the organ of the Smuts Government,

attacked General Smuts for his "unwarrantable attack on Mr. A. G. Barlow because he demanded in the House of Assembly an inquiry into the Bullhoek tragedy." The Capitalist Press, however, were not anxious to show, as our learned lawyer said, that we "justified our position," but rather did the *Cape Argus* characterise all my evidence in the brief statement as "an harangue from the witness box." Little wonder Socialists are often induced to talk about the "partisan Press."

I have before me two long columns of Mr. Justice Searle's "interesting address to the jury," published in the *Cape Argus,* October 14th, 1921, in which he reviewed several of my previous convictions in 1914-16, "Contravening Public Welfare Act," and that, "The sentence that should be passed upon you should be a fine of £75 or six months' imprisonment."

Judge Searle reminded Dryburgh and Green that if they came before him again he would give them imprisonment without the option of a fine. But, alas, providence or the many inefficiencies of the present system that cause so much disaster decreed otherwise. There was no second time for Mr. Searle to judge them; he was killed in a railway accident at Salt River soon afterwards. That then ended Justice Searle and his farewell wishes for us. Possibly a kindly man in all his walk of private life, but court life under the present system, moulds them into automatons to protect it, whatever its fallacies.

However, our notice of appeal was lodged and Advocate F. A. W. Lucas subsequently brought the case before the Appellate Court at Bloemfontein, the Supreme Court of the land. They found the old Placaat obsolete, and with it went the suggested fine or imprisonment of William Dryburgh and myself. So ended one of the most interesting trials ever held in the courts of Cape Town. It is now often used, I have heard, in the education of the law students at the University. It is described, I believe, as "Rex v. Harrison and others," though I think the "others" were more responsible for the case being brought before the court than myself. Which of the two coined the phrase "brutal assassin" I have never known.

MOSES BARITZ

About this time we were favoured by a visit from England of one of their peculiar propagandists in the person of Moses Baritz. He hailed from Manchester. Harry Pollitt, general secretary of the Communist Party, refers to him in his book *Serving My Time.* He was an individualist in character, could lecture on anything and made a special study of Shakespeare. He used to attend the Country Forum in

Manchester. He also occasionally worked his passage on merchant vessels to different parts of the world. I believe he got his living in America as a critic of music, contributing such to one of their papers.

However, he was known too well by the authorities for them to allow him to land in Cape Town. He sent appeals to our party to help him to do so. I, as secretary, interviewed Mr. Kentridge, then a Labour M.P., but he could do nothing, so he and I went down to the ship to see him. Moses was very noisy about it all. I made further attempts and another visit, but still Moses seemed to assume we had not done our best about it. To convince me of his abilities, he said: "I tell you, Harrison, I am no ordinary speaker." I had already gathered that.

Moses wailed until the last, but to no avail. They would not let him land in Cape Town. W. Green, since of Cape Town, had then recently arrived from Manchester, and told me of many of Moses' exploits there.

His ship then proceeded to Durban and, strange to say, they allowed him to land there. This appeared to be at the time Norrie was holding a meeting in the Gardens—I believe on a Sunday evening. Moses, as usual, wanted to make himself heard and began to heckle Norrie, but was promptly told either to wait or shut up. "All right," said Moses, "I'll stand here"—in close proximity to Norrie's rostrum. And it was soon evident, as he told me, that he was "no ordinary speaker," as he had soon monopolised the whole meeting and, according to the report I received about it, Norrie had soon to be the listener. I am not justifying Moses' attitude, but that was his way; a man with outstanding abilities who had rarely the tact or common sense to know the fitness of things, or to consider others' opinions.

Pollitt reports his death in his book, so if he has gone to that place where many wished him to go I am sure he will be heard even there.

Chapter XI

CREDENTIALS FOR RUSSIA

In 1922, following the strikes and bloodshed in Johannesburg in the early months of that year, of which much history has been written, and to which I have made brief reference in former pages, Sidney P. Bunting and I were given credentials to attend the annual International Conference in Russia—the "Mecca" of the Communist Party to which we then both belonged, Bunting representing the Johannesburg branch and myself Cape Town. I shipped on a German boat direct to Hamburg, and there stayed a few weeks and made the acquaintance of many German comrades.

I can speak sufficient German to make myself understood and sometimes met one who was acquainted with my own language—Erich Hoffman in particular, who was then a member of some Hamburg public body. He had spent several years in Cape Town. C. Rossow entertained me very hospitably, sometimes at his home, but neither he nor his family could speak anything but German.

They had at that time a very spacious Trades Hall or, as they call them, Gewerkschaftshaus, and elaborate trade union offices, to which I was given access, and they loaded me with their books and literature. The Trades Hall in Germany was an open public bar, with often musical evenings, to which all the Socialist and Labour men assembled, sat with their beloved jugs of beer before them and poured out their economic knowledge or the evils of the economic system to each other. They are a most hospitable people, if I dare to say so to-day.

With the inflated currency (the mark was thousands to the English pound sterling during my stay) we, especially being South Africans, were as millionaires amongst them. Of course they knew the visitors and the hotel I stayed at in Hamburg charged me for a room more than I should have paid for full board. I subsequently reached Berlin some weeks before Comrade Bunting and I was given this time a recommendation to stay at the Gewerkschaftshaus, Engelufer, or the Trades Hall. They, unlike the hotel proprietors, treated me as one of themselves, without inflating the charges for my accommodation, and it cost me less than a shilling a day in English money. I have in my possession to-day a 100,000 mark note, and many others equalling that amount, as a relic of the German currency at that time.

Chapter XII

MY STAY IN BERLIN

I happened to be in Berlin at the time of all the controversy over the Rathenau murder. It will be remembered that Walter Rathenau, a German industrialist and Liberal Minister of the Government, was sent to Russia to negotiate trade between the two countries. Rathenau completed his mission and returned to Berlin, only to be murdered by the Monarchist Party. This set the Left-wing movements in that town and suburbs in flame. Mass demonstrations were held in the Lustgarten, the wide-open space off Unter den Linden. Resolutions of protest were then framed by the Social Democrats, the Independent Socialists and the Communist Party, all having strong representation in the Reichstag.

As the meetings assembled it was found that the whole crowd swung towards the Communist platforms, possibly because they thought more news would come from there about Rathenau's mission, they being affiliated with Russia. The Social Democrats and Independent Socialists, noting this, approached the Communists with a view to having a combined resolution from the Communist platform. This was granted them and resolutions damning the Monarchist Party and upholding the Russian Trade Mission were unanimous. Hence we had such evidence only twenty-five years ago of Rathenau, a Jew, being murdered and what appeared to be nearly all Berlin in sympathy and tears, also the equally unanimous support of their association with Russia. A bit more of mass psychology which, in comparison with the German treatment of the Jew and the war on Russia, is a remarkable contrast to to-day.

However, that did not finish the Communists' say about the matter, not because they differed from the purpose and enthusiasm of everybody condemning the murder and supporting Russia, but the old feud between the Left sections made some of the supposed arch-reds feel a little hurt about getting so near to those whom they had so recently opposed—the Social Democrats and Independent Socialists.

They asserted that they ought to have had the meeting all to themselves and not compromise the position with such pink stuff as Social Democrats and Independent Socialists. Therefore they demanded that a special meeting be called of all the executive authorities of the Communist Parties in and around Berlin to decide. The meeting was then called and held in the hall of the Communist Party Fraktion in the Reichstag. They gave me a complimentary ticket to attend. I have it before me and it is dated "Sonntag den 23 Juli 1922." They do not speak from the floor but from a rostrum, both in the Reichstag and at such important meetings, therefore the leading speakers were picked holding the different points of view. Pieck was chairman. Among the speakers were Meyer, Klein, Hendricks, editor of the *Rote Fahne* (*Red Flag*), Ruth Fischer, Rammale and Koonin.

The result of the voting, to the disgust of the arch-reds, went in favour of the combined resolution, which was evidence again of the more moderates winning when a mass vote is taken of the whole party.

My stay in Berlin was prolonged by the fact that the Russian Congress was postponed, we were told, from June till October. I met many South Africans there; wealthy ones, of course, or they couldn't take such long holiday trips. Amongst them was W. Kerowsky, a member of the Cape Town Labour Party, who was also anxious to get to Russia, and he asked me to use my influence as a credentialed delegate to get him there, so we made several visits to the Russian Mission for that purpose. But in those days it was not easy, and as he had no credentials they would not recommend him, in spite of my assertion that he was a bona fide member of the S.A.L.P. At that time names and credentials were sent from Berlin and delegates sent for from Russia if approved by them. This was then necessary, as many counter revolutionaries were making efforts to gain admission to Russia at that time.

Bunting subsequently arrived with his wife, and by that time I had made the acquaintance of most of the leading members of the party, especially Comrade Wilhelm Koonin, Parliamentary Leader of the Communist Party Fraktion in the Reichstag, who spoke English fluently. He was later concerned with, and, I believe, accused of, setting the Reichstag on fire. The historical record of that incident at the trial afterwards exonerates all the Communists. Comrade Koonin showed me over the interior of the Reichstag, which I thought had more of a theatrical appearance. All the seats were in a semi-circle, close together and close behind each other, and they addressed the

Assembly not from their seats but from the rostrum. So it is not a question there of just the "Speaker's eye" and plunging into your oration.

With the inflated currency we were all having a good time, and made a point of meeting at Baur's Cafe, Unter den Linden, and inviting our friends to 1,000 mark suppers. Looking round one day at the various art galleries and museums I saw a lady on the stoep of the new art gallery as I came out. I wanted then to see the old gallery so in my best broken German I said, "Kennen Sie die Alten Malden?" and she directed me, but a further statement she made I could not understand. I then asked if she could speak English that I may better understand her. It was rather strange that I should have asked her that because I had not done so to any other German person I had spoken to. She replied that she could, but that she came from South Africa. "Oh!" I said, "so do I." She said, "Then are you Mr. Harrison? I saw Bunting last evening and he said you were here."

It transpired then that she was Mrs. Kuper, wife of a Johannesburg financier, who was a Labour Mayor in a Johannesburg suburb. Mrs. Kuper also wanted to visit Russia, but, like Kerowsky, failed to get her wish satisfied while I was in Berlin.

During our stay there Bunting received a letter from Ivan Jones, who was then living permanently in Russia, since, I think, 1920. He regretted the fact that two of us were attending as delegates from South Africa because he wanted to represent South Africa by proxy. Bunting, like myself, could hardly understand his objection. "The more the merrier," said Bunting. However, his wish was gratified, as I shall presently show.

Bunting and I made continual visits to the party offices in Rottenstal Strasse, and the editorial offices of the *Rote Fahne,* then the Communist daily paper, and they invited us to write up something on our position in South Africa. The growth of the Communist Party at that time in Germany was phenomenal. They subsequently had eighty seats in the Reichstag. Amongst the old members then was old Comrade Ledebour. I sat in the seat of Stinnes, then a member and one of Germany's greatest industrialists, who has since died. His business was found so involved in obligations that his sons could not restore it.

Fritz Thyssen, the great Rhine industrialist, was also there. It was he who organised the passive resistance movement against the French invaders, which rendered them impotent and was another proof that the pacifists' methods are the most effective and the most humane.

Fritz Thyssen, like most of the big German capitalists, seems to have faded out. There have been many different rumours as to his whereabouts. In his book, *I Paid Hitler,* and because of it, he afterwards said: "Ein Dummkopf war ich!" (What a fool I have been!) Hitler, at the time I was in Germany, was in Munich a member of, with half a dozen others, a "Workers' Party," or similarly worded.

The Trade Hall, or Gewerkschafthaus, where I was staying was full of visitors from the various trade unions in England, and a lot of students from the Ruskin College, amongst whom was W. W. Henderson, son of the late famous Arthur. I also met Harry Pollitt there for the first time. With the delay of the Russian Congress I decided to go to my homeland in England, having been away over ten years, and from there I thought to go to Russia. I called at Rotterdam, in Holland, on my way home and met Dr. Ravensteyn, then a leader of the Communist Party there and a Member of Parliament, who was also en route for Russia and did not express any difficulty about being able to make the journey.

OBSTACLES IN ENGLAND

England, however, seemed to view things quite differently. Coming across from the Hook of Holland I landed at Harwich and trained to London, thence to my village home, Abinger Hammer, about 28 miles the other side. A day or two after my arrival there was a detective in the village from the adjoining small town of Dorking, making enquiries as to my whereabouts and what I was doing. This, of course, set the villagers wagging their tongues. I was obviously a criminal who had to be watched. Even if they were told many of them would not have known what a political offence meant or differentiate it from ordinary criminality.

Here was I debasing the name of my highly respected family. My father, Henry, was the village postmaster and an overseer of the local Parish Council. My father's brother, Robert, was the schoolmaster, and another brother, Joseph, the clerk of the Parish Council, and I, home to visit them from South Africa, a branded criminal. I returned to London the next day and called at South Africa House to find out what it all meant, and if my political convictions in Africa were to brand me for ever a criminal. I did not see the High Commissioner for South Africa, but his secretary. His reply was: "You know you have been very prominent in South Africa, therefore when you come here we want to know what you are doing."

I gave him all details of my home surroundings and my address. He then sent me a letter with his compliments and said there would be no more about it. He knew the boat I came by, every place I had been and when I landed in England, as with a passport these days in foreign countries one must get a visa signed every so often. The right of asylum is no longer a virtue of the English Constitution. I came to South Africa as a civilian in 1903 without a passport or questioning by anybody. We suffer new restrictions these days at every turn and make great boasts of our "liberties."

MY FAILURE TO GET TO RUSSIA

The time arrived later for me to make preparations for my visit to Russia, but here I found innumerable obstacles. I forget now much of the details. One of them was that in addition to my fare I was to travel through half a dozen different States and each one would cost £2 for a visa. My passport was worded to admit me to Russia, hence on those grounds I could not be deliberately prosecuted, but weighing up all the obstacles and noting the reluctancy to give me any information, I gathered that the authorities were behind the obstructions. Owing to that and the delay I decided to cut the visit out, a decision I have regretted ever since, but I am not sure if I could have got through in any case.

I then got in touch with the various Socialist bodies and exchanged visits with Tom Mann, whom I had met in South Africa when he called on his way from Australia, where he had spent eight years. That was in the year 1910. The S.D.F. hired the Opera House on that occasion and he gave us a rousing address. His family stayed in Cape Town while Tom went up to Johannesburg, where his torrential orations induced the trade union bodies there to invite him again in 1914, after the general strikes there, to help again solidify labour.

While I was in England in 1922—following the 1922 upheaval in Johannesburg in January of that year—Tom Mann received a further invitation. On the eve of his departure he invited a few of us South Africans, who happened to be in London at the time, to a farewell supper at his home in Brockley, London, to aid him, he said, in the manner in which he ought to conduct his future campaign in South Africa. Dave Kendall, one of a family of Kendalls, active trade unionists in South Africa, the organiser of the Labour Party in England, I believe, suggested that Tom Mann ought to deal with the Colour question. I advised him to leave the Colour question out, as if he took that up he would have nothing but their grievances to deal with.

Chapter XIII

TOM MANN ARRIVES, 1922

What aspect of the Labour or Socialist question Tom did deal with on that occasion I cannot say, as I was not there to listen. We saw him off at Waterloo Station and Wal Hannington, the Communist, and of unemployment leader fame in England, brought a deputation of them there, and speeches, appropriate of farewell, were given on the platform.

We heard afterwards, and in fact I now have photographs, of a much more rousing reception he received at the docks on his arrival in Cape Town. He was met by a strongly organised procession of trade unions and Socialists, including all the leading Labour Party members of the Peninsula. Banners of the various trade unions were carried with that of the Labour Party and Socialists, and thousands massed in the procession.

The *Cape Times* photographers took the whole demonstration during the time they had halted to sing the "Red Flag." It was in the moments of the last verse, "With heads uncovered swear we all, To bear it onward till we fall." Whether he was carried away by the emotion and enthusiasm of the demonstration, or whether to show respect as a matter of courtesy, I don't know, but the photograph shows Colonel F. H. P. Creswell's cap raised and his head bowed to the strain of that mournful verse. Tom, in another close up, is shown standing between Mrs. W. H. Harrison and Mrs. Robert Stuart, as the wives of us two representing the Socialists and trade unions of the Cape Peninsula. The *Cape Times* published all the photographs in their intaglio supplement on October 2nd, 1922.

These combined bodies ran meetings in the Cape Peninsula and in every important industrial town of South Africa. On his return trip to England Bunting and I met him in mid-ocean on our return, and he wirelessed across to us his fraternal greetings—but more about that eventful voyage of our return later.

WELCOME TO TOM MANN, WIENER'S DAY, OCTOBER 2nd, 1922.

At the docks: "With heads uncovered swear we all . . . !" Dr. Forsyth (second figure, left foreground), Col. Creswell (foreground, left hand raised), Tom Mann (centre foreground, between Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Stuart), R. Stuart (right hand raised, next to Mrs. Stuart), A. Z. Berman (behind Tom Mann).

Bunting eventually arrived with his wife from Russia and I met them at Bunting's home in London. He was the son of Sir Percy Bunting, a London barrister, and he afterwards took some apartments near my home in the Guildford area and we attended the weekly meetings of a Socialist body in that town.

SYLVIA PANKHURST AT GUILDFORD

Prominent speakers were invited to address these meetings, and we were favoured during our stay to listen to the famous Sylvia Pankhurst, who with her sister, Christabel, and their mother were prominent in the turmoil of the early suffragette movement (votes for women). Sylvia was always the most "red" and the most unconventional in all her walks of life. Neither she nor Christabel ever married, but there was another sister, not so prominent, who married a Labour leader, I believe, in Australia. Sylvia does not appear to be able to fit in with any movement. She once ran a paper of independent Communist views known as the *Dreadnought*. The very title, of course, shows her fighting spirit, but, alas, that famous "battleship" sank before her fight was finished and she sought other ways of war strategy against the Capitalist system.

Then, at that meeting at Guildford in 1922, Sylvia, true to her reputation, was at variance with the Moscow Third International, and used agruments which in her opinion showed the necessity for a Fourth. In fact, I believe she wrote to Lenin challenging him to debate the matter, and I quite expect she thought a rural town like Guildford would be a good place to postulate the Fourth International programme, not, of course, supposing that she would meet Bunting there fresh from the Third International Congress. After her address Bunting adroitly turned the discussion in its favour and roundly trounced Sylvia for "pushing her own little barrow" against the colossal and successful Third International machine.

Sylvia didn't wait for further discussion but immediately sprang to her feet to reply, but it was a poor effort. The last I heard of Sylvia's stunts was that she was "nursing" Hailie Selassie, the Abyssinian Emperor, before he returned there, but there is no news yet of her Communist teaching in that slave country bearing much fruit. However, between us we got the attention of the meeting, and as we were leaving the secretary stopped us and asked if we would give them an evening at a future date. This we agreed to do. Bunting then gave them one hour and twenty-five minutes on the Third International and his recent visit to Russia, and I gave them twenty-five minutes on Socialist propaganda in South Africa.

TOM MANN, OCTOBER 2, 1922.

Mrs. W. H. Harrison.
wife of secretary,
Communist Party,
Cape Town.

Mrs. Robert Stuart,
wife of secretary,
Federation of Trades,
Cape Town.

They banqueted us before the meeting at one of the private hotels, so altogether we had a very successful meeting. We made the acquaintance of their prospective Labour candidate for the Guildford division—Percy Collick, a well-informed man, whom I thought too revolutionary for a Conservative constituency like Guildford.

On a subsequent visit to England in 1929, at the General Election there in, I think, 1930, he was then a candidate for the Reigate division of Surrey, and I presided at a meeting in the Abinger Hammer School room, reminiscent of my childhood—even then I was a bad boy, as the governess shut me in a cupboard there as punishment. Collick gave a lucid exposition of the principles of Socialism as I also heard many other Labour candidates in England. I wondered what was their quarrel with the English Communist Party and I put that question to Percy Collick. His reply was that whatever revolutionary expressions he made in their company was never right for them, which he supposed meant that you could not be right unless you were a member of the Communist Party. I had heard such from many and experienced it myself.

Collick is now an M.P. and Secretary for Agriculture.

Chapter XIV

THE EVENTFUL VOYAGE

The time presently arrived for the return of Comrade Bunting and myself to South Africa, but here again I found some obstacles. I found ths shipping company desired to know if one had any convictions in the South African Courts of Justice. I had a list of my convictions supplied me by the police of Cape Town, which I had to put down or be liable for perjury. The shipping company then promptly told me that they would not book me a passage. My argument that I was domiciled and even a property owner there was of no avail.

This suggested to me another visit to South Africa House. There I saw the same secretary of the High Commissioner, who promptly informed me that this time he could do nothing for me. He was not able, he said, to force the shipping company to take me, or interpret the opinions of the immigration authorities when I arrived in Cape Town, as the law said they had a right to reject anyone who had once been convicted in their courts.

Therefore I was in a difficulty and again approached the shipping company preparing pitiful arguments of my predicament. They said: "If we give you a passage to Cape Town and the immigration authorities there refuse you a landing, which they have a right to do, we shall have the pleasure of bringing you back to England at our own expense. We will do this," they continued, "if you are prepared to pay us your return fare now with your single fare, and if they do allow you to land we will return the money to you at our offices in Cape Town."

This I did, not only then, but again when I returned from England the last time in 1931. I found also that was not all they wanted of me. They also made me sign a declaration that I would not make a public speech on the voyage out. We came out on a ship bound for Australia, on which there were many young emigrants to that country and, of course, some Australians. The usual sports, mock trials and concerts were organised for the amusement of the passengers.

Such, however, is never sufficient, especially for young Australians. They wanted something a little more exciting. The usual gossip had, of course, gone round on the nature of the mission of Comrade Bunting and myself to Russia. I was sitting at the writing table one day in the lounge when a crowd of about thirty people swarmed round me, waving a Union Jack, and demanded that I sing "God Save the King." As that is the antithesis of my Socialist beliefs I immediately refused even to sing anything by intimidation.

Their threats became more deliberate, but I still stood my ground. I stood up then and started to address them and replied to their many interjections and cat-calls. Then they sang "God Save the King" themselves. Bunting then squeezed in and, with his legal training and Oxonian accent, helped considerably in my defence. This unrehearsed concert lasted the whole afternoon, until they saw their purpose was hopeless. Their threats then became weaker and they gradually dwindled away.

However, though they were gone, we were not forgotten. A committee of them was afterwards formed to decide what penalty we should suffer as a consequence. Owing to Bunting defending me he was, of course, a fellow culprit and was included. A doctor on board had recently been "frog-marched" by them and given a douching in a bath, because a cat on board had scratched his child and he had thrown it overboard (which deserved a reprimand anyway). So the suggestion was made in the committee that we suffer the same penalty. In the meantime the captain sent for me and expressed an apology for th conduct of the passengers. I had, he said, loyally kept my word that I would not make a public speech on the boat during the voyage. "But," he added, partly to excuse them, "a crowd of young people with three good meals a day and nothing to do must be up to some mischief."

The committee, however, continued to sit, but a business man in the East London area of the Cape Province, with whom Bunting and I had many interesting conversations, made it his business to get on that committee also, and his continual opposition, being an older and well-educated man, induced them to defer action for some period, and we were now nearing Cape Town. A couple of days before landing he told us that the committee had decided we were to suffer the penalty the night before the ship docked, as they thought then to see no more of us and in the turmoil of landing everybody would forget all about it.

Bunting seemed more concerned about his wife than himself, as she had been suffering from a nervous breakdown and he having

recently nursed her back to nearly normal. Therefore he decided that we should again interview the captain. It was reported that the ship would lie in Table Bay all night as she would be too late to be docked. The captain again was sympathetic enough, but he said if a crowd took action he did not want to make a police force of the crew as it might have an ugly ending. Therefore he said he would make arrangements with the dock authorities to take us ashore that evening from the Bay by boat. We thanked him and withdrew. But to our surprise and that of everybody else on board, except perhaps the captain and his advisers, in spite of the lateness of the hour we slipped into the docks that same evening.

The next problem was whether the emigration authorities would allow me to land. Many had their doubts, but I was always confident. My many good friends, some in high offices, had always won me out of my difficulties. The first official of the Emigration Department said: "Oh! You're Harrison---we'll see about you later," which almost made my optimism vanish. Another senior official subsequently arrived who, without even examining my papers, told me I could go ashore.

Well, the Cape Town Communists gave us a great reception, where, for the first and only time in my life, I was received with musical honours. As I had not carried out their purpose of delegating me to the Russian Congress it was left to Comrade Bunting to report, although he was the delegate from Johannesburg and not Cape Town.

Following the 1922 strike and its drastic consequences there was of course a commission of enquiry set up by the Government, and its conclusions seemed remarkable. It was supplied with evidence and one wondered where some of it came from. It found a letter somewhere whcih had been written by W. H. Andrews to a fellow Communist while the strike was in progress. The *Cape Times,* in a leading article following the sitting of the commission, quoted it as follows: "Mr. W. H. Andrews, for instance, one of the Communist leaders, wrote to a fellow Communist in January, 'You remark that it would be a catastrophe if this strike is lost. My private opinion is that it will be inevitably lost. It is just as impossible for the white workers of South Africa permanently to keep the Natives out of any form of industry they are capable of undertaking as it was for the handicraftsmen of the early days of the Capitalist system to stop the introduction of labour-saving machinery. It will only be when by bitter experience white men find out the hopelessness of their Colour bar that it will be possible to talk reason to them.' This, as the commission trenchantly remarks, is the private view of the man who is doing his utmost

publicly to encourage a strike caused, it is stated, by the determination of the Chamber of Mines to attack the sacred principle of the Colour bar. By his own admission, Mr. Andrews is convicted of encouraging a hopeless struggle fought on a principle he entirely disapproves of." And it continued: "The Andrews, the Harrisons, the Tom Manns—all the accredited agents of Moscow—are fully prepared to use as their dupes either the white working man or the Coloured man and the Native, if by so doing the baboonery of Bolshevism can be advanced. This should be understood and remembered," etc., etc.

In another leading article dated October 26th, 1922, headed "The Law of the Boot," it says: "Before this law the nominal leaders of Labour tremble and bow down. Colonel Creswell does not dare raise his voice against it. Mr. Boydell goes to Johannesburg and mounts a platform and delivers himself of ecstatic eulogies upon the 'splendid commando system,' and even harmless and kindly members of the local Labour Party, such as Mr. Snow and Mr. Pearce, are mobilised to pay visits to Johannesburg and patter blessings over the lusty plant of violence. Even the intrepid Mr. Waterson is dragooned against his better judgment—as he has avowed repeatedly—into becoming a sponsor of a republican resolution at a frenzied meeting in the Johannesburg Town Hall. Puppets, all of them; puppets whom their masters allow to hold the stage in the interval between the outbreaks of violence. And their masters? The Bolsheviks of Moscow, working through their South African comrades, Mr. Andrews and Mr. Kentridge of Johannesburg; Mr. Harrison of Cape Town; Mr. Sam Barlin of the Free State; and others of their kidney. These are the men who pull the strings to which the nominal leaders of Labour in South Africa respond with mechanical gestures on public platforms; and the law to which these nominal leaders yield a terrorised obedience is the law of the boot. It is a law of tyranny. Individual free thought in politics it prescribes. Opposition, it would stamp out by the breaking up of public meetings. The object of those who claim the right to administer it is to bring about 'The World War'—when the whole earth will be soaked with one colour and over all will eventually wave in triumph the emblem of the working class emancipation."

The cutting I have of that leading article in the *Cape Times* of the date I have mentioned is torn off here, but there is sufficient to show their fears in 1922 of what the *Cape Times* of that day thought would happen under an extended Russian system and the "great" powers some of us were credited with as "agents of Moscow." Now we sit back and shudder at the manner in which the whole earth was being

soaked with blood as the result of the administration of the Capitalist system.

It was the "Puritans" of that system also who, in their Press and from the platforms, so often told us that our policy was one that would break up the homes and the sanctity of married life. The recent war has shown us more than any how well our accusers have done this themselves; by their deeds and not by their words we know them.

We held the next Communist Party Conference in Johannesburg in December, 1924. Comrade D. L. Dryburgh, W. Green and myself attended as delegates from Cape Town. Crawford, my one-time co-worker in the Socialist movement, died in Johannesburg on the day of our train journey to that conference. Therefore ended a career of great activity. Owing to the variety in character of these activities, he, of course, clashed with those holding more fixed opinions, but I have already given my reason as to why he stepped from the arch-revolutionary platform to the more reformist wing, owing to the fact that Johannesburg, being a distinctly working-class constituency, is naturally more concerned about its immediate gains than any Utopian scheme one may expound that may or may not mean their emancipation in their lifetime. I think I know as much about Crawford as most of his critics, and I can only say that all I did with him, and saw him do, was with the best of intentions.

Some proof of what I have said about Crawford transpired at the conference we were attending. Comrade D. L. Dryburgh, as usual, presided and it was soon made evident that things in the interest and progress of the movement were not going too well. Andrews, as secretary, thought he was "wasting his time" and, unlike Crawford, decided to return to his trade rather than seek office again in the trade unions or Labour Party, to which I always contend he rightly belongs. Obviously the three years' work of the Communist Party in Johannesburg had not added further capable men to their ranks. We spoke at their outdoor meeting from the City Hall steps, which induced Andrews to say, "You have heard our fellow delegates from other parts of the Union, therefore you will agree now that the movement is not all Bunting and Andrews, or Andrews and Bunting." (Loud laughter.)

At that time there was what was called a Paleo Zion movement, or a working-class party of the Jewish community. They invited me to their hall, as they had attended our conference and wanted special representation on the executive. I opposed this, as I have done all sectional attempts to get into the Socialist or Communist movements. They did not invite me to their meeting to say that, but I made use

of the occasion to do so, instead of patting their backs as fellow revolutionaries. I said that we had a similar organisation in Cape Town known as the Jewish Socialist Society, from which we had been trying for many years to sift out the Socialistic from the Jewish and we had at last succeeded. I also hoped Johannesburg would soon be quite as successful. I suppose it was hardly polite of me, but they were even less polite in their replies, and my retort again was that I had come to Johannesburg as a Socialist propagandist, and I was merely carrying out my purpose.

While Green and I were exploring the town next day I met again Mrs. Kuper by accident as I did in Berlin, this time driving a luxurious car in which she took us up to her palatial residence to lunch, and a most comfortable tour round the pleasant sights of the town afterwards.

Following this conference things began to shape differently. There was again a tendency to specialise on the Natives, whom we began to get into our ranks. The Communist slogan "Back to the Masses" induced many to try and form Native trade unions, and of course show the orthodox trade unions how to do their work, and the Labour Party how to be more revolutionary. With all these side issues and the twenty-one supposed points of the Third International, I began to wonder if our purpose as a propaganda force for Socialism was the means all these things had to that end. I therefore, either by force of habit or conviction, offered such criticism to anything that did not show educational ways and means towards Socialism as the following will show:

"AN OPEN LETTER" April 13, 1923

"We publish the following letter at the request of Comrade W. H. Harrison with some reluctance, as it cuts clean across the general policy and tactics of the Communist International as laid down at the World Congresses of 1921 and 1922, and is not based on the experience of the last few years nor the facts of the labour movement to-day. No further controversy on this subject will be printed in *The International*. Action, not debate, is the need of the moment:

"To the Members of the Cape Town Branch.

"Dear Comrades.—The question of a united front in the interest of our propaganda, and for which a letter in support of certain tactics for us to adopt was submitted by Comrade Bunting at our last branch meeting, and which also was favourably received by

many members of the Party—we, representing the dissentients of such a policy, wish to present our case in similar form.

"In the first place, we want to say that we as members of the Third International wish the movement to be whole-hearted in the interests of a solidified front. We have no desire to create anything in the form of a split nor to treat such discussion with sarcasm or ridicule. But believing as we do that our point of view is supported by historical facts of *Left Wing Communism,* dating back to almost the inception of the revolutionary movement, we feel justified in standing our ground against any compromise or associating ourselves in any way with anything in the way of palliating the present system.

"Yet when our comrades at the conference said: 'We must reserve all our energies for propaganda in favour of the Revolution,' Comrade Zinoviev hopes that the workers will 'reject such childishness,' and adds, 'We are opposed to reformism, but we are not opposed to anything that may improve the lot of the working class.' How our comrade differentiates those two statements those who agree with him will perhaps explain.

"Comrade Bunting, too, in trying to prove how we have supported reforms in the past, says we have 'opposed war, supported strikes, carried on free speech campaigns, and opposed the Government for the Bullhoek attack.' Truly, as Comrade Bunting says, we 'opposed' them all, we asked for nothing nor compromised with anybody, the absolute negation of such brutal tactics and a demand for the right of free speech to say so.

"Comrade Bunting then goes on to say: 'When the Russian soldiers and peasants in 1917 demanded "Peace and Bread," did Lenin and Trotsky say, "Pish, tush, a mere reformist demand?" No, they said: "Peace and bread you shall have," and to-day,' Comrade Bunting says, 'they have both.' Yes, after the revolution, which WAS, of course, in 1917. Prior to that they were repeatedly told there was neither peace nor bread for them from the Kerensky Government, any more than there will be in South Africa from a Smuts Government. Hence we are using Lenin's own arguments. Comrade Bunting also quotes the ten-hour day in England as being approved by the original Communist Manifesto. But both Marx and Engels, in their preface to the new edition of 1872, says that 'This programme has in some detail become antiquated.' In a further translation published in 1909 the translators say: 'These few passages have been frequently used by reactionists and reformists to mislead the unwary worker.'

"A Native of this country is quoted as being 'a prominent and faithful member of the Industrial Workers of Africa,' who, Comrade Bunting says, 'has caught the spirit of the Comintern' because he was heard to say, 'Take an interest in our sufferings, and then and not before we shall listen to what you have to say.' In our opinion a Salvation Army officer might equally satisfy such sentiments. In fact, we are told that this same Native gentleman sought the same form of relief from Mr. Jagger's political platform, hardly though, we think, in the 'spirit of the Comintern.'

"Our members must be to the last man 'unspotted from the world.' Yet Lenin, advising on such 'purity' tactics in his *Left Wing Communism,* says that we should 'support the Labour Party at the elections in the same way that the rope supports the man who hangs himself'; and in that same booklet he goes on to say: 'It is enough to say, as do the German and British Left Communists, that we acknowledge only one straight road, and that we do not admit manœuvres, co-operation and compromises.'

"Comrade Bunting says, too: 'It was noticeable at the Congress one party after another would say, "Yes, the United Front, etc., is all very well for other parties, but not for us. . . ." Each thought his own country exceptional but all the rest normal, and the result was that the Congress turned them all down and exempted nobody.' Proof is very clear here that the Congress was represented from many countries by the non-reformist parties, who it seems were 'turned down' by the greater Russian influence. (This is untrue; the great majority of the delegates were non-Russian.—Ed.) [I said "influence" not majority.—W.H.H.]

"Even back to the Blanquist Communards of France in 1874, they wrote: 'We are Communists because we wish to obtain our aims directly without stopping at intermediary stations, without any compromises, which only postpone the day of victory and the prolong the period of slavery.' Yet with all these abounding schools in the past and present ages holding the same view of revolutionary propaganda, and which the Bolsheviks prior to the revolution in 1917 adopted themselves, they have to-day, because compromise has become a necessity to meet their difficulties which have arisen through abnormal circumstances, asked us to cast aside our old revolutionary faith and tactics and compromise with Capitalism.

"But what inconsistency! For, to quote Lenin's *Left Wing Communism* again, which is published to show the necessity for compromise and the supposed 'infantile disorder' of the Left

revolutionaries, he says: 'As far as I can judge of the Left Communists (anti-parliamentarians) and the Communists generally of Germany, the first have the advantage over the second, in that they are better agitators amongst the masses. . . . I have repeatedly observed something analogous in the history of the Bolshevik Party. For instance, in 1907-8 the Left Bolsheviks had upon certain occasions and in many places better success among the masses than we had. . . . When revolutionary recollections are fresh it is most easy to approach the masses with the tactics of mere negation.'

"Lloyd-George, too, is known as a clever scrutiniser, and even he told the House of Commons that the street corner revolutionaries were the people who were making it possible for a revolution in England to-day. Comrade Bunting, on the other hand, says in sarcastic vein, 'It should be our privilege, NOT to stand on a Cape Town dunghill and crow that we know better'—these compromising tactics including, according to Lenin, the signing of the Versailles Treaty—'but to march,' he says, 'in solidarity with it to win the world victory we all desiderate.'

"Comrade Bunting also twits some of us because of our 'business exigencies' to be actually biassed against it, so much so that they are even heard to say, 'Don't go with the masses or they will drag you in the gutter.' That passage, we think, conveys an unfair interpretation. We are not, on the contrary, afraid because of our 'business exigencies' to get down to the masses, but because we have no desire to tamper with their sordid conditions, but rather lift them out of such conditions by the only possible emancipator, the Revolution. To establish a programme on a wages basis is to recognise it as payment rather than repudiating it as a pittance of the larger profit of unpaid labour retained. Neither is it suggestive of such good results as those we have hitherto employed. All concessions hitherto offered the workers are not because the Capitalists fear those who demand them, but because, like Bismarck of Germany when he gave abounding concessions to the workers in his efforts to frustrate the advance movement of Lassalle, who was out for a Socialist Republic—it was because he feared, as all Capitalists fear, not petty demands, but the Revolution.

W. H. HARRISON.

The next Communist Party Conference, in 1926, was held in Cape Town and was poorly represented. Bunting, the only man of any

note from Johannesburg, had already been informed of my dissensions, and his first words were, "You appear to have been harassing the party." With all Bunting's abilities and his multitudinous activities in the Communist Party, he was never a Socialist in the philosophical sense of the term. He came from the Labour Party on the war question and, for Bohemian reasons, took up the Native question in the Communist Party and presumed to criticise everything, as he would say, "of a bourgeois character," and would peep behind the door for all the spies before he made his speech.

However, that conference, held in our spacious hall in Long Street, in line with what is now the Provincial Council Building, gave me a proper trial, and I was expelled for six months. What Bunting meant by me "harassing the party" was because in Johannesburg they had heard of our local dissensions—with the establishment of the Third International—was what they called the twenty-one points, a long list of questions for our political guidance; as foreign as Russia itself to our former tactics. I did not give them much attention and naturally often stumbled over them, which many of our more loyal members to party discipline took rather seriously. Two of our very prominent members, especially S. Buirski and Henry Pereira, made special efforts to take notes and place them before the meeting, which subsequently established my admitted guilt amongst many of the others. This induced Buirski to propose and carry a resolution that Pereira replace me as secretary, and the 1926 Conference, following that, with the aid of many Johannesburg members, as I have indicated, expelled me for six months.

In the meantime Buirski and Pereira vanished, not only to Johannesburg, but from the Communist Party. We hear little of Buirski since, and Pereira afterwards became the private secretary of the Minister of Labour, the Hon. W. B. Madeley, whom I hope he corrected, as he did me, in the policy of the twenty-one points, if he hasn't forgotten them himself.

However, to unharness me for six months in those days was almost impossible. Religious enthusiasm cannot be killed in a day, so I thought I would try my luck in the Labour Party—as they had a Socialist objective I should not be sacrificing any principle. The tactics also of both the Labour Party and Communists appear very similar, but my former reputation was found to be an obstacle. In reply to my application I was asked to appear before a committee with Dr. Forsyth as chairman, who gave me somewhat of a curtain lecture as to my future activities, which implied that such must not be an imitation of my

former activities. I thanked them for their pious guidance and withdrew. However, before the six months were up the Communist Party invited me back again to take over the books as secretary, which position I held until I went to Europe again in 1929.

In 1927, the tenth anniversary of the Russian Revolution, they, in keeping with their proletarian outlook, asked us of South Africa if we would send two delegates representing the Native community. This we did. One, La Guma, a Cape Native, was already casually associated with us and another, Gumede, from Natal, were sent. They met in Russia many other delegates from what they called "the suppressed nations of the world." I believe this move was initiated by the Anti-Imperialist League in Berlin. However, it seems a committee of them was formed to draw up slogans for propaganda purposes for the countries to which they belonged. The slogan drawn up for this country was worded: "An independent South African Republic as a stage towards a workers' and peasants' republic with full safeguards and equal rights for all national minorities."

They are ridiculous suggestions for propaganda slogans in South Africa. It is said, too, they were endorsed by the Comintern. I quite believe that, too. Bunting, negrophilist that he was, opposed it. It was said that he and E. R. Roux, who I believe were present at the next Russian Congress, were not allowed a hearing in opposition to it. The Cape Town Communist Party rejected it, but a few negrophilists in Johannesburg at the time accepted it, and as that was considered the headquarters of the party we had to fall in line to some extent in action, but not in spirit.

Bunting had evidently called at the Communist Party offices in England, as when I called there in 1929 Harry Pollitt, in reply to remarks about it, said: "It's no use you and Bunting knocking your heads together about it. The Comintern have endorsed it and I can do nothing." Hence the Russian dictatorship of the "proletariat" to which also South Africa must abide. However, Bunting and his colleagues in Johannesburg put some life in the Native movement according to the slogan, and a paper was published in the different Bantu languages called *Umsebenzi* (The Worker).

In Johannesburg they had virgin soil and Natives had never known a white man in any other capacity than as master, who even kept him off the footpaths and made him walk in the road. He had a pass or ticket on him like a convict, which he must show on demand, hence these promised saviours from all these restrictions and impositions were royally received, and I heard that they even named one location the "Bunting Location." Of course this meant that the Communists were

ostracised by everybody else, except the few who on educational grounds had passed that stage of antipathy.

The party conference came round again in 1928 in Johannesburg, and they, in keeping with their then big Native following, wanted also a Native to represent Cape Town. As secretary I interviewed a Cape Native, who was then, as he still is, associated with the Communist Party of Cape Town. It was John Gomas, who, with myself, persuaded his employer to release him for the period of the conference. I therefore purchased our two tickets for one compartment, in which I also found, to meet the full complement of a travelling coach, were four others. I gave no information at the ticket office as to whom my fellow passenger was. We stepped out again on the platform to say good-bye to our various friends, and on our return to the compartment when the train started we found it empty of everything but ourselves.

The other four had interviewed the conductor and demanded to to be moved from the presence of a Coloured passenger. Quite a roomy advantage, we thought, rather than "the more the merrier," as the proverb goes. The Hon. Thomas Boydell, then a Minister, was going up on the same train, and invited me up to his own secluded compartment for a meal on the way. So I had my journey on that occasion divided between the company of a Minister in one compartment and a despised passenger in another.

On arrival at Johannesburg we found the Communist Party, instead of painting everything red, had painted, so to speak, everything black. Gomas stayed with Bunting because they wouldn't have him at the hotel. Everything was methodically arranged and the conference was held in a suitable area to allow the Natives admission and interpreters in no less than three Native languages to translate our speeches. Whether they were capable of translating a Socialist's extended vocabulary I don't know. Andrews, on that occasion, walked in as a casual visitor, and I remember he expressed to me appreciation at the extent of the gathering. Why he wasn't one of us he did not say.

However, we were hospitably entertained, not only in hotel accommodation but also with our meals, and these in the Bantu area, with brawny Bantu wives as cooks, who laid it all out on tables set up for the occasion. Bunting played the Bohemian somewhat further by inviting all the Bantu men and their Umfasi (women) to his suburban residence to tea—a strange spectacle on a Johannesburg suburban lawn.

What Bunting's wealthy neighbours thought we did not know, nor for that matter did we care. We took it all and did all according to the conference agenda—fraternising was general and we were all

happy about it. It was all very satisfactory for people who believe in that form of propaganda as a means to the end. I do not. When I say that, it does not imply that I believe or adopt racial prejudices or Colour discrimination. Socialism is for all people. We have no right to specialise on, or show interest in, or prejudice against, any section of the community. Therefore to take up the Native question or talk of a Native republic is no concern of the Socialist.

I have said in a previous page that Bunting was not a Socialist. The following is a statement he once wrote: "Not till we free the Native can we hope to free the white." Subject that statement to analysis. The Native cannot be "free" under the present system, therefore we must change the system. Who runs the present system? Meaning not those who do the most work, or those numerically the strongest, but who administer it? It is of course the white people, who are also designers, architects and those who know the science of industry and its managements. It is not a Coloured problem, but an economic problem. I do not remember ever speaking or addressing them as Coloured or Native people. Those who deal with what they call "the Coloured question" deal with their general grievances. They are many, we know, but it is not the business of a Socialist propagandist to deal with them. It comforts some people I know to deal with a subject class of people. It makes them feel a superior class themselves. Sometimes such people have interjected at our meetings: "What about the Coloured question?" I would retort: "And what about your red nose—that is coloured, isn't it?" And go on further to state that we were not there to deal with the pigment in a man's skin, which has hitherto puzzled medical science, but to deal with a system that is the cause of Coloured and racial prejudices and general exploitation.

During the sitting of that conference Bunting was nominated by the party to contest a Native constituency in the Eastern Province, and myself for the Cape Flats area that embraced the Ndabeni Location of Natives. As I had made arrangements to proceed to Europe again, I later withdrew from the contest before nomination day, allowing them to find a substitute. Douglas Wolton was nominated in my place. It was he and his wife (nee Mollie Jelicowitz), whom he married when they were both in the movement in Cape Town, who afterwards in Johannesburg helped to strengthen the Native movement, as we found it at that conference.

Mollie became a very good platform speaker. I well remember her initial effort. It was when I was a candidate for the Provincial Council of the Cape Province. There was then a Native Mission in Searle

Street, Cape Town, and we were allowed to address them. Mollie on that occasion made her first speech as my chairman; on her asking for the vote of the meeting on the motion of confidence all hands went up unanimously. Then someone said to me: "Dr. Abdurahman, your opponent, was here last night—they also voted unanimously for him." However, Wolton found there was nothing unanimous in his constituency for Communism, as he only polled ninety-three votes. Bunting made a better show in Tembuland and polled several hundred.

I took the East Coast route for England in 1929 because of the many port calls and different countries I should visit. Arriving at Durban I found we were delayed there for two days. I was on the top of a tram car going through to town, when to my surprise I saw Bunting on the pavement below. He had come to Durban, he said, to purchase a caravan to tour the constituency. We then went to find Councillor Pettersen, since, I note, elected to the Provincial Council. He, in his usual good-natured way, lavishly entertained us and gave Bunting all the details he wanted.

I found Durban a very comfortable and beautiful place during my short stay, during which I also looked up my old Comrade Norrie, for many years the soap-box orator in the Gardens of Durban, as we were in Adderley Street, Cape Town. Norrie, I found, was suffering from the same disease as myself. His vocal powers now failed him. As my voyage on that occasion has little to do with the purpose of this book I need not relate many incidents concerning it, only perhaps to say that I began to plainly see that East is East and West is West. Whatever scientific industry and social education may do within the next decade to place the groundwork of Socialism on a scientific basis in the Western world, they have a long way to go in the East to approach anything of that character. In all the centuries of the tribal life of the African Natives they haven't got much farther than an assegai or reed hut. Any further developments they have made are by the Western world influences.

We called at Genoa in Italy and here I expected, owing to the supposed terrors of the Fascist system, to be restricted in my movements, and I quite expected also to be asked sufficient questions about my political history to prevent me landing at all, if not to be put in chains while the boat was in dock. Nothing of the sort; not a question was asked. We all went ashore and where we liked until the boat was ready to start.

My visit to Marseilles, in France, the seat of many revolutions, did not impress me. It is the port of visitation from their African colonies.

I asked a fellow passenger what he thought of the town; he said: "It is occupied by the scum of the earth." A hurried conclusion, I thought.

My arrival this time in England was without incident, as I was not on any mission in the interest of the party. I went to the party offices several times at 16, King Street, in London, and also attended a meeting at the famous Tower Hill Stump, at which Tom Mann, Harry Pollitt, Wal Hannington and others spoke. Tom, with Mrs. Mann, again visited me at my country home, so I was kept well acquainted with all the happenings of the movement.

I also assisted Percy Collick to some extent in his election campaign in that area, including presiding at his meetings. Collick at that time was also making efforts to reach Russia, which he said he was doing through the trade union movement, and that he was waiting information from them. I arranged to go with him as a tourist, but nothing came of his effort while I was there.

I found Dave Kendall still active in the English Labour Party. He, with the Hon. Thomas Boydell, who was in England on his way to the International Labour Conference at Geneva as the leader of the South African delegation, came down by car from London to visit me. There were three of the Kendall family in the Labour movement of South Africa.

In 1931 came the General Election in England, which many people thought, with the National Coalition Government in power, would put everything and everybody in proper working order. However, I decided to return to my adopted land, South Africa. A review of my opinion about England at that time went to *Forward,* Johannesburg, in April, 1930. I republish here:

"EVOLUTION AND THE BRITISH LABOUR PARTY
"CHANGED CONDITIONS IN ENGLAND
"S.A. SOCIALIST'S IMPRESSIONS
"—AFTER THIRTY YEARS

"Changed Almost Beyond Belief

"After thirty years' absence I have again established myself as a resident in what Blatchford described as 'Merrie England,' during which time the evolutionary progress of this country is more noticeable than if I had moved with them in the developments of what are now to me strange and conspicuous. There are in this process both scenes of advancement and depreciation. But amidst

all the intricacies of industrialism there is one thing which happily surpasses all progress in the material world, namely, the new psychological outlook of the common people, who have almost within the last decade struck a mighty blow at the class barriers and semi-feudalism formerly so conspicuous in the village life of England.

"What was once an event to see the Lord of the Manor pass through the village and condescend to talk to a commoner, has now become a common practice even to romping and dancing in the village hall, now a necessary structure for social and educational purposes in most of the villages of England. Recently, amongst these rompers in 'fancy dress' was that one-time very dignified prelate, the parish church parson. The chant "Christians awake to salute the happy morn," has at last some meaning.

"Who Won the War?

"This slackening of the class barrier is not only social but economic in which the Great War has played the prominent part. All unearned incomes such as rents and interest are now taxed 20 per cent. by the Government to help pay for that destructive period between 1914-1918, hence many of the nobility are driven to bankruptcy and compelled to leave their country castles and mansions, of which there is now an abundant market offered at prices that would not to-day build the coachhouse and stables on the same estate. The increasing number of such places offered for sale is not only because of the overtaxed income of the proprietor, but because of the increasing wage demand of the English labourer, and their difficulty to obtain such labour owing to the variety of industrial occupations, and the facility to travel now from the country to such places where labour is in demand. To-day there are few isolated villages that have not their regular bus traffic and the modern tarred motor track. The old village taverns with their conspicuous and curious signs are now converted into modernised hotels and tea gardens, while various 'Aunt Sally' petrol supplies adorn the roadside for the convenience of the ever-increasing middle-class traffic, and who reside in villas and bungalows with garage attached, dotted all over the country. This aspect of travel and the mixing of the middle class with the village community has brought the villagers not only increased wealth and education, but an imitation by them of their manners and dress, hence the poor are no longer with us, or so conspicuous as in the mining districts

or congested areas of industry. Such then is the change in the social life of the community. Industry, as the system implies, is becoming more mechanical, naturally the increased productivity of the machines creates a supply beyond the demand and unemployment accordingly. Especially is this prevalent in the shipping and engineering departments, where such is supplied by Germany as reparation in kind, also where English firms have given large orders for rolling stock to increase their profits, the German being the lowest tenders in the competitive market.

"France again is exhausting every available labour commodity to rebuild the areas of war devastation, and also shirking by every political means her obligation for her share of the destruction, hence the irony of conquest from the British worker's point of view.

Machine versus Man

"But for the varied supply, and by the greater circulation of money, which means an increasing demand of the great mechanical production of goods either useful or ornamental both in soft and hardware material, a deadlock in industry must eventuate. The method of distribution has also made a revolutionary change. Piled in stock formation all along the counters at given prices from a 6d. currency at Woolworth's any household commodity can be purchased, sometimes of amazing quality, but generally of shoddy production, all proving the increasing effectivity of the machine, of speeding up, with the wages of the producer brought to a minimum. On the other hand, provisions, especially in the meat and fruit markets, are 100 per cent. above South Africa, and here even the co-operative movement, now absorbing something about one third of England's consumers, cannot make any reductions. The explanation is obvious, the golden cornfields are now conspicuous by their absence, farms being cut up to sell in plots and used merely for dairy or poultry purposes. It is thought better to assist our future farming generation to Australia or Canada rather than develop the land to produce stock or grain to supply the community. The farmer's excuse is that labour as farm hands is now dear and scarce. His migration to the war zone has given him a wider outlook, while his progeny with the new educational and travel development chooses a more remunerative or congenial employment.

"The same conditions have created the difficulty of obtaining female servants. Only recently I noted an advertisement for one

which after offering many concessions, made the suggestion that the advertiser had two grown-up sons, worded to imply that a little romance might break the monotony of domestic drudgery.

"Such then have been the rapid social changes, the most important and glaring aspect of the approaching social revolution.

"Change in Labour Outlook

"The recent political change from Toryism to Labour is now almost international, but here, as on the Continent, emphatically orthodox pandering to all the traditional functions of medieval times, resenting any Left-wing attempt to make drastic changes. With all the abounding political abilities of J. H. Thomas, he is evidently incapable of analysing the economic aspect of unemployment, hence his failure, he having the temerity to assume that business gentlemen would meet in a philanthropic way to employ labour and overstock the already plentiful commodities. Trunk roads are something of a pick and shovel alternative, but Snowden's feverish desire to show an efficient budget must be considered before any wails of the unemployed. The dole which totalled, according to Labour Minister Bondfield, £44,400,000 last year, we may suppose is a more "useful" way of expenditure. This and the advice given "Jimmie" Thomas during his week-end with His Majesty at Sandringham, who with his flunkeys and family ought to know all about unemployment, more especially the dole, has produced no real solution to deal with either of these aspects of it. In short, the virus of Capitalist exploitation is still untouched, sucking the vitals of the producing classes. MacDonald and Snowden, now finding their position incompatible with, in fact as Privy Councillors in absolute opposition to, the Marxian thesis of a new social order, have cunningly resigned their membership of the I.L.P. in which they were, in their less successful years, such shining lights. Hence history again repeats itself, and places them in a position to justify the contempt of the advance movement.

"Liberals and Tories are splitting their ranks, each section endeavouring to coin a popular phrase or stunt as the last straw instead of what ought to be more obvious to them, namely, combining their forces in a last solidified attempt to combat the social revolution.

"Surrey, England, 26/3/30."

"WILFRID H. HARRISON.

The former difficulty of getting a single passage to Cape Town again confronted me. The shipping company would give me a passage if I would pay my return fare, to save them the "pleasure" of bringing me back to my native country, if the immigration authorities would not allow me to land. That is when one feels it nice to be a moderate Capitalist, so, as before, I was able to do that and have it refunded to me in Cape Town.

Chapter XV

MY FINAL EXPULSION FROM THE COMMUNIST PARTY

During the years of my absence I found a complete change in the tactics of the Communist Party. I handed over the books of the party when leaving for England in 1929, having been secretary—less a few months—since the conversion from the old S.D.F. in 1921, in which I was also secretary for a similar period. However, in spite of such a record of service, I was given a form by John Gomas, who said he was then the local secretary, on which I was to describe many details of my personal life and occupation, which were, I was informed, approved of by what they called the "District Committee," which, it appeared, was the only body allowed to know anything about the business proceedings of the party. The weekly business meeting, at which all the cards were put on the table, was no more.

Finding no scope for my activities inside the party I attended the various meetings of the different Left-wing groups, and often joined in the discussion, always interpreting the Socialist point of view. However, my sort of Socialism did not appear to be the same as that of that invisible District Committee, whom I had never seen, but who thought it their duty to send me a typewritten piece of paper, handed to me by the same local secretary, saying I had given expression to views contrary to the policy of the party, and therefore was to consider myself expelled from it.

These are the people who proclaim so loudly about democratic principles, hence it is rather remarkable they do not apply those same principles to their own organisation. Every culprit in democratic countries is allowed a trial, and even counsel to defend him, but not in the "democratic" Communist Party.

I found they had already expelled Joe Pick. In Johannesburg that same year, there was also a dramatic sweeping out of all those who

Top Row (left to right): Max Barlin, A Delegate, F. Radowsky, Shuman, E. Fisher, S. Jaobson, L. Turok. **Second Row:** W. Green, Mrs. Green, I. Fisher, W. Dryburgh, Mrs. Pick, S. Buirski, Davidson, H. Leemans. **Third Row:** Troub. J. Pick, S. P. Bunting, W. H. Harrison (Cape Secretary), D. L. Dryburgh, Chairman, W. H. Andrews (General Secretary, Johannesburg), C. F. Glass, Rabb, Goldman. **Sitting:** I. Kirsh, F. Robertson, Judelman, A Johannesburg Delegate, M. Walt, I. Vermont.

had made the movement in that area. These included Andrews, Bunting, E. S. Sacks and C. B. Tyler. The latter has since died, after putting in his life work for the cause. Bunting called on me at the Cape soon afterwards. His fortune was spent in the party, which reduced him to applying his musical abilities to some orchestra, in whose interest he was sent to Cape Town. He died soon after, some said with a broken heart.

The numerical strength of the Native following obviously swelled the heads of a few, who were able, by inner circle influence, to cut off the heads of those who might excel them as the guiding officials of the prospective Native Republic of their anticipations. But alas! Native psychology is not capable of visualising Utopian schemes that may in the dim future mean his emancipation.

The pass laws, the poll tax and the compound system were still some of his many grievances, and naturally he thought if the Communists could do so much in the future why not relieve him of such burdens now. Metaphorically speaking, the virgin soil they tapped was hardly capable of one crop of productive fruit. The Natives became sceptical and gradually dwindled away.

Wolton and his wife returned to Cape Town to try their luck here. The ninety-three votes, as my substitute, was not a very encouraging start. Subsequently Wolton was indicted for some political offence, for which he was given three months' imprisonment, and nobody appeared interested enough to get him released, and I believe he did the full term. Wolton left for England soon afterwards and I have heard nothing about him since.

However, such reverses do not mean that the Communists have abandoned work amongst the Native community. Though damped in the Transvaal, they are still very active in Cape Town, and even solicited the support of a weekly radical paper here known as *The Guardian*. They also, to show themselves definitely Native propagandists, have a full-time aboriginal Native as general secretary. Evidently they believe in Bunting's method: "Not until we free the Native can we hope to free the white"—rather than change the social and economic system that will free them both.

Under present circumstances, Coloured and white people in South Africa are like the proverbial oil and water, very difficult to mix. The Communist Party, having at last discovered that Johannesburg is more of a place for hot air than anything of an advanced character in the revolutionary movement, have decided to move their headquarters to the mother city of the Socialist movement.

Andrews' Left-wing tendencies in the trade union movement did not appear to fit in there either, so he has also domiciled himself in Cape Town, after forty years a labour champion in the North. Though an expelled member of the Communist Party, efforts were soon made here to again get him to accept membership, which they succeeded in doing in 1938.

Whatever the Communists thought the trade unions and Labour Party lacked in recognition of Andrews' long services, they evidently tried to make amends here. A qualified sculptor was found to create a bust of him sponsored by a "Bust Fund," and later a sparkling young journalist wrote his biography, sponsored again by a "Biography Fund," so he ought to be like the hero of the novelist's story—"happy ever after."

Andrews, of course, is in his element there, as he believes in educating the masses against the classes on the basis of the class war. I, on the contrary, believe that the intellectuals from all classes will eventually show themselves a sufficient force to change the present social and economic system, without a class or civil war. In fact, Capitalism and the landed aristocracy in England to-day are being sold out, and some of the working class have reached their financial level and educational qualifications.

The only redeeming feature about these gigantic world wars is that it makes these conditions possible. The class barrier is decreasing daily, and the class war is being diplomatically talked out. In the major industries the workers are now the masters, but they lack the intelligence to see that the masters still control the wage system and the ownership of industry, and that while under such control the law of supply and demand allows the owners to multiply their own interest and profits by the exploitation of their employees.

The modern Communist methods of propaganda appear to be the improvement of the wage system rather than the abolition of it. Yet again, rather than do this, they often irritate those who are endeavouring to do so through the agencies of the trade union machinery. Proof of this is shown by the fact that most of the trade unionists resent their inclusion into their discussion, and have continually resented affiliation. The Communists also show, as I have already indicated, equal antipathy to the Social Democrats, but of course that is only to be expected, because they are not Socialists in the propaganda sense of the term, neither are they democratic in their tactics.

The psychology of the human race was never more ready to accept a rational fundamental change in our social and economic system than now, if only a force could arise to show them a formula suitable and applicable to the whole community. The formula or manifesto must have an objective purpose only, and must cut out all ways and means of reforming or improving the Capitalist machinery, but rather show ways and means by an educational process of making the complete change from private to social ownership of all the means of production and distribution, with an effort to harmonise rather than antagonise all factors of opposition.

It is an intelligent purpose, which can only be handled by intellectuals. The world is full of people with brains, but even the most brainy people lack intelligence. Proof of this was shown by General Smuts, the man credited with the brains to excel his fellow students at the universities and his fellow politicians in South Africa. Yet he had not the intelligence to see, as John X. Merriman told him, the futility and absurdity of his deportation stunt in 1914. The old Socialist propagandists often used the phrase: "We want people who are thinkers, more than the people with most brains."

The Press, of course, is a great influence in moulding public opinion, in fact the current daily Press now claims to reflect it, and obviously does at the moment on the war. Some of the editorial staff may have Socialist opinions, but they dare not interpret their report to convey such meaning. I remember Senator Edmund ("Oom") Powell, who was also editor of the *Cape Argus*, a very kind old gentleman; while holding that position he gave a lecture on Socialism and declared himself "more or less a Socialist" and in sympathy with the Socialist movement.

This induced a deputation from the S.D.F. to visit him and ask if he was prepared to give a few articles on the question or, further, would he give us a lecture from our platform. "Oh, dear, no!" said Mr. Powell. "I cannot really say any more. Many public men, and even the Governor-General have been pulling my leg about it." Others wrote letters to the Press, making contradictory comparisons of Mr. Powell's former opinion, even his favouring the withdrawing of the Constitution—I believe suggested by Dr. Smartt following the Boer War if the opposition, then representing the Boer element, should gain power.

They also accused him of popularising a definition or description of Socialism, very different to the real thing, in an effort to cut the wind out of the sails of the real movement. Altogether the Hon.

Edmund Powell's experiment as a Socialist propagandist gave him for a period a very uncomfortable time. However, it gave the question of Socialism a little publicity, and also gave us many more mouthfuls to show our respectable associations, and also to sift it down to proper interpretations. Alas! "Oom" Powell, also Maitland Park, editor of the *Cape Times,* our other publicity agent, like most good people died young in comparison with twentieth-century periods of senile decay.

The powers of authority in those days were more fidgety about the spread of Socialism than they appear to be to-day, or perhaps it is because Socialism as a propaganda force has ceased to spread anywhere —much as there is a necessity for it.

I met Levinson, the only 1904 S.D.F. comrade left in Cape Town. He said: "There is so much scope and reason for Socialist propaganda to-day that if I had the physical powers of my youth I would start the Adderley Street meetings again." I expressed having similar feelings.

It may sound strange for me to say that if we did again start Socialist propaganda it would not be the Marxian class war type. Yet there are few people, especially amongst those who call themselves Communists, who know of any other type that conveys the philosophy of Socialism. If we delve a little into Socialist history that will explain it.

In the early days of the Socialist movement, in the forties of the last century, one group was as distinct as the other. In fact there was always a struggle at the international conferences between the one group represented by Marx and the other by the Russian Bakunin as to which should dictate action for the ensuing year. Marx's fear of Bakunin gaining control led him in 1872 to hold the congress at the Hague, where he knew Bakunin was forbidden to come. Marx afterwards transferred the General Council of the First International to New York, and this was the beginning of the end. It only survived one more congress at Geneva in 1873 and then quietly faded out.

Michael Bakunin, 1814-76, born at Torshok, Russia, belonged to the highest aristocracy; his father an owner of serfs. He entered the army as an artillery officer, and the horrors he saw under despotic Russian rule made him resign and join the revolutionary movement. He was a fiery, forceful personality, and did not approve of the Marxian tactics when he joined the First International. Both he and Marx in those days described themselves as Communists. Their differences in the organisation of industry and the libertarian possibilities of human life divided them and established the two distinct groups as Anarchists and Communists.

Bakunin was not a great writer. His chief work was *God and the State,* which he said was only a fragment of his thoughts. The two groups of Anarchists were distinct in America. Emma Goldman, a Communist Anarchist, edited a paper there called *Mother Earth,* and Ben R. Tucker, the Philosophical Anarchist, a paper called *Liberty*. However, that is by the way and is only to show a little of Anarchist history; also to show that by the fact of making it impossible to allow Bakunin to attend the congress at the Hague in 1872, and by the Marxian section expelling his following at that congress, left it impotent as a force, and, as history records, it died out.

Why I relate this is to explain that in the early days of the Socialist movement in South Africa those two groups were also distinct here. Yet we worked without serious conflict and each was allowed to express its differences of opinion. The word Anarchy conveys assassinations to some people and produces a smile from others who have vague conceptions of its meaning. It is the antithesis of monarchy —one-man government—an (no) archy (government).

Of the two distinct schools of Anarchy, the Anarchist Communist was represented by Kropotkin, and the Individual or Philosophical Anarchist was originated by Proudon, of France. Bakunin, of Russia, called himself a "Collectivist" Anarchist—how he differentiates from the Communist I don't know. Both are identical in principle, but differ widely in tactics.

The Communist Anarchist would, if possible, like the modern Communists, overthrow the present system by force, as they say it is maintained by force. The Philosophical Anarchist will not participate in any form of physical force, as it implies the violation of reason and purpose of the creed. They believe only in the evolutionary and educational process. They believe in perfecting themselves rather than imposing their imperfections on others. By aiming at perfection in all their works and in all their deeds to set an example. They believe in the Spencerian doctrine, "That every man should do as he wills, providing he infringes not on the will of others." That government of man by men is an infringement on individual liberty. That every man could be sufficiently cultured to become a law unto himself. That when economic circumstances are so framed to prevent exploitation the social liberty of the individual can only be made possible by the abolition of all authority over man's actions.

The State control of industry or even the Soviet system implies so many controllers and so many workers. Their liberties are limited—though such a system may suit a backward country like Russia, a

more libertarian system must be applied to the more Western world. We must evolve voluntary associations in our mutual aims for scientific innovation and the production of the beautiful and to enlarge our social liberties. Such, then, are the basic principles of Philosophical Anarchy. To quote the Encyclopedia of Social Reform, edited by W. D. P. Bliss: "Their motto being 'Liberty,' not the daughter, but the mother of order. They start from the philosophy of individual sovereignty and apply it to the problems of social science with relentless logic.' This does not mean that they allow greater freedom for the criminal but greater freedom for the non-criminal. I should require a separate book to elaborate their various theories in relation to human life. I will only speak here about those of us who were associated with it South Africa.

The Anarchist Communists were of Russian and Continental origin and activity. The Philosophical Anarchists were mainly American. After the death of Proudon in 1865 they ran the paper *Liberty,* edited by Ben Tucker. Cape Town's prominent members were Levinson, Straus, Hahne, Ahrens and others, including myself, all of European origin. Hahne moved to Johannesburg, where he became an hotel proprietor and died there, leaving some of his mony for propaganda work for the cause. Straus was once a French officer and was called up during the 1914 war. He took a contingent of French soldiers to France and we heard his head was blown off on his first appearance at the battle front. Straus was an artist in many capacities, a useful man at our social entertainments, a lecturer on any topic and a Don Juan amongst our lady comrades. People who are exceptionally versatile or who display excessive genius are often gifted with curious and peculiar weaknesses—Straus was one.

Generally we were all known as Socialists. Fundamentally there is no difference in any of the movements named Socialism, Anarchism and/or Communism; it is merely a question of tactics. The consummate ideals of Socialism cannot be defined. Thomas Kirkup, one of the greatest Socialist historians, said: "Socialism is rather a process than a finality to a higher order of social and intellectual life."

In England until recently the Anarchist movement had a fairly strong following. When I was there in 1911 I linked up with a group with offices in Euston, London, of which at that time Prince Kropotkin was a member. They published a weekly periodical called *Freedom,* with pamphlets by Kropotkin Malatesta, Eliase Reclue, the eminent French geographer, and the Russian Larroff. They may be regarded as perhaps the greatest exponents of Anarchism, all of which were

amongst the world's greatest scholars, and all of whom were the products of the last century. I know of none of the present generation.

One may now ask why a movement with such great scholars as exponents and such ideal conditions as their prophecy should have died out. If we look round the world to-day and see the results, which they also prophesied, of the chaos and brutalities of the Capitalist system—which has drifted us into a world of dictators and totalitarian states, into which also the masses of all shades of opinion have blindly followed—we need not ask further questions. When this age of lunacy has run its course Anarchy and every libertarian creed will again revive, and the forward march will be more rapid than the decline, hastened by the horror of a system more brutal and indifferent to human rights and human life than any other system of preceding history.

I met Edward Carpenter, the English poet and Philosophical Anarchist, when I was in England in 1922; he was then living near my home in Guildford, Surrey. He was an uncle of Miss Hyatt, of the Pretoria Socialist Society, and I met him with a letter of introduction from her. On his shelf, full of his literature, was a booklet I had read before, written after the Great World War of 1914. It was headed "Never Again!" I was stupid enough once to think so myself. Carpenter died in 1929, therefore he never witnessed the brutal repetition.

Yet I believe now if someone would write another book so headed they would tell the truth. If there is to be a change then I believe in the educational evolutionary change, and that a combined intelligence is, like the proverbial pen, mightier than the sword. Seeing that might has been considered right in all ages of the past, it is little wonder Marx in his day thought the war machinery inevitable for the purpose.

I know it has long been assumed by the class war Socialists and Communists that Capitalism will fight to retain its position to the last ditch, and they assume street barricades and civil turmoil in the final struggle, with the final march to the Guildhall with the red flag unfurled and the chief heroic revolutionary proclaiming the Social Revolution. It all sounds very gallant and of course the traditional way of establishing the law of conquest. But are we to continue the barbarities of our ancestors? Are we who have railed against the horror and brutalities of war for generations now to employ the same machinery?

The peculiar part about it is that the Socialists, and especially the Communists, who continually prate about the class war and assume

the final conflict, make no effort to train themselves for such a purpose, but rather are they a school of non-athletic bookworms, of both sexes, whose tongues get more exercise than their limbs. Even their platform vocabulary is a continuity of pious philanthropy, rather than the language of a fighting force for the social revolution.

The early Marxians, especially in Russia, did show the fighting spirit, as also did Lassalle of Germany, sufficiently to frighten the powerful Bismarck to hurriedly submit legislative alternatives to appease their demands. Yet there is no record that Lassalle intended to arm his forces, but he was training their intelligence, and that, when set on a purpose, is more powerful than all the guns.

Again I plead, let there be peace in our tactics and purpose. We are not, let us boast, as other administrators, we are the emblems and personifications of our creed. When I speak of our intellectual and peaceful purpose I do so as the representative of the Philosophical Socialists. I cannot speak for the Communists. They are a totalitarian organisation who cannot initiate their own tactics themselves. They are, or they were until recently, subject to the dictation of the Russian Comintern.

To appease their allies during this war Russia has now agreed to cut the international propaganda out. If that is so it has not induced them to change their tactics. I have defended and admired Russia since the days of the social revolution in that country, but not when they started sending us slogans and delegating to us leaders as Socialist propagandists who knew very little about it themselves, who induced many of the loyal comrades to adopt what they called the "New Party Line," subsequently gaining control of the executive authority by that method and expelling the former leaders to make their own position safe. There was one section, back in the twenties, who accomplished the expulsions to their satisfaction, then finding themselves useless without them, discreetly left South Africa, and I don't think much, if anything, has been heard of them since.

The party line on the Native Republic of South Africa was the cause of the whole trouble, nevertheless the Communist Party in South Africa to-day employ the same tactics, specialising on the Native community. I would like to give them the opportunity of establishing a Native Republic, with the 8,000,000 Natives as members of the Communist Party. What would the party do with them? Or what would the Natives (if they grasped the Communist ideology about our existing system and the unjust exploitation of their labour) do with them?

Any change of our social and industrial system, however revolutionary, would and must mean, if we want any system of order in the process, that the Natives must remain to a large extent for the time being, and for another generation or more, just where they are. The same will apply to the illiterate white community. They are incapable of knowing anything of the science of industry or a cultured form of social life or any form of administration. They will fit in the cogs of the evolutionary wheel in the line of social and economic progress, just where they are suited to serve. It is very courageous and kind of the Communists to take up their many grievances. Many of them I know sacrifice a lot of their time and a lot of their money for that purpose, but again I repeat that is not the purpose of the Socialist. The purpose of a Socialist is to preach Socialism and also to preach it to those who are capable of understanding what it means.

Chapter XVI

WHY WAS I A SOLDIER?

In former chapters I have wandered away from the purpose of this book as a record of the Socialist movement in South Africa, yet those subjects have some relation to it, and as this record is almost an autobiography perhaps I may be allowed a little scope. I have gone considerably into the question of war; therefore many will wonder why I was once a soldier, or in other words why I accepted, as we used to say, "a shilling a day to be shot at," or to offer my services to shoot my fellow beings. Well, I was a lad of twenty years working in Birmingham—a hundred miles from my home. Work was scarce and I knew a Guardsman's home was in London, near my own. I knew, too, they were the pick of the British Army, and I then thought them to be, as they were sarcastically described, "feather-bed soldiers," who never went abroad, and therefore, I concluded, never went to war.

I presented myself at the recruiting office in James Wath Street, Birmingham, on the 20th of October, 1892, and served with the colours of the Coldstream Guards for ten years and 203 days, which included three years in the Anglo-Boer War of 1899-1902. Also, being a carpenter by profession, I was chosen for an artificer's course at Artillery College, Woolwich, where they kept me for two years. I gained a "superior" certificate, which allowed me to jump all my senior craftsmen on the artificer staff when I returned to the regiment, and, like Hitler, I was made corporal above them soon afterwards.

By coincidence I was marched out of Wellington Barracks, London, with my regiment for war in South Africa on the same day I should have been discharged on my first seven years' service, October 20th, 1899. On my return from the Boer War I applied for my dis-

charge before reaching the allotted period of twelve years. Coincidence again was peculiar. My discharge happened to come on my birthday anniversary, May 16th, 1903. I was then thirty-two years of age.

I returned to South Africa then to start a new life as a civilian, landing here on August Bank Holiday the same year. A record of my life since is given in much detail in this book. However, another peculiar incident happened on my birthday anniversary just thirty-two years afterwards—on the day I was sixty-four. I, with what others of the Household Brigade of Guards in Cape Town that could be found, was invited to dine with some Guards officers then staying here—one of whom was the son of my once commanding officer, General Pole Carew.

We had a happy evening, speeches on reminiscences of the famous Guards Brigade went, of course, all round the table. I being the senior Coldstreamer present, and being, as my fellow Guardsmen in Cape Town knew, a practised public speaker, it should have been my lot to have responded on their behalf. However, it didn't happen; for once at a social gathering, other than general private conversation, I kept my mouth closed. The recruit of the party, known as "Cape Town's funny man," Paddy McGuire, demanded, as an Irishman naturally would, that it was his duty to do so.

Not so much perhaps because he could say much when he did rise to speak but that I, the Bolshevik, should not do so. He and his fellow policemen of Cape Town were, of course, given the impression that Bolsheviks were terrible people. The rest of the gathering toasted "the King." I didn't. They also sang "God Save the King." I didn't. I went there for no such purpose, but just to meet a few old Guardsmen I had not seen for many years. I did not expect that to be understood by some of the Communists who, hearing of it, reminded me of my jingo diversions.

However, if that association with a few of my old-time comrades of the Guards Brigade is proof of my jingoism I have forgotten it since and refused an invitation to join the Old Brigade Association still existent in South Africa, and I gave them my reasons for it.

There has been another world war since, in which many of the Communists dangled their swords with the jingos, and which we suppose was considered compatible with their international loyalty to the Socialist cause. The next page will give some details of army life in my day, the nineties of the last century—then a fraudulent institution, robbing the serving soldier of nearly 50 per cent. of the recruiting poster's promised amount of a shilling a day.

That we were sent to war at a shiling a day to be shot at was literally true. Yet it is not true because a soldier's shilling a day in the nineties of the last century suffered several deductions, unexplained on the recruiting poster. It worked out like this: They fed us, of course, but only with one pound of bread and three-quarters of a pound of meat Nothing else. And that three-quarters was about three ounces when it was served on the plate at the midday meal. Any extras such as potatoes, butter or jam, or a very occasional second course, such as "Army duff" or "blob"—the soldier's nicknames for plain pudding and tapioca—were supplied by the "messing account"—messing 3½d. per day stopped from each man's shilling. These extras were only served for breakfast and midday, rarely ever was there anything but "slingers" for tea—meaning dry bread dipped in your basin of tea.

There is, of course, both a dry and wet canteen in all barracks, where the hungry growing soldier could spend the few halfpence left of his shilling—tempting dishes at the coffee bar and beer at 1½d. per pint in the canteen. But that is not all the stoppages we suffered in those days. A soldier's shirt—the "grey-backs" we called them—wanted washing once a week. To pay the washing account another ½d. per day was deducted, leaving a six-foot Guardsman 9d. to buy his supper and take his best girl out in the evening.

At the end of the month he "signs the book," when he is again reminded that there is a 1d. library fund for him to pay; 2d. barrack damages which means he must also keep his barracks in repair; and 2d. delf fund—in case of a broken basin or plate, his only crockery. Originally he was served out with a full kit, and annually he was served two pairs of trousers, one white jacket, one tunic, one pair of boots, but never another shirt, towel, socks or any of his "small kit," brushes or cleaning material. Those two shirts, two pairs of socks, towels and "small kit" must last him even if he serves the full twenty-one years; and he must show that amount of full kit at the weekly kit inspection all the time. If there is one item deficient he is "put down" for it—also to be stopped from that 1s. per day. Now these are facts from my own experience, although I have made one mistake. Guardsmen are the supposed élite of the British Army and his pay in those days was 1s. 1d., less all stoppages mentioned.

In 1899 we were sent to South Africa, and I had some very startling changes in my view about those "feather-beds" during my three years on the African veld during the Anglo-Boer War. Also the Guardsmen then and since then have had quite their share of war. Further, the "feather-beds" are not a reality, even at Buckingham Palace, at which

a company of the Guards are always in residence. I was once so favoured. The barrack room there for that purpose is of the orthodox type—solid iron folding bed with hard "biscuit" mattresses. Again, every third night a London Guardsman is occupied at one of the many palaces—also the Bank and the Mint—in front of which he must pace with fixed bayonet for their protection. The Guards are also in occupation of the Tower of London—the place where I did my first year of soldiering—where once kings lived and ruled a nation that knew no parliament, and where many of them also, with other potentates, have suffered execution. Every traditional function is still carried out. I have myself been escort with a file of the guard to the old Yeoman of the Guard, who at midnight carries the keys to lock up the gates and the drawbridge. He is challenged by the sentry, to whom he says he has the "King's keys," and the guard turns out to salute them before he takes them to the "King's House." The moat round the Tower is now dry and used as the drilling ground, known to the Guardsmen as "the ditch." I also got more startling changes in my views of the "liberties" and luxuries these ornaments of Hyde Park and Buckingham Palace were, according to their recruiting posters, supposed to enjoy.

About the first thing I heard the drill sergeant of my squad say was, "We tame lions here!" That was in the early nineties of the last century, and it was considered a crime then to have in our kit *Reynolds Newspaper*. I think that paper said Queen Victoria, who reigned then, was "a more fitted Mrs. Grundy." Had they known that I attended the meetings of a Socialist group in a little garret in Pimlico not far from Chelsea Barracks, where I was then stationed, it would have meant a court martial.

That group also introduced me to the Despard Club in Wandsworth Road, opposite the Nine Elms Station, where I was introduced to Mrs. Despard to get her permission to be admitted. She did not mind, she had a brother a soldier. He was the famous General French in the 1914 Great War. All old comrades will remember her work for the cause. She died only a few years ago. Yet even then, about fifty years ago, she wore the matronly bonnet and her hair neatly parted in the middle, the custom in that age.

Chapter XVII

KEIR HARDIE'S DEATH

Following my return to England at the conclusion of the Anglo-Boer War, Keir Hardie's reported speeches in the House of Commons seemed to impress me more than any, so I was glad to make his personal acquaintance and talk with him intimately a few years afterwards. His revolutionary expressions continued, the parliamentary machinery never tamed him. His death in 1915, his biographer said, was hastened, owing to the collapse of a lot of his work at the outbreak of war, and that, whatever the medical diagnosis, he died of a broken heart.

The *Cape Times* caricatured him with the poem "I remember." In the verse of the tall fir trees they drew a picture of a tall tree, with "Socialism" written on the top and Keir Hardie underneath looking up, with the words: "But now 'tis little joy; To know I'm farther off from Heaven, Than when I was a boy."

We have to thank the *Cape Times* and their fellow Capitalist Press in England for retarding the progress. The hymn of hate is, of course, very effective to employ against the "enemy" in war—it has also been employed against their real enemy the Socialist movement. We have been accused of all the malpractices of the human race. We are believers, they tell you, in "free love"—of course we are! Not forced love. If an heiress marries a duke for his title and he for her money, it sounds like love for sale to the highest bidder. If other women sell their love for a few shillings they are prosecuted. When Socialism comes there will not be any love for sale, it will be free love and neither lust for gain nor poverty on the market as bidders. Most of the Socialists I know, and I have known many, live a happy married life. They are just as romantic and quite as amorous as anybody else, only we say what we think about all such questions, and most ordinary people do what they think about them.

People forget that marriage laws are according to convention, or the laws of a particular administration. It is within the law and also the religious faith of a Malay to have a plurality of wives, but it is a sin for a Christian. The Mormon, Brigham Young, had altogether twenty wives and fifty-six children, and he did it all to "the glory of God." There have been many romances amongst the leading lights of the Socialists. I will relate a few to relieve these pages of so much Socialist monotony.

Chapter XVIII

LASSALLE OF GERMANY

Lassalle of Germany was a man of decidedly fashionable and luxurious habits. His suppers were among the most exquisite in Berlin. A gilded youth, a connoisseur in wine and a learned man to boot, he became an agitator and champion of the workers. In one of those fashionable circles he met a young lady, Fräulein von Donniges. She was a young lady of twenty, unconventional and original in character. Lassalle's attentions were ardently reciprocated and they decided to marry.

But her father was a Bavarian diplomat, who would not hear of her association with an agitator. She was imprisoned in her room and made to renounce him in favour of one Count von Racowitza. Lassalle, now mad with rage and jealousy, sent a challenge both to the father and the betrothed, which was accepted by the latter. Lassalle, though considered a better swordsman, was mortally wounded and died on August 26th, 1864; hence that ended his activity and his ambition to one day become President of a German Socialist Republic, with her elevated by his side.

Typical of a novel story, the Count died soon after they married and she wrote a book, *My Relations with Ferdinand Lassalle*. She then went to America and appeared to mourn the loss of Lassalle all her life. I remember reading of her committing suicide there about forty years ago.

Karl Marx had two daughters; one married Paul Lafarque, a French Socialist, and the other, Eleanor, was said to be the wife of Dr. Edward Aveling, a great scholar, a university lecturer, who translated the first volume of Marx's *Das Kapital*. He was also a sexual pervert and had a great influence over women. Eleanor, as Olive Schreiner said, was a lovable character. She used to attend the international conferences and do a lot of the translating. Aveling saw in her beauty and character something for his gratification, but there was a fly in the ointment--he was already married. Eleanor, kind and lovable character, however, was found too weak to resist him, and

therefore, as Olive Schreiner said in her letters, "Eleanor Marx is in future to be known as Mrs. Aveling." Subsequently, however, the real Mrs. Aveling died. Now, Eleanor thought, I shall be relieved of the social stigma; we will go through the conventional ceremony. But to the disgust of those who knew them, and to the fatal grief of poor Eleanor, he married another. Eleanor then said she had nothing to live for and committed suicide. Bernard Shaw knew Eleanor, and has admitted since that he had a fond affection for her himself, but I don't think he ever gave it expression. Shaw, however, like the rest of us advanced Socialists, has little concern for present-day conventionalities in principle, but his high moral character has made him observe them in practice. I have never met Bernard Shaw, though I was once delegated to do so with another representing the Friends of the Soviet Union, when he visited South Africa in 1934. We journeyed to the boat on his arrival, on which he received the deputations —or, rather, those who were fortunate enough to get anywhere near him. Cape Town's curiosity group of gate-crashers were there in such numbers that to approach him was impossible. Many of those I saw in the crash were not there for fraternal reasons. We could have broken into a loud oration from the back of the crowd, but we thought such an attempt rather unbecoming of a deputation. However, more about his visit will appear in a later chapter. I will relate a romance in his life given us by one of his biographers—Hesketh Pearson.

Chapter XIX

BERNARD SHAW AND MAY MORRIS

William Morris, one of England's foremost Socialists, poet and artist 1834-96, also had two daughters, but only one of them—May —took a keen interest in his work, attended all the meetings and social gatherings; the home of William Morris was famous for these. Bernard Shaw was one of the propagandists of that school. William Morris, having a good business as an architect and designer, was a wealthy man, and May, in addition to being beautiful, was always dressed exquisitely. Shaw related how he saw her in her radiant beauty come out of the dining room on one occasion, as he was about to leave, and how their eyes met and seemed to reciprocate their feelings, and he knew there was a mystic betrothal between them, but he said nothing as he then was only getting a subsistence living, and he thought it hardly became him to claim any nuptial association with such a famous family. So, continued Shaw, "I attended the meetings as usual, but to my stupefaction, she married another, and he worse off than myself."

It appears the other one was also a comrade, whom Morris had given employment to on the Kelmscott Press, then producing a Socialist paper. Shaw subsequently was suffering from some complaint and was asked by the newly married couple to stay with them for a period of convalescence. Shaw's versatile and humorous manner appeared to make him the central figure of the household; but the time came when his health improved, and he thought he had imposed on their hospitality long enough. On Shaw's departure the husband found himself in the possession of an iceberg rather than a warm lovable companion. Shaw, hearing of this, discreetly disappeared, thinking the matter might blow over, as it sometimes does. The husband apparently saw no hope, so he disappeared and went to France. May then obtained a divorce, and reverted to her own famous maiden name.

There is no record that I know of, of Shaw meeting May Morris again for many years afterwards. She agreed that the matter should be published from the pen of Shaw, rather than from others who might like to add scandalous colour to it. May Morris died in 1938.

Here then we have two of the most eminent Socialist propagandists who, in character and temperament are as far apart as the poles.

Shaw sacrificed his affections because his conscience told him that his position in that day would not allow him to make the proposal; and later, when he knew of the reciprocation, he avoided it to prevent public scandal.

Aveling did not appear to give any consideration to anyone's feelings or the current conception of morals and conventions. His only thought was his own gratification. So we find the Socialist's mental make-up is just as varied as other people's, although it has often been implied, that we are the product of some vile species of the human race.

Whatever customs or conventions are established under the control of a Socialist regime will be by the will of the people then, as in the past. I said "by the will of the people"—that implies, in democratic countries, majority rule; but that is a mistake when imposed on minorities, whose purpose may be equally good, but contrary to their religious faith. If that majority is allowed to impose their will, they infringe on the will and liberty of the minority. Therefore, any custom that any section of the people may choose should be allowed.

The same should be applied to industry. When we say, "from each according to their ability and temperament, to each according to their needs," it ought not to mean a row of national workshops, where each one can grasp his hammer, or stand by his machine at a given hour in the collective output of the commodity he is capable of producing. There are many who prefer such regular habits, and who have no initiative of their own.

Such a system on a short working day will suit perhaps most people; and then their garden, or boating, or whatever they choose as their recreation in their spare time. But there are other people whose minds are always full of invention, who look upon such clockwork regularity as a life of monotony, and themselves as servants of (as Herbert Spencer called it), "a servile state." They see in some of their own schemes things that will be a benefit and service to the community, and they have found mutual associates in their effort. They want their own time to work and their own place to work,

and not to be hampered by outside interference. They want the liberty to think and work it out themselves, by voluntary association.

These groups are not content to be State Socialists. Their deeds are the deeds of the Philosophical Anarchists. They aim at the perfection of their invention and the perfection of their habits and manners in their social life. They desire their own liberty, and refrain from infringing on the liberty of others. Such a system will evolve by people picking themselves out of the machinery of control which will be necessary and inevitable for the guidance of those uninitiated or indisposed to do other than their duty to the controlling, productive and distributive machinery.

Every Socialist movement has interesting points of analogy, but historical records show there have been a variety of different schools, and we cannot identify Socialism with any of their past or present activities. It will undergo many transformations. It has in the past been prolific of new thought as to its consummate ideal, and also disfigured by many forms of extravagance. We have yet to learn its form of procedure, which may have different forms in the different countries of the world.

To assume that the immediate collapse of private ownership and all forms of exploitations of industry will be immediately transformed into a condition embracing every human right and liberty is to assume a condition contrary to every recorded revolutionary move in history. To assume also that such collapse of private ownership will be the result of a civil war, means the opposite of any libertarian purpose.

The war craze about fighting for liberty is certainly to-day with us, and may aid our libertarian purpose, because people see the fallacies of it, which will teach them to revolt against war and its diabolical deeds.

Against all the accusations about our war tactics, let me say, as a Philosophical Socialist—and I can speak for all of them, but not many of those who call themselves Socialists, and none of those who call themselves Communists—that it astounds me to think and to know that, in this 20th century of scientific life, our Statesmen and political diplomats (the supposed pick of the human race) still believe in and create every improved machine that science can supply, with increasing destructive powers, as the final settlement of international differences.

Of those nations that are known as "the great powers" not one of them is the less guilty. What again seems most peculiar is this, that in their private life, and in their general behaviour, these gentle-

men are often very pious people and kindly fathers who are often credited with many humanitarian deeds.

Again, what astounds me further is, that millions more good kindly people, who would shriek with horror at anything approaching murder, who pour out pious prayers on the sacredness of human life; aid, condone and are willing participants in the slaughter of millions of innocent people. They are in most cases ignorant of the reason which causes such conflicts, but blindly obey the current slogan about the purpose for it.

I was a combatant myself in the Anglo-Boer War, but I was then an Imperial regular soldier and was not asked, but sent here to participate. Expressions I sometimes gave during the conflict brought threats of prosecutions from some of my fellow combatants, and even a fight with one considered a bully, but I knocked him out in the first round. We were the garrison of Graaff Reinet at the time, and he was ordered to be detained in camp for ten days with a bruised face.

CHAPTER XX

GRAAFF-REINET

Graaff Reinet has always been the seat of rebellion of the Dutchmen against British Imperialism. When my regiment arrived there to garrison the town, the local English-speaking residents and what they called the "loyal" Dutchmen agreed to form a Town Guard for the outskirts to relieve our own forces. This was recreation to them for a little while, but they began later to complain that there were many more of their fellow citizens who refused to join, and they urged the Commandant, Colonel Henniker, to make these join. But they said they were abiding by the proclamation of Lord Milner to remain neutral and loyal. This refusal under martial law resulted in them being marched to the local prison, and there were detained till they submitted. There were about fifty so imprisoned.

Subsequently a compromise was accepted. They agreed to help fortify the town. I, being a military artificer, was given about twenty-five of them in my charge to fortify the district in the vicinity of Spandau Kop. Working hours were from 8 a.m. till noon. It did not take them long to find in me a fellow rebel, though perhaps with a different outlook, hence we methodically arranged our work, and also our recreation. A sentry was always posted after we had made a bit of a show at digging a trench, or piling up a barricade of stones. Then the lunch-bags were opened; some brought cards and others indulged in some kind of sport, while one, A. J. Smith, a correspondent and later editor of the local paper, *Onze Kourant,* instructed me roughly in the Dutch language. Some of the men in my group were the wealthiest men of the town.

Jurie Laubscher was, and C. L. Olivier is now, a member of the Graaff Reinet Town Council, and I accepted invites to afternoon tea and made acquaintance with their families. A photograph was taken of us in a group, one of which is reproduced in these pages.

I am going into this matter to show that the exigencies of the moment are always prevalent during conditions of war; proclama-

Men of Graaff-Reinet who refused to join the Town Guard in the Anglo-Boer War, 1901, were made to fortify the town. Of this group, half the number were in the charge of the author (in uniform, right). Top row (left to right): Sgt. Starkey, Messrs. J. J. Weitz, P. Burger, H. C. Olivier, J. S. J. Marais, J. J. Smit, C. L. Olivier, H. Smit, J. F. Jacobs, P. J. Welman, W. H. Harrison. Front row (left to right): R. A. Jansen, I. J. Dippenaar, Chris Tucker, I. J. Haarhoff, A. P. van den Berg, W. Goedhall, J. P. Smit, P. van Heerden.

tions, treaties and such moral guidance become mere scraps of paper. According to the Milner proclamation the military authorities there had no right to demand that conscientious objectors should join their forces as combatants. Further, there were many executions there of supposed rebels during our stay, being residents of Cape Colony who had joined the Boer forces. They were certainly all court martialled, and their sentences read out before a military parade on the Church Square. Three were shot and buried not many yards from where my squad of prisoners were erecting fortifications, and the latter asked the next morning to be shown the spot where they were buried. I took them and showed them, but there was no mound left—we used to level it off as you would bury a dog.

A few days afterwards it was found that someone had put a ring of stones round the places of their burial, and a cross of stones inside the ring. This meant that I was brought before the officer at our main camp the other end of the town and questioned as to what I knew about it. I truthfully said that I knew nothing about it, nor had I heard anything about it from my squad, but I did not admit—as I was not asked—that I had shown them where the spot was. However, it was concluded that my group were the culprits, and I was informed that my fraternising with them had also become known. Therefore, I was to see that the stones were removed, and bring my kit and myself back to the main camp. So that ended my supervision of them, both to their regret and mine.

A particularly revolting incident happened in the execution of the three who were shot. This was, that the firing parties were a body of ten men, five with ball, and five with blank cartridges. After the word "present," which brings the rifle to the shoulder, one of them "pulled off" before the command "fire" was given, and the bullet blew off the top of one man's head.

Chapter XXI

SCHEEPERS' TRIAL AND EXECUTION

Another supposed rebel, Scheepers, when asked at the court martial if he objected to any one of the officers concerned in this trial, said: "No, not one, but the whole court. I am a prisoner of war and should be treated as such." His version of it, in a letter to his mother, reads: "I have been given what may be called a trial, and I have been sentenced to death on the evidence of false witnesses, who swore lies in order to earn their dirty money. But, Mother dear, do not weep for me. What I am going to suffer is nothing. It is only what every true man has had to suffer who places his love of country before his own life. Do not cry for me, I beg you. It merely means that I am leaving a land where might is right, and going to one where right is might."

His actions at the execution were like the wording in his letter. As he walked from the ambulance waggon, which brought him there, he had to pass his grave on the way to the chair on which he was to sit. He looked into the grave, then pressed his handcuffed hands to a badge on his hat which had the word "Liefde" (love) on it, and his warders told us that he would not part with that badge when asked for it as a souvenir, as it was a gift from someone dear to him. When he sat on the chair he said, "Don't tie me, boys!"—but military orders cannot be nullified by prisoners, so his arms and legs were both tied to it and a bandage put over his eyes.

Marksmen were picked for the firing party, and every bullet splintered the flat back of the chair behind his heart. A bag of lime was the first covering, it was said, to eat up the remains. Whether it did so or not, his body could never be found afterwards. His hat and the broken chair were found after excavating the site, but they were put in by myself when the grave was half filled. Our Drum Major, "Nobbie" Higgins, evidently thought of an appropriate tune for the

Signaller Corporal Scheepers, of the Transvaal Artillery. about 1896.

march back to camp, it was what was then a popular song: "More work for the undertaker, Another little job for the tombstone makers," etc., etc.

They have immortalised Scheepers at Graaff Reinet since then. I visited the town a couple of years ago, and there saw a memorial erected to him outside the house of Jurie Laubscher, whom I met there with C. L. Olivier, F. Jacobs and R. A. Jansen, all members of my squad whom I had not seen for forty years. A book has been published since by Dr. Gustave Preller, *Scheepers se Dag Boek*, giving details of the whole proceedings with photographs, which include Scheepers' own personal diary, and some articles by myself about the happening at the execution.

I have given a detail of the Scheepers execution to show again that what is called "rules of legitimate war" are at the discretion of the local commandant, or the interpretation of a court martial under martial law. Scheepers was not a rebel and had no right to be tried as such. He was, as he stated, merely "a prisoner of war." He was, as the photographs show, both I believe in the Transvaal and Free State Artillery from his youth, and was born in the vicinity of Middelburg, Transvaal.

General Kritzinger, his superior officer, who dictated his actions, was captured and brought to Graaff Reinet soon afterwards, but luckily for him peace was proclaimed about the same time. He was to have been similarly indicted as Scheepers, but his crimes then vanished and he was set free. It was said the execution of "rebels" was to frighten others in the Colony from joining up. Most of the inhabitants of Graaff Reinet were allowed to witness the executions for that reason.

All these things were done under the exigencies of martial law, which shows how the atrocities of war are made possible, and no individual held responsible. If it can be said that the Commandant of the town, at that time Colonel A. H. Henniker of the Coldstream Guards, was responsible, then the position seems more remarkable, because he was of a most kindly disposition. I knew him intimately. Any service rendered him was always noticed and appreciated, even to his personal servants. Anyone who knew General Kritzinger in those days may remember that he visited England soon after the Anglo-Boer War. I happened to be at Colonel Henniker's home in Stratford Place, off Oxford Street, London, on the day that Kritzinger was invited to lunch with him and a few fellow officers—a "criminal" only thought fit for execution a few months before.

They have both gone now. perhaps to a place where Scheepers said, "Right is might"—if the biblical Heaven admits people who fight each other in war. I wrote to Mrs. Henniker lamenting her loss—it was when I was in Pretoria in 1912. She wrote back and said she did not know who could be more deeply mourned than he.

Another incident happened which to anyone outside of the brutalities of the war area would seem distinctly cruel. Some of our rank and file, even for a minor offence, would be tied to the wheel of an ammunition cart by their stretched arms and legs. I saw this done when we were holding Klip Kraal Drift near, and during the battle of, Paardeberg. We had lost our convoy of rations, and were then fed on a quarter of a biscuit a day. A biscuit was approximately 4 in. square, and less than ½ in. thick. Yet these defaulters were tied to those wheels, tormented by flies and the scorching sun.

Later we had a contingent of Australians with us for trivial offences; they also tried it with them Two men delegated of their own forces to tie the offenders refused to do it. Four more men were then brought down to tie the four, and they refused to do it. This put the Australian officers in a quandary. They feared mutiny of the whole camp. The position was then put to Colonel Henniker, the Commandant of the Column. He, either tactfully or on humanitarian grounds, admonished both the men and the cause of their protests.

Lord Fisher, once Admiral of the British Fleet, said, "To talk about humanising war, we might as well talk about humanising hell!" And went on to instance a few things he would do about sinking neutral ships. I quoted his remarks at a meeting during the 1914 war. This brought me again before the court. The prosecutor said: "Don't you think it unwise to make such remarks?" I said, "I was quoting a British Admiral—he certainly appeared very unwise."

On another occasion I was quoting from the Government Blue Book correspondence and matter that led up to the war. I was howled off the platform for "using" instead of quoting such arguments. Further, I now have the Blue Book with all correspondence that led up to this war, 1943. If that could be read before a crowd they would perhaps get many surprises, and show as much hostility to the reader about "his" views on this war. I am not going to attempt the reading myself this time anyway.

In the first Great War we had a combination of forces showing opposition to it. The S.D.F., the War on War League and the Peace and Arbitration Society. The latter was a small school in Cape Town of very pious and sincere people, among whom were the

Rev. Ramsden Balmforth, Mrs. Julia Solly, Dr. R. Forsyth and D. L. Dryburgh. I was delegated to them by the S.D.F. It was hardly a place for me in those days. Their pious leaflets were too mild, but one they published caused quite a controversy on our justification for publishing it. It first appeared in a weekly periodical called *The Cape* written by a correspondent to that paper, describing how his son had met a German soldier in "no man's land," and how they fraternised and expressed mutual feelings on the fallacies of war. Some passages read thus: "All this talk about kings and honour of country is wicked lies. . . . It's to make some men richer and others poorer," etc., etc.

The editor of *The Cape* afterwards thought the letter to be a hoax, and accused the P. and A.S. of being responsible for it. I was delegated by them to interview the editor, whom I knew personally, and deny his allegation. He then showed me the MS. he received, signed "His Father"—he was a bachelor. It was the handwriting of J. M. Nield. I then sensed trouble, so did not admit I knew the writer, either to the editor or the P. and A.S., nor did I repeat my observation to the author then.

There were many English people who declared themselves pro-Boer during the Anglo-Boer war; and there were, as I have indicated, many organisations and many people who opposed the *last* Great War; but is war becoming a habit that people now assume it to be part of our political life?

My one time pious friends of the Peace and Arbitration Society of the *last* war—the Rev. Balmforth, Dr. R. Forsyth and Mrs. Julia Solly, the most lovable trio of humanitarians one could find in Cape Town—even they, at least the two former, are not Pacifists in this war. They, who wrote and talked and often came to the court in my defence against the popular cry in the previous war, believe in guns, bombs and human vengence in this war.

Before his death, only a few years ago, I had considerable correspondence with the Rev. Balmforth on the subject. In his final reply to a letter I sent him, lamenting his illness, he said: "Many thanks for your letter of sympathy—I am feeling better already, but we all have to go through the mill.

"As to the war, it is too ghastly for words. But the murderers must be defeated. We must discriminate between the aggressive and defensive war. Don't tell me that you would not defend your wife —even with a hatchet or bayonet if needs be—against a brutal or fanatical murderer. Hitler is deliberately and unwantonly sacrificing

millions of lives on that Russian front, and what for? Echo answers: What for?--Ever yours, R.B."

With everything he has said here I agree. The only difference in us is that the Rev. Balmforth and Dr. Forsyth now discriminate between the aggressive and the defensive parties in war, whereas I cannot discriminate, so vast and so complicated has war diplomacy become. Further, I have no intention of doing so. To me the whole war machinery is too ghastly for my entertainment for one reason; another reason is that I know, as now every thinking man knows, that this war, as all wars, is the resultant outcome of the Capitalist system.

Mrs. Solly, in a letter to me as recently as the 30th November, 1943, enclosed a quotation of the Rev. Dr. Haynes Holmes, who says: "The weapons Hitler has developed and used so fearfully have come from other nations; the tanks from Britain, the bombers from America and France, the machine guns and submarines from America. This man so cruel, so revengeful, is not alien to ourselves. He is the perversion of our lusts and the poisoned distillation of our crimes. We see in him, as in a glass darkly, the image of the *world we have made. Our sins have found us out,* that's all."

The underlinings were made by Mrs. Solly, and that is my, as well as her, view of the whole ghastly war. But we to-day are a voice in the wilderness; most people, be they Socialists, Communists, or former supposed Pacifists, think in terms of war.

Alike are they unanimous in Germany. There are no shades of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg in this war. I have it on good authority that a Nazi official went to a big factory in Berlin and asked the manager the political opinions of his employees. "Oh!" he said, "about 50 per cent. are trade unionists, 30 per cent. Socialists, and 20 per cent. more or less Communists." "What!" said the official, "then you haven't a Nazi in your employ?" "You make a mistake," said the manager, "they are all Nazis."

Equally are all shades of political opinion of the English-speaking community of South Africa, and many of the Afrikaans-speaking, outside the Nationalist Party. Some even of my old comrades won't discuss the pros and cons of this war. On one occasion a Communist paralleled my Pacifist ideology with that of a "Fascist spy." Some anonymous political wit came a little nearer the real thing. He or she sent me openly through the post a postcard photograph of Mahatma Gandhi, and printed nicely underneath it Mahatma Harrison." I am proud of the association, and I have put it in a frame.

I am proud of Gandhi because he has induced the Indians to do by peaceful means what our boasted civilisation is claiming to do by the destruction wholesale of human lives, irrespective of age or sex, for the supposed liberty of the people.

Gandhi in appearance, and his peculiar ways, appears to many as a crank, but there is method in his supposed madness. I knew a Europeanised Gandhi, who took his degree as advocate in England and practised as such in South Africa; declared himself a Socialist and spoke from our platforms. He then saw his work was needed in India, where European industry would like to establish themselves in a cheap labour market, and enlarge their profits. Gandhi saw that system working in South Africa. He threw off his European clothes, adorned himself in ancient Indian robes, and adopted as his slogan "Back to the loom." Boycott European industry, and by passive means resist their administration. A few thousand soldiers and a less number of civil servants constitute in India the British Empire. They serve their term and depart. They are the forces that extort £30,000,000 yearly in taxation. They have no other purpose; there is no white colonisation in that country.

I went into the office of Bob Stuart the other day. He had just returned from a Trade Union Mission in the North, and he brought back with him—I think he said from Pretoria—a fine bust of Gandhi. I envied him his possession. Whether some donor presented it to him for the same reason as my unknown wit sent the Gandhi card to me, I didn't ask. I had called in about an article I had written for the *Trade Union Bulletin*. Although that is its title, it is really the organ of the Socialist movement in South Africa. All its articles, other than the notes and reports of trade union activities, are distinctly on the principles of Socialism, and, of course, written by Socialists. They are all old men, no less than half a dozen of us are its contributors, over 70 years of age, including the editor. There are no young Socialists, all the young people are Communists, and their speeches and articles have quite a different meaning. The Socialists have a vocabulary of their own, and only they can use it.

The Communists in South Africa generally apply their propaganda work to Native grievances and the trade unions chiefly of the smaller industries. These have multiplied, owing to the increasing quantity of commodities temptingly displayed on the markets which have drawn on the purchasing powers of the poorer classes, inducing them to form trade unions to increase their wages. This permits them (if they are permitted to be registered as trade unions) to become affiliated

with the Trades and Labour Council. These are the elite of the South African working class, or, as John X. Merriman used to call them, "the aristocracy of Labour." The mass of the workers in South Africa are still an illiterate people, living in squalor and filth, producing an increasing number of criminals as the inevitable result. What is known as Labour legislation does not apply to these people. Even direct representation to the extent of three members in the Union Parliament has not given any relief to their depraving circumstances. The African Natives are still deprived of trade union registration.

The perfection of factory organisation, the improved machine and efficient labour, and all the forms of new mechanism and transport have aided rather than retarded further exploitation by the Capitalist. Wealth accumulation has multiplied by leaps and bounds. International business and international finance have spread the world markets and made possible international wars for territorial and material gain. The remedy lies in the ownership and control of all those factors by the people, who will socialise it to the benefit and service of the community.

It is the purpose of those who call themselves Socialists to give continual evidence of what Socialism means, not obscure that purpose by attempting to improve a system that the fundamentals of Socialism will actually destroy. To achieve any purpose, or to acquire knowledge of any profession, one must continually work for that purpose or profession, not let our humanitarian instincts carry us away on side issues of immediate improvement, which are not even a means to the Socialist end, but will help to purify and maintain the Capitalist system which the Socialists are out to destroy.

Now I think I have said enough to show what I mean by a Socialist propagandist. It is for that reason that I have differed with the Communists. We do not preach Socialism for any class, or against any class, therefore we cannot preach the class war. There wouldn't be a Capitalist class if the working class didn't labour to make it—hence the only people to blame are the workers themselves, who ought not to declare war on a people who are the products of their own deeds. The people who have subjected the wage system to analysis and discovered its exploiting tendencies, are not of the working class, neither have the chief exponents of Socialism in all countries, including Russia, been drawn from their ranks. Following the Russian revolution they had to get back to the masses to put their own house in order, but they ought to have known better than to

tell other countries to get back to the masses to put the Capitalist system in order. It is our purpose to show ways and means how to destroy that system.

The headquarters of the Communist Party when in Johannesburg was composed of the dissenting elements of the Labour Party, therefore the new slogan was merely a continuation of their former activities as a reformist party. The only difference between the Communists and the Labour Party is that the Communists, following the Moscow slogan, give special attention to the Native community. The object of the two bodies is the same.

Members of the Central Executive Committee of the South African Communist Party who were committed for trial in February, 1947, on a charge of sedition arising out of the African mine workers' strike in August, 1946.

Back row (l. to r.): I. Horvitch, M. Kotane, S. Kahn (Defending Attorney). Centre: L. Phillips, H. Snitcher, Betty Sacks. Front row: P. Herbstein (Defending Attorney),F. Carneson, W. H. Andrews. Dr. Simons, also accused, not present.

Chapter XXII

LABOUR PARTY AND SOCIALISM

At the almost original Conference of the S.A.L.P. the Socialists' objective was made the main plank of their platform—this was in Johannesburg in 1909. Then all Left-wing bodies were allowed representations, which included the S.D.F. of Cape Town, of which Bob Stuart and Jim Davidson were the representatives; from other Socialist bodies Crawford and Mary Fitzgerald represented Johannesburg, Duncan Livingstone and W. Blake from Pretoria; with other representations of the I.L.P. they managed to affirm their object by a small majority. It has been said that Colonel Creswell had it deleted at the following Conference in Durban. I have had a recent declaration from their present General Secretary—Senator C. L. Henderson—that it is still the main plank of the Labour Party's platform. Mr. Barlow and myself put the for and against in *The Cape* of June 8th, 1923. Here it is:

June 8th, 1923.

"COMRADES" ALL!

The Labour Party, the Communists and the "Socialist Objective."

To the Editor of "The Cape."

Sir,—I did not think your footnote merited any reply from me. As you seem to think it does I will answer you:

Your original article implied we (the South African Labour Party) were connected with the Communists; in fact you have often said so. We are not. In the words of Colonel Creswell at the big Labour Rally at the City Hall, "We shall fight both the dictatorship of the proletariat and the dictatorship of the Capitalist."

I have never objected to the socialistic objective as an ideal, and the Durban Conference was never asked to object to it.

If the Labour Party did away with that ideal it might just as well call itself the "Philosophical Radical Party."

Neither "The Red Flag" as an emblem nor as a hymn are officially recognised by the Labour Party.

It is true that *The Cape* does at times sum up sufficient courage to rather timidly protest against the sins of the S.A. Party, but it is always done "in a Pickwickian sense."

As an "opponent" of the S.A.P. you are regarded as a joke —and a bad joke at that. I am, etc.,

ARTHUR G. BARLOW.

House, of Assembly, May 25.

[(1) Mr. Barlow is trying to run away from the main issue which is concerned with *facts*. We venture to trip him up again with a repetition of our question: Is it or is it not the case that he and Col. Creswell made a desperate attempt at the end of last year to get the "Socialist Objective" removed from the programme of the Labour Party; that on the suggestion of the Bloemfontein Labourites (over whom Mr. Barlow presides) the proposal was to be referred to the Durban Labour Conference of January of this year: and that this was not done because of the outcry from the Rand and other sections of the Labour Party who threatened the disruption of the Party if any attempt were made to water down the Socialistic principles of the Party. Let us give a friendly warning to the impulsive Mr. Barlow that he ought to be very careful in answering this question.

(2) But the "Red Flag" both as "an emblem and a hymn," are regularly used at all assembles of the S.A. Labour Party; and provide their inspiration. If Mr. Barlow and his leader deny this Red Flag and regard it as the emblem of Communism (as it is) why don't they prohibit its use. We should like to see them try!

(3) We never said that *The Cape* was an "opponent" of the South African Party. What we said was that *The Cape* is not in any way whatever bound to the South African Party. It finds a good many faults in the S.A.P., and has no hesitation in indicating and criticising them. But it most certainly prefers the South African Party with all its faults to the unholy alliance of the "Nationalist" and Internationalist parties.

(4) As to the real relations of Labour Party ideals to those of the Communist and Soviet Party, we refer Mr. Barlow to the subjoined correspondence.]

The Labour Party and the Social Revolution.

To the Editor of "The Cape."

Sir,—As to your challenge to Mr. Barlow, M.L.A., to deny that the anthem and flag of the S.A.L.P. are the same "Red Flag" which is driving God out of the Socialist schools in Russia, Germany, England and even South Africa, allow me to tell you, Mr. Editor, that Mr. Barlow *cannot* deny that "The Red Flag" is the anthem of the S.A.L.P., since "The Red Flag" is the hymn of the "People" whom Mr. Barlow is supposed to represent—whether he does or not is another matter. And as for driving God out, well, sir, words almost fail me. Let me take you for a day to some of the slums of Sunny South Africa—to a room 7½ ft. by 15½ ft., where ten human beings are herded together to sleep, eat (when they have anything to eat) and drink.

Take the case that came up recently of over-crowding (five in a single bed), when the Judge told the man to go home and see if he couldn't make better provision for his children! (Perhaps God would send him down another bedstead!)

There are two and three families living in one room, built up out of the sides of biscuit tins. Poverty, misery, starvation, unemployment are the things which are driving God out, and not the "Red Flag," and until these things are put right can you dare to talk to these people of God, for fear of insulting them? I trust you will find a small space for these few lines.—I am, etc,

MABEL GREEN.

Capetown, May 26.

A Communist on the Labour Party.

To the Editor of "The Cape."

Sir,—In reference to your contention that the Labour Party and the Communist Party have common aims, Colonel Creswell possibly thought he had exploded that view of the situation at the City Hall meeting last week. But after his onslaught on Communism, a Communist present asked if it was not a fact that the Labour Party had a "Socialist Objective," and if so, how did that materially differ from the Socialist Objective of the Communist Party? Colonel Creswell admitted that the Labour Party had as an object the social and common ownership of the means of production with a view to establishing the Socialist Commonwealth. "What the Communist Party objective is," he said, "I don't know."

Questioned further how he could differentiate between the two parties if he did not know the objective of the Communists, he went on to explain that their tactics differ. But even here he is wrong. The quintessence of the Labour Party belief, paradoxical though it may seem, Colonel Creswell does not represent. In the first place, they are all Marxians, basing their policy on the original Marx and Engels "Communist Manifesto" of 1847. They, too, simultaneously with the Communist Party, hold annual May Day celebrations to hail the coming Socialist Commonwealth. They also, with them, support all forms of industrial unrest on a class-war basis.

Mr. Boydell published a minority report on the Cost of Living Commission which for revolutionary phraseology would do credit to any Communist.

Mr. Kentridge, on unemployment, has produced one in similar vein. These are used as propaganda leaflets by the Communist Party.

Bob Waterston formed a commando, and the unemployed under the aegis of the Communists, now in Johannesburg are adopting his tactics.

Walter Madeley has ripened Benoni for Communism.

Jack Allen, Labour Mayor of Springs, was a delegate at the Communist Party Conference in Johannesburg a few weeks ago with myself.

Now these gentlemen are undeniably some of the foremost men of the Labour Party and they are also the true personal and political representatives of it, as against the bourgeois democrats typified by Colonel Creswell and Mr. Barlow. These, no doubt, are conscientiously sincere in their political convictions; but that, unfortunately, is as far as they have got. There are plenty like them in the orthodox political parties. Parliament certainly offers them a more suitable platform for their moderate opinions than they can find amongst the rank and file of the working class. As Parliamentarians, the Communists may differ regarding what is called "moderation," in that they see more (being more philosophical) the futility instead of the utility of so many so-called "reforms" and extravagant expenditure, now discussed and recognised by the Labour Party.

Fundamentally, *we do not differ*. We may be more deliberate, less compromising and with a more revolutionary outlook; and in these facts our supposed vices are placarded. Hence the

Communists are the "mud guards" for the diplomats and moderates of the Labour Party, who erroneously seem to contend that the Government are responsible for the evils of our present order of industry, and that the remedy is the Government of the Labour Party on a reformist basis.

Colonel Creswell and Mr. Barlow, however, the other evening, in outlining their policy, did not give us a tittle of evidence of how this was to be done, but merely indulged in considerable abuse and discussed many abstract questions, with an incidental reference by Colonel Creswell about "developing the resources of this country." He did not say, though, on what basis. Apparently, he does not yet understand that the development of the resources of any country under the present system of industry is not a remedy for, but is the cause of unemployment and its attendant evils.

Finally, Mr. Boydell, in the pamphlet I have mentioned, after quoting the Constitution of All Russian Congress of Soviets, laid down July 10th, 1918, Clause 3:

"The Congress of the Soviet of Workers, Soldiers and Peasant Deputies consider it to be its fundamental duty to abolish all exploiters of one set of human beings by another and the division of society into classes, to summarily suppress all exploiters and to establish a Socialist organisation of society."

and again the Berlin Soviet (by proclamation, November 12th, 1918):

"The ultimate aim of the revolution is the Socialisation of the Capitalist means of production."

He goes on to say, in support of these and other objectives he has quoted, including the one of the S.A.L.P., that "as these and similar objectives have only been arrived at after many years of discussion and deliberation on the part of millions of trade unionists and other workers in all parts of the world, the policy enunciated can *safely* be said to express the Voice of Labour, the ideal aimed at being the common ownership and control of land and capital."

Therefore, on this abounding evidence as to the policy of the Labour Party, Colonel Creswell's and Mr. Barlow's efforts to show the contrary fade into insignificance.—I am, etc.,

Wilfrid H. Harrison.

Capetown.

The Labour Party are quite as emphatic about Socialism as the Communists. At the recent Conference in Johannesburg, the Hon. W. B. Madeley made that particularly clear, in spite of his being a Minister of a Capitalist Government.

I am prepared to admit that the old Social Democrats lost their identity as a revolutionary force by associating themselves with the petty reforms of the Parliamentary machinery—the "Back to the Masses." Communists again have lost their identity as a revolutionary force by associating themselves with the petty reforms of the industrial machinery, which in the final analysis means the same thing. As a result we found the Parliamentary Social Democrats of Germany sold the cause to the Kaiser on his war march in 1914. Then we found their greatest accusers. the Communists—in greater numbers—sold the cause to Hitlerism in 1933. They had eighty seats in the Reichstag, and six million voted for Thaelmann, the Communist candidate for the Presidency. Truly may we quote Burns: *Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us, to see oorsels as ithers see us. . . .*"

Following my expulsion from the Communist Party in 1932, and finding many of the old school unattached to any organised body, amongst whom were D. L. Dryburgh, W. Green, M. Lopes, J. Pick, and others who, like myself, were either expelled or inactive with what was then called "The Communist Party." We decided to form an International Socialist Club, and invited some of Cape Town's prominent public men to lecture in our propaganda work. Gordon Bagnall, the famous broadcaster on "This World of Ours," and Mr. L. Gradner, then Deputy Mayor of Cape Town, were amongst them. Of course it was our duty to show them how stupid all their attempts were to put the world or even Cape Town in order unless they applied the real solution—Socialism. We had some packed meetings, and everything went very well for a time, but we older ones haven't the urge these days, so we left it to the young ones, who it appeared did not have the necessary enthusiasm and energy to do the "donkey" work required, and it faded out.

However, the public lacked nothing in numbers, and showed a deep interest in our proceedings. Some of them felt that some effort should be made to continue. This section comprised also the dissenting elements of the Stalinite Communists, but on different grounds from Dryburgh, Green and myself. They were Trotskyites, and they formed a Lenin Club. It has been said that Stalin elevated his popularity as head of the Russian Soviet Government by making a God of Lenin and a devil of Trotsky. If the Trotskyites version is true it was the

emissary of Stalin who followed Trotsky to Mexico and murdered him. It is well-known, however, that Trotsky expected assassination by the way he was guarded, but in spite of that the assassin committed the dastardly deed posing as a visiting friend.

Many will think such criticism unjust to the Russian system, which is the only country of the world to dispense with Capitalist exploitation. The social and industrial developments there since, as a consequence, have been an example to an ignorant political world, seeing that they were able to suppress and drive back the most efficient armed forces and scientific devices of war strategy the world has ever known. That phase of their development is, of course, now being eulogised by the Allies' forces as successful fellow combatants, but no praise is ever given by them to the ideological character of the Russian system, which was able to create such machinery for their service.

Other pages of this book will show that I have no use for organised armed force under any political circumstances, exercised in mass form. Stalin has fitted in as Trotsky's substitute all right there, and if all that has been written about his summary executions is true, he, like the rest of the war lords, can urge on such mass slaughter without a blush. Summary executions to political offenders have been the life of the Russian people for ages, hence the evolutionary process has not yet in that country reached the more humanitarian stage, neither have they yet evolved to social ownership and control. Traditional Russia makes them cling to the idea of monarchy. Stalin still has greater powers than the monarch of England, who is merely the puppet of his Ministers. Idolatry seems to be as prevalent as ever with the Russians, hence again Stalin, like the immortal Lenin, is the "divine" substitute who is worshipped and placarded in almost every household. That, with the ikon and other forms of worship, is typically Russian. Little of that is seen in the more Western world or South Africa. The modern Communists, however, seem to follow every Stalinite move without any concern of its ideological character.

Arthur Koestler—who for years was a prominent Communist, who suffered the deplorable concentration camp of France—in his book, *Scum of the Earth,* says: "The Communists are a well-meaning people—in fact their only fault is that years of systematic doping with Stalinist dialectics has affected their grey matter with a sort of colour blindness, both in their logical and ethical outlook. It is their only fault, but disastrous in its effect."

The Trotskyites are dissenters on the ground that Stalin succeeded Lenin against Trotsky, whose reputation and abilities were the more suitable, especially on international grounds. This view was shared by mostly all Communists when Stalin was elected.

However the Lenin Club could not harmonise their members' opinions. On what details I don't know, but another section left them to call themselves the Spartasists, and one of these sections published a typescript called "The Spark." Truly named, perhaps, but it doesn't appear very illuminating. To differentiate their policy from that of the Stalinite Third Internationalists, they describe themselves as the Fourth International. It is impossible to discern the difference at their meetings, but the latter appear to have a more international outlook, and of the two movements they are better grounded on the principles of Socialism or Communism.

The Lenin Club also invited public men to address them, which included Duncan Burnside, a Labour M.P. Whether that inspired him to make comparisons and note the lack of Socialist propaganda in the Labour Party I don't know, but he left the Parliamentary wing of that Party soon afterwards, and with a few others made some efforts to form a Socialist Party. One of his prominent adherents—Comrade Laing, a well-grounded Socialist—took me to Mr. Burnside's hotel to discuss the question with him, but I found him very much on the reformist side of propaganda work as a means. Yet I have heard him give lucid expositions of the Socialist philosophy on several occasions, but then he will also discuss mere platitudes on other occasions.

In the formation of the New Socialist Party, the beginning looked promising until, in war phraseology, the firing parties were properly lined up for action. There the Trotskyites and Stalinites had a favourable opportunity to meet, and when they do they snarl and spit at one another like cats and dogs. These and a few political opportunists who rather feared in pre-war days the word of Communism, were the strongest and most-heard-of people in the New Socialist Party. Therefore, Mr. Burnside, rather than finding himself in a peaceful Socialist Society as it ought to be, found himself in a veritable lions' den from which he, unlike the proverbial Daniel, discreetly cleared out, and was obviously forgiven by the Labour Party, in which he is again a shining light.

Reviewing other parties of the Socialist denominational creeds, the Constitutional Socialist League, whose headquarters are in Cape Town, had a Parliamentary Bill drawn up by Herbert Hiscox and one, Rayner,

many years ago. This is meant to imitate the new system of Socialism—or so they tell us. In addition to the above, H. Hiscox, the hon. secretary, has written many convincing essays—all of which he intends to combine and publish in book form. They are not exactly of the Marxian vocabulary. He also delivered a special lecture on the 2nd June, 1938, at which—at his request—I presided, but I was careful to emphasise the fact that I was not a member of the Constitutional Socialist League—the chapters of his book will perhaps show the reason why. To those who may also read this book our object is the same, but the tactics we employ to reach our heaven, like the various religious faiths, differ. Everybody ought to be a Constitutional Socialist. Our own constitution represents every organ of our body, a constitutional Socialism ought to represent everybody in the universe. The tactics hitherto employed by the Constitutional Socialist League have not, and that is the difference.

Chapter XXIII

THE CAPE FABIAN SOCIETY

My final chapter will be on the Cape Fabian Society, a body which was inaugurated about 1930 under the chairmanship of Arthur E. Abrahams, a Cape Town attorney, who had attended a school in Surrey held by the English Fabian Society, in which Bernard Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb were amongst its early leaders. Other Cape Town prominent members were A. Z. Berman, Julius Lewin and Walter Bone. The Society was very active and held regular meetings, having discussions on all aspects of social life, principally, of course, from the Socialist angle. They, like other Socialist groups, invited outside authorities to present their own, and with the assistance of more red-hot Socialists on occasions the discussions provoked warm arguments. There was, for example, a notable occasion when Professor Bohle (father of Hitler's former Gauleiter for Nazis living abroad) addressed the Society, and was given a very critical reception.

The highlight of the Society's activities, however, was the visit of George Bernard Shaw, who addressed two meetings in the Cape Town City Hall under the auspices of the Cape Town Fabian Society. These addresses resulted in a gain of several hundred pounds, which Bernard Shaw turned over in full to the Cape Fabian Society.

In 1933 Mr. Abrahams spent some time in Soviet Russia, and on his return addressed a packed and attentive meeting on his experiences in the Soviet Union. However, shortly afterwards there was a rift in the happy life of the organisation, again on the question of black and white, but their policy, unlike the more revolutionary Socialists, was on the question of social equality, and not association as a means to aid the Socialist propaganda. The Society then became moribund, but in recent years it has revived, and is now holding occasional meetings and picking up a few promising members.

With the Fabian Society—one of our many denominational varieties, of which, like the Christians, we have plenty—we have the Philosophical Anarchists, the two extremes in the revolutionary movement. The Anarchists are anti-everything that is conventional in our social, industrial and political life, and every religious conception of God or biblical interpretations of it, or its version of world creation. Nothing reaches their conception of the purities and perfections of human life. They practise only such conventions of social life that harmonise association with their fellow beings, but they tolerate others' opinions. They abhor with bitterness industrial exploitation and war. The spectacle of men of different nations meeting in combat to club each other with rifle butts, and stab each other with bayonets, as reported in this war, to settle the international disputes of their rulers, is a display of international lunacy, and there is no other word for it.

The Fabians, however, are of a different psychological order. They are like the Philosophical Anarchists—the intellectuals of the movement—but they will conform to anything the political or industrial machinery may do, without any even inner protests. They contend they are Socialists, and that we shall subsequently reach that stage of society. They can truly see it coming. Yet many of their members in England are members of the orthodox political parties in the British Parliament. Again many of their members are, like Bernard Shaw and the late H. G. Wells, well-grounded Socialists. Shaw once said of his Marxian critics, "I am more Marxian than they are themselves."

Communists generally assume that there are no Marxians outside the Communist Party, and some of those inside their party appear to think they have nothing more to learn about it. If one happened to tell them they had, they would immediately retort, "And you have a lot to forget."

That is also true, when we look back at our lives, and this stupid though wonderful world. There is a lot we should be glad to forget, and there is still a very great lot we all have to learn before this world can be made a fit and habitable place for all to live in accordance with human conceptions of a happy and comfortable life.

EPILOGUE

The chief reason for writing this book was to give a record of Socialist propaganda in South Africa, as suggested to me by many who have followed the trend of events with myself. I found during my attempt many other subjects and activities of my life which I thought might be equally interesting to some who are not so enthusiastic about the Socialist cause. My hopes have considerably increased since the former chapters were written about three years ago. I hoped that by the time it is in book form, and the war has ceased to be the all-absorbing factor, the public would then turn their attention with equal enthusiasm to any book or subject dealing with their social and economic life and the Socialist cause. There is no given formula laid down in these pages. I do not claim sufficient intellectual capacity to do that. It is difficult for me to visualise even the initial step of the many evolutionary stages we must pass through before anything like a harmonised system of our social and economic life can be possible. Whatever we do, I shall always contend that, to do it properly it must be done by peaceful means.

Concerning that and other matters I shall have something to say in this final chapter. The war has continued even in a more brutal and devastating manner, also more inhuman in character and more indefinite about results.

THE WISE AND THE CRANKS

It is difficult during such turmoil to proclaim oneself, as I do, to be a pious apostle of peace, without being described as a "crank," a "traitor," or even, as I have been, a "Fascist spy." Well, if this war is the result of the 20th century wisdom, I am proud of the title "crank." I do know, however, that it is traditional of the British administration, and in her colonies, to allow certain liberty of speech and tolerance of difference of opinion, and that we, the anti-war section of the Socialists in England and South Africa in 1914-18, escaped with a few minor imprisonments, while Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg were murdered in Germany for the same reason, and their assassins were condoned by the administration, and that there have been many assassinations of political offenders in that country since. Therefore, there are still those differences of opinion, and ours are the more human and tolerant concerning our political liberties and the sacredness of life.

However, that is not the reason why we are at war with Germany, any more than the reasons given now about the brutalities by them as the result of the war was the cause of it. It was because, as H. G. Wells said, "Chamberlain stupidly declared war on Germany in defence of Poland," which also Lloyd George said was a "mad hair-brained scheme we could not carry out without the aid of Russia." And those two men were the greatest authorities on world affairs. Rather than soliciting the aid of Russia, Britain did all she could to frustrate her efforts for peace. After the German invasion of Czechoslovakia the Soviet Government suggested a "Conference at Bucharest of Britain, France, U.S.S.R., Poland, Rumania and Turkey." That proposal, had it been accepted, might have prevented the war. It was turned down by the British Government as "premature."

Chamberlain's bitterness against the Soviet Government frustrated all efforts of a pact, while Lord Londonderry, his Cabinet Minister

wrote, "I was at a loss to understand why we could not make common ground in some form or other with Germany in opposition to Communism." I quote this from *Socialist Sixth of the World,* by the Dean of Canterbury, page 379.

There are many other ways that war could have been prevented, Big Business and Big Finance of the Allied countries aided war against Germany with supplies. And the Bank of England loaned £50,000,000 to the Hitler administration as late as 1939. With reference to the latter, Mr. Montague Norman, then the head of the British Banks, said: "We may never get it back, but it's better than the fall of Nazism." This statement has been quoted in many newspapers, and by members of Parliament, and has never been denied.

I am not discriminating or taking sides in the conflict. It is inconceivable to me why twentieth century civilisation tolerates war—to call up, and even compel, innocent people to club each other with the butts of their rifles, and stab each other with bayonets, in addition to dropping bombs on their wives and children, as both sides have done during this and other wars. To employ such tactics, pictures those responsible not as human beings but as having less concern for life than a ferocious beast. That is a strong indictment, but I have never minced matters in language of condemnation. This war—as all wars—has created and extended the vices and racial animosities, and has incited, according to reports, the murder of thousands on racial grounds. It has—as all wars—multiplied the evils they claim to be fighting to suppress. The Allies tell us in this war, as they did in the last war, what they are going to do with 80 million Germans. Were it not for the aid of Russia, the Germans might now have been discussing what they would do with us.

Whatever war strategy may do by the law of conquest, it cannot suppress the political morale of the people. Each country will—as they have always done—frame their own ideologies following war on stronger national grounds. This time we hope they will dispense with those agencies of Big Business and financial corruptions that have battened on the suffering masses, as industrial exploiters and the inciters of war for generations agone. Failing that hope in the light of recent events, we are doomed to extermination. Let me repeat, I am a Pacifist, and I consider the foregoing are the undeniable causes and the results of war.

THE "RESURRECTION" OF J. M. NIELD

In a former chapter I have related a secret I had kept for 30 years concerning J. M. Nield. I had heard from someone who I thought should know, that he was dead. I find now, as Mark Twain said, that was "a little exaggerated." I have met Nield since the "resurrection," and related the whole story to him for the first time. At the end of the story, which I tried to picture as graphic as he wrote it, I calmly said: "The author of that fictitious tale was J. M. Nield." He didn't flinch, he didn't deny it, nor did he admit it. Silence! gives consent.

A. D. Donovan, the editor of *The Cape,* I regret to say, is dead—he died about 1930. In one of his satirical articles he pictured me as a Town Councillor in 1936, many years before that date, with John Carver as Mayor, running Cape Town under a Soviet system. His suppositions were somewhat premature. General Smuts can smile at such suggestions. Yet Donovan was sub-editor of the *South African News* when Jack Erasmus was a reporter on that paper. Donovan allowed us a lot of space for our speeches in the early days of 1904, and Erasmus got us reprints as pamphlets republished by their press.

J. M. Nield and John Connolly joined the old S.D.F. during the 1914-18 conflict. Nield was formerly an engine driver on the South African Railways, dismissed, I believe, during the General Strike in 1914. Connolly was a member of the Natal Parliament before Union. They were both capable men, though not altogether of the Left-wing type. They wrote a booklet jointly during that period, describing it, *Unemployment, its Cause and Cure.* This they visualised to be possible during the Capitalist administration of industry, which gave cause for much criticism from the members of the S.D.F., who have always contended that Capitalism is the cause of unemployment, and that, under such administration, there is no cure.

There appeared to be very conflicting opinions about their suggestions, which induced Nield to say: "The Socialists called us 'Tools' of the Capitalists, and the Capitalists called us 'dangerous revolutionaries.'" However, suffice to say, unemployment is still with us, and we haven't heard much about the booklet since.

Nield and Connolly were inseparable friends. I have now discovered that it was Connolly who died a few years ago, so my informant buried the wrong man.

IVAN WALKER

I found myself in the company of that genius Ivan Walker a few weeks ago; it was he who enlightened me on the existence of the living J. M. Nield. I knew Ivan in Pretoria some 30 years ago; he was then secretary I believe of the Typographical Union, later to be elevated to the position of Secretary for Labour of the Union of South Africa.

During World War No. 2 he was further exalted as Controller of Man Power. As Secretary for Labour he put into operation the famous Walker Award, which, in addition to giving certain concessions to the employees, also put a limit on the profits of the employers. This the Judges of the Courts decided was exceeding his jurisdiction, therefore they cut it out. To think he should dare to interfere with Capitalist profits—some scribe referred to him as Ivan the Terrible!" after another so named who was once Czar and controller of man power in Russia, though his tactics of control were quite different.

It has been said that the Russian "Ivan the Terrible" put out the eyes of the architect who designed the Kremlin, not because he was displeased with his work, but because he was so delighted with the design that he feared the architect might design another like it in some other land.

Post-war developments may give plenty of scope for Ivan Walker's attempt to regulate the control, and we may hope he will make more successful attempts at profit limitations, if not the total abolition of the profit system. It was interesting to note that the former Minister of Labour, the Hon. W. B. Madeley, declared at the last Labour Party Conference, "that Socialism was their post-war programme." The English Labour Party Conference made similar expressions. Many things look promising, but we have had a world of promises for ages, then reaction again intervenes.

We have supposed Socialist Ministers in Capitalist Governments who claim they can "run with the hare and hunt with the hounds." Bevin, when a Minister of the Tory Government, appeared to have

discovered the paradox. He caused quite a flutter in the political dove-cotes by avowing his loyalty in post-war events to Labour principles and party. Since when, as I suppose he predicted, the Labour Party has swept England at the General Election. Walter B. Madeley slipped out of the War Cabinet of the Smuts Government for much the same reasons. What next? Well, both of those supposed stalwart Socialists have played back into their former Conservative associations. We of the old school have seen so much of it and the so-called Socialist Governments—Noske and Scheidemann of Germany—MacDonald and Snowden of England—all avowed Socialists, with power to adopt a Socialist form of administration, yet they dropped back into the schools of reaction.

The Socialists of this wretched dictatorial century are not made of such revolutionary stuff as those who followed the Marxian creed in the last century. George Lansbury when, for pacifist reasons, he resigned the leadership of the Labour Party, wrote and told me that Attlee had succeeded him as leader, as a sort of "stop gap" during the war. The extensive war years gave the opportunity for both Attlee and Bevin to establish a reputation in the War Cabinet. Those who shine in such capacities are generally bad administrators concerning the social life of the people.

There is something of a very revolutionary character now necessary to establish a system that will nullify all the tyranny the war has taught the present administrators to impose—which will mean people forgetting and/or even despising the former administration. Attlee and Bevin, on the contrary, were and still are very much wrapped up in it. Their domestic, and certainly their foreign, policy leaves much to be desired as a policy for what is called a "Socialist Government."

WHY THE WAR?

History has again repeated itself. Those mythical powers known as the "Big Four" are the old War Wolves. They make no attempt to disguise in sheeps' clothing. True to their traditional life, there will never be peace while they administer. Here is some glaring evidence from no less a naval authority than Admiral of the Fleet Lord Tovey, in the *Cape Times* of October 19th, 1946, where he expressed his personal views regarding the *vital importance of Durban as a naval base in any future war.* (The italics are mine.) Further, he states, "The next war would come suddenly, and the whole British Commonwealth must be prepared to play its part." Therefore, not only are we retaining, improving and even multiplying more war machinery, but allow statements by such authorities to be published in our daily press warning us to prepare ourselves for the next war, and not a word of protest from anybody.

"The next war!" Let us think what that means, or even what this war has meant to all of us. The recent atomic rehearsals have shown that we cannot even imagine the destructions of the next war. Are we rational beings? Or are we not the most brutal and ferocious of all the animal kingdom? Yet again the world is full of the most kindly people, whose sentiments are roused if the least injustice is done to even one of their fellow beings. Half the world is struggling to establish institutions, and devise ways and means to allleviate human suffering, while the other half are often unconsciously exploiting and robbing them of every right of their inheritance.

We are a world of paradoxes. The supposed cranks are our saviours, and the most pious and cultured are the most vicious and inhuman obstacles of progress. Such are our varied conceptions. In those varieties we have equally intelligent and sincere people. Some tolerate each other, some abuse each other, even those who have the same purpose in view. For that reason it is difficult to show a united front to get rid of the Capitalist system. Yet why should it be so when its fallacies are so glaring? Why is all this so plain, and a

remedy for it so clear, to a few people, and so incomprehensible to so many more clever and sincere people? This can only be explained by the apathy and indifference of most people concerning the best and most happy way of running our industrial and social life.

Therefore, my hope in this final word is that some force may eventuate that will give—if the last six years of war have not given —the world enough evidence to show the way out of the present system, and the way into a new social system that will emancipate them from all the tyrannies implied in the former.

Again we introduce Mr. Boydell, who, in a satirical way, shows us why we failed to establish a new social system following the last war, and offers some good advice to make it possible following this war.

We also publish Charlie Chaplin's concluding speech in "The Great Dictator." Every adult in the world to-day has laughed at his genius—we would all be happier if we took the advice in his speech.

THE NEW WORLD or—THE TIN HAT?

By The Hon. THOMAS BOYDELL.

This article originated from a Broadcast Talk given by the author.

Everywhere to-day we find well-meaning persons thinking and talking about the New World we are going to get—when the war is over.

Very few people know exactly how the New World will differ from the old. They just feel that in some way it will be better. Quite a large number will even be content if all they get is a new label on the old bottle. The most fashionable label at the moment is our old friend "Democratic." "That's what we want," they say, "a Democratic World"—this being in contradistinction to a "Totalitarian World."

When some people open up our old friend "Democratic" to see what is inside, all that many of them can see is "Freedom." We have only therefore to hoist the twin flags of Democracy and Freedom well in the air and many people will be content to look on worshipfully —quite oblivious of the fact that all the time their pockets are being picked. But so it has been.

The question arises—will it continue to be?

Boiled down, it means: are we going to have a new world in fact or only on paper? Is it going to be in reality or only in vision? Will it really be a New World or only the old one patched up a bit?

I ask these questions because I remember so well, during and after the last Great War, going through this New and Better World craze. Like many other well-meaning people I was up to the neck in it. Exactly the same thoughts were then thought. Exactly the same hopes were then expressed. Exactly the same things were being said. You know: "This is the war to end war." "Civilisation could never stand another war." "This was to be the birth of a New and Better World." Our task was to make a land "fit for heroes to live in," a land of "Hope and Glory," etc., etc. That was the theme then, just as now. And everyone sincerely meant it, just as everyone means it now.

GOOD INTENTIONS

But somehow it just didn't come off. It simply didn't happen. Why? Whose fault was it? Everybody's fault. There was not, I suppose, an adequate number of sufficiently educated people who were single-minded enough to know what they wanted and determined enough to get it. Not that the people then were not interested. They were. We had our numberless organisations and societies then, just as now, all pledged to do something about it. But somehow all the good intentions didn't really get us very far. We had little committees for this and little circles for that. (Though what the difference is between a committee and a circle I cannot say, because they both seem to go round and round and—round.) Then we had quite a lot of federations for this purpose and guilds for that purpose. The Friends of Freedom and the Goodwill Brotherhood were also well to the fore. As for the National and International Leagues and the numberless societies, well—their name was legion. Perhaps we had too many, At any rate, they all seemed exceptionally serious and exceedingly busy. Some had their own literature and little publications just as to-day. Each felt that where two or three were gathered together in the name of the Better World—Social and Economic manna was bound to fall. But it didn't.

Then we had our parsons. Some more courageous than the rest would preach out and out Socialism from their pulpits, without even a protest from the Capitalist top weight in their congregations. They felt quite safe, so long as nothing was being done about it. To talk about it and listen to it gave everyone a better feeling inside. They felt that in this way they were doing their bit. Previously many would

have strongly resented and protested against Socialistic sermons. Now they felt pleased at their own tolerance. It was fashionable to talk about the New World and the New Social Order that was to be born. It was in everybody's mind and on everybody's lips. I think most of it must have stayed there because so little was put into practice. It simply didn't happen. It hasn't happened yet. Now we are in the next big war to end war. The war which at last is going to give birth to the New and Better World—the one we just missed the last time. Well, it remains to be seen. The last war was fought by trained soldiers on selected battlefields. The present "all-in" war—fought by the men, women and children in our streets—may lead to the achievement of an "all-in" peace.

THOSE "OTHERS"

Looking back on the last war and what followed it is quite easy to see why the New World was talked about without being brought about. Very few people knew how to plan or build a New World. They didn't know the very first thing about it. The people really wanted it because of their better instincts. They were actuated by a generous impulse. But as they didn't know what to do they left the job to those that they thought did know. In short, they just left it to "others." Now those "others" didn't know either; unable to do much, they just kept on talking and writing about it. The few who did know and might have done something never really got a hard enough kick in the pants to make them get on with the job. By this time most people were thoroughly enjoying themselves at the races or on roller skates, or watching the dogs, or at football, cricket, dancing, games, etc., active in everything except the effort for the New World. To them the New World consisted almost solely of enjoyment.

It has always been a marvel to me what a magic soporific this carefully calculated diversion of the people's minds to pleasure and sport proved to be, at the end of the last war. Yet the psychology of it is so simple and also so understandable. The people had just had four years of the most distressing war in history. Millions had been killed and millions more injured, many for life. The strain in every home during those four years had been terrific. The dark cloud of war at times looked like the even darker cloud of defeat. Then quite unexpectedly, like a brilliant dawn that follows the darkest hour, Peace broke out—not only Peace, but Peace with Victory.

Do you remember the great day? November 11th, 1918—Armistice Day. The reaction was terrible. The tension broke just like the snapping of a steel hawser under a colossal strain. Then came the reaction;

the sluice gates of restraint burst open; the people went mad in their joy. They celebrated, and kept on celebrating. From that moment the Better World and Better Social Order receded more and more into the background. Sport, dancing, pictures—Boomps-a-Daisy—the Loch Ness monster and a whole lot of other things occupied attention. And this was the way in my opinion that

The Tin Hat was put on the last New World Before it was Born

The people let themselves down, and very badly at that. What is more, I do not think that one per cent. were conscious at the time that they were letting themselves and the New World down?

Why do I now bring it all to the surface?

Surely the answer is obvious: to try and prevent the same thing happening again.

What, then, is to be done?

(1) Stop wishful thinking. Instead:

(2) Decide on what definite and specific social and economic changes are needed in order to create a New World and a Better Social Order.

Having decided this, people must then:

(3) Put on side blinkers so that they will not be side-tracked by sport, pleasure, or any other red herring which might slew them off the straight and narrow path.

Then:

(4) Put forward every ounce of *continuous* effort—without any thought of relaxing. In fact, an effort with a patriotic driving force, inspired by the spirit of service and sacrifice just like a war effort, and persist and persist until the definite changes have been actually brought about—not promised.

How must the last effort be made?

(5) By feeding public opinion until it grows and grows into a mighty intellectual and constitutional wave—a wave strong enough to overwhelm all opposition, and powerful enough to wash away most, if not all, of the old social and economic debris and in its place launch the New Social Order and the Better World.

That is the task which again faces the people. The issue is either that or—another TIN HAT.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S CONCLUDING SPEECH IN "THE GREAT DICTATOR"

"I'm sorry, but I don't want to be an emperor. That's not my business. I don't want to rule or conquer anyone. I should like to help everyone—if possible—Jew, Gentile—black man—white.

We all want to help one another. Human beings are like that. We want to live by each other's happiness—not by each other's misery. We don't want to hate and despise one another. In this world there is room for everyone. And the good earth is rich and can provide for everyone. The way of life can be free and beautiful, but we have lost the way. Greed has poisoned men's souls—has barricaded the world with hate—has goosestepped us into misery and bloodshed. We have developed speed, but we have shut ourselves in. Machinery that gives abundance has left us in want. Our knowledge has made us cynical. Our cleverness, hard and unkind. We think too much and feel too little. More than machinery we need humanity. More than cleverness we need kindness and gentleness. Without these qualities, life will be violent and all will be lost. . . .

The aeroplane and the radio have brought us closer together. The very nature of these inventions cries out for the goodness in man—cries out for universal brotherhood—for the unity of us all. Even now my voice is reaching millions throughout the world—millions of despairing men, women and little children—victims of a system that makes men torture and imprison innocent people. To those who can hear me, I say—do not despair. The misery that has come upon us is but the passing of greed—the bitterness of men who fear the way of human progress. The hate of men will pass, and dictators die, and the power they took from the people will return to the people. And so long as men die, liberty will never perish. . . .

Soldiers! Don't give yourselves to these brutes—men who despise you—enslave you—regiment your lives—tell you what to do—what to think and what to feel? Who drill you—diet you—treat you like cattle and use you as cannon fodder. Don't give yourselves to these unnatural men—machine men with machine minds and machine hearts! You are not machines! You are men! You have the love of humanity in your hearts! Don't hate! Only the unloved hate—the unloved and the unnatural!

Soldiers! Don't fight for slavery! Fight for liberty! In the 17th Chapter of St. Luke, it is written: "The Kingdom of God is within man"—not in one man nor a group of men, but in all men! In you! You, the people have the power—the power to create machines.

The power to create happiness! You, the people, have the power to make this life free and beautiful—to make this life a wonderful adventure. Then—in the name of democracy—let us use that power—let us all unite. Let us fight for a new world—a decent world that will give men a chance to work—that will give youth a future and old age a security.

By the promise of these things, brutes have risen to power. But they lied! They do not fulfill that promise. They never will! Dictators freed themselves but they enslaved the people! Now let us fight to free the world—to do away with national barriers—to do away with greed, with hate and intolerance. Let us fight for a world of reason—a world where science—where progress will lead to the happiness of us all! Soldiers! In the name of democracy, let us unite!

Hannah, can you hear me? Wherever you are, look up! Look up, Hannah! The clouds are lifting! The sun is breaking through! We are coming out of the darkness into the light! We are coming into a new world—a kindlier world, where men will rise above their greed, their hate and their brutality. Look up! Hannah! The soul of man has been given wings and at last he is beginning to fly. He is flying into the rainbow—into the light of hope—to you—to me—and to all of us! Look up, Hannah! Look up!"

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